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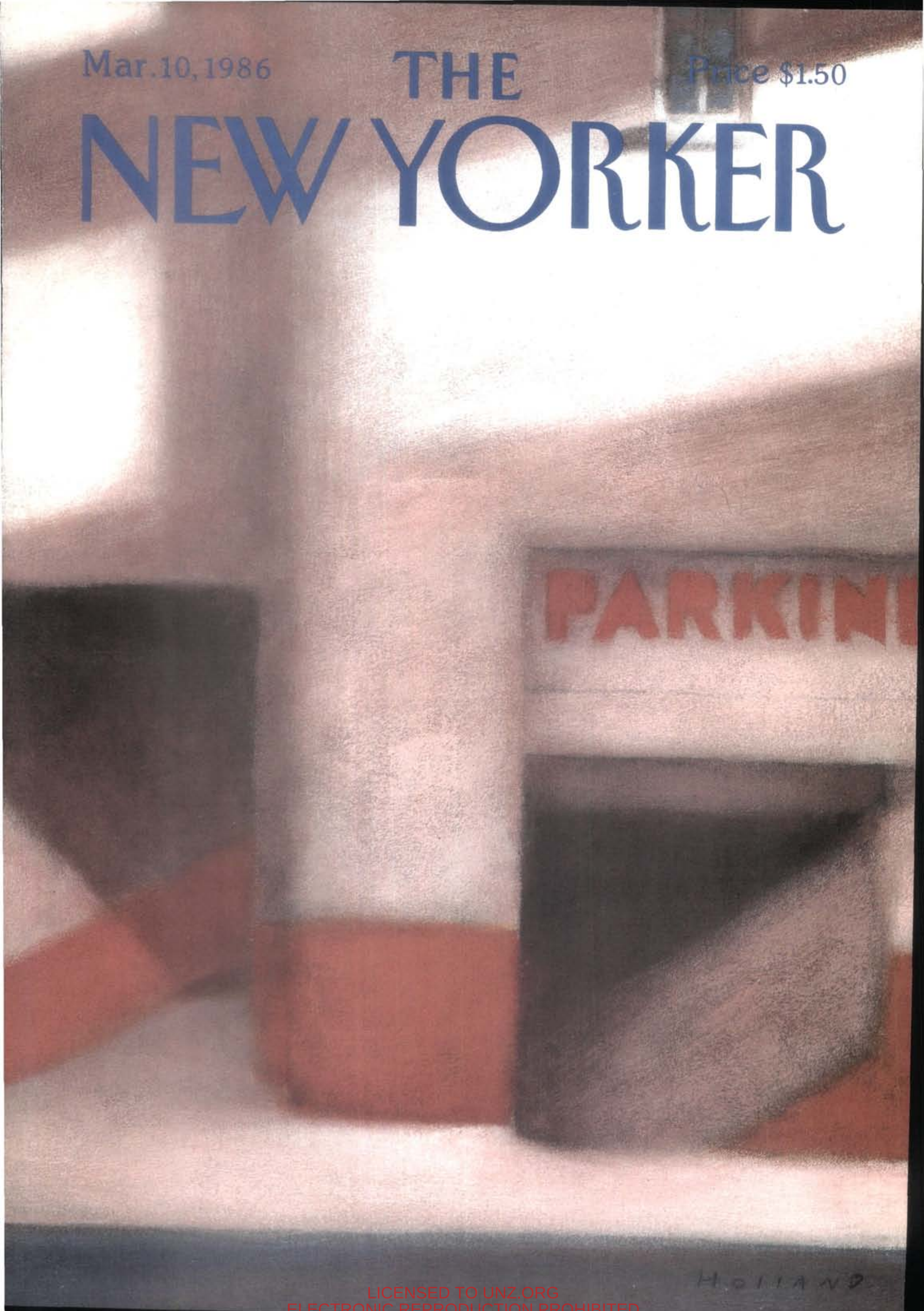
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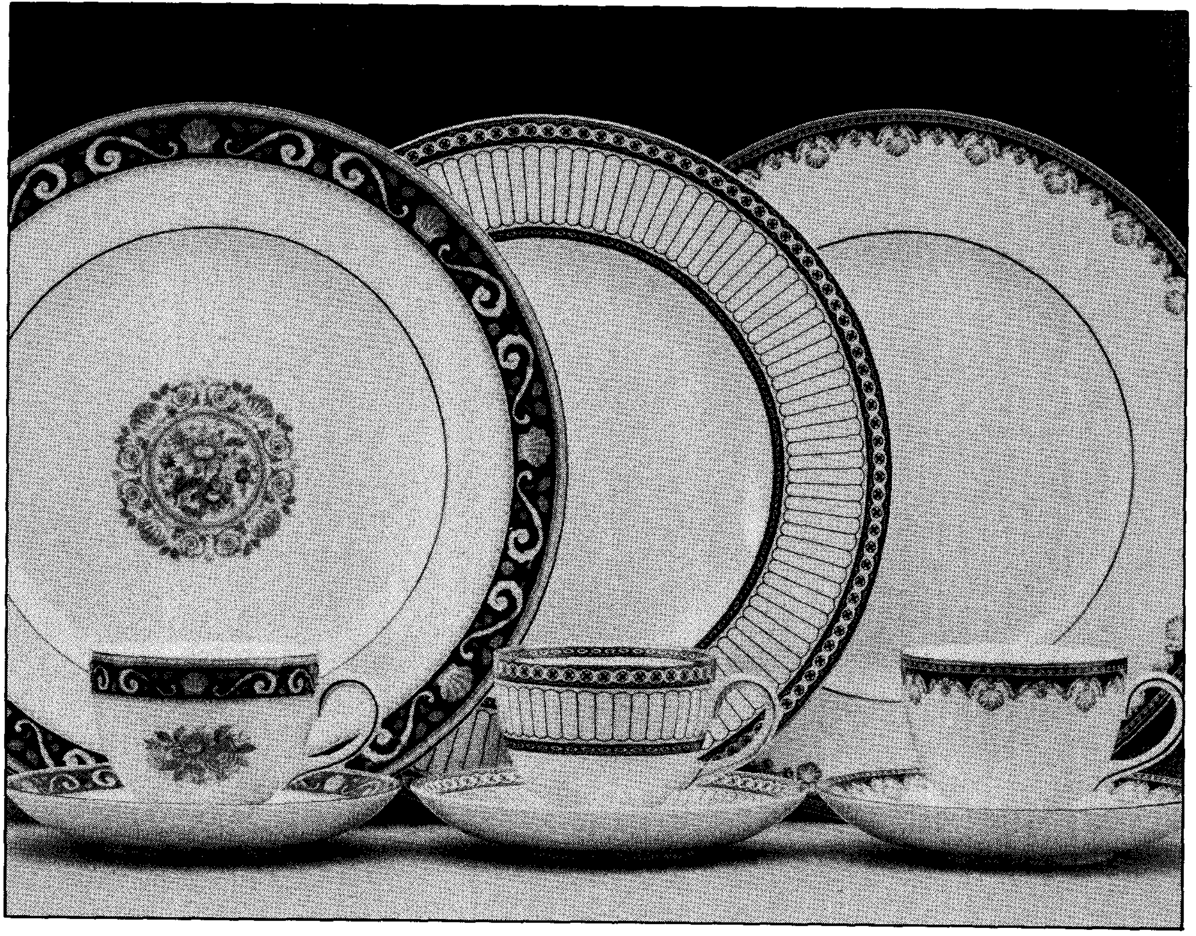

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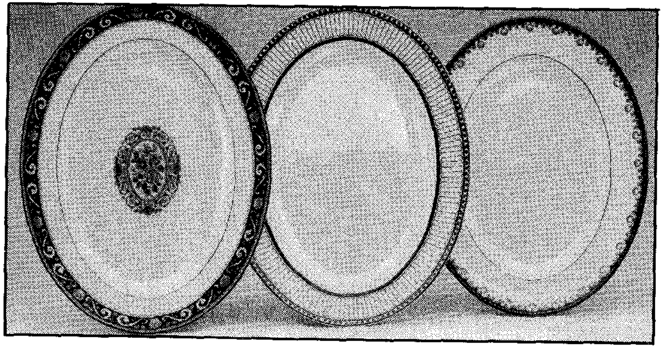

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anaïs Nin: The Paris Years—Lee Kessler will portray the late author in a one-woman show, adapted by Miss Kessler from Miss Nin's diaries and fiction. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A series of extended conversations about good and evil, interspersed with melodrama. The author is Wallace Shawn and the admirable direction is by Max Stafford-Clark. With Pamela Reed and Kathy Whitton Baker. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/4/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—The moral of this harsh and yet continuously entertaining play by Michael Frayn is that no good deed goes unpunished. The cast consists of Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Mary Beth Hurt, and Simon Jones, and the direction is by Michael Blakemore. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big River—William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big Time—Tony Lo Bianco starring in a play by Steven Braunstein. Opens Wednesday, March 5, and will run through Sunday, March 30. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Brigadoon—An agreeable revival, by the New York City Opera, of the Lerner-Loewe classic, well sung by young and spirited performers. The director is Gerald Freedman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

The Caretaker—A conscientious reading of the Pinter text which unexpectedly contrives to expunge the author's gift for portraying evil. The three-man cast and the director are all members of the celebrated Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago. (2/10/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

Chacona—A play based on the poems of Gabriela Mistral, with music by Edward Flower. Presented by the Music-Theatre Group/Lenox Arts Center. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 15.)

Circle Repertory Company—Three plays in rotating repertory: **the mound builders,** a revival of Lanford Wilson's 1975 drama. . . . ¶ A modern-dress version of Albert Camus's **caligula,** adapted from an English translation by Stuart Gilbert. . . . **quiet in the land,** by Anne Chislett. In previews. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 618-1980.)

Corpse!—A so-called comedy thriller that is more comic than thrilling, but Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea have such a good time piling up corpses that they prove irresistible. (1/20/86) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Drinking in America—Eric Bogosian in a series of intense, funny, and occasionally painful dramatic monologues, written by Bogosian. (2/3/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 10; Sundays at 7; and Tuesday, March 11, at 8. Matinée Thursday, March 13, at 2.)

Execution of Justice—A play written and directed by Emily Mann, focussing on the trial of Dan White, killer of two San Francisco city officials. Previews through Wednesday, March 12. Opens officially on Thursday, March 13. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A revival of the 1973 musical revue, with the original cast—Ron House, Diz White, and Alan Shearman—who are also the authors, along with John Neville-Andrews. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Halala!—A musical written and directed by Welcome Msomi, performed by a company of eight people who also play traditional South African instruments. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Hay Fever—Noël Coward's comedy, written at the beginning of his career, seems light enough for the mildest summer breeze to blow it away, but in the hands of a good cast it proves to be as strong as steel. The cast of the present production, headed by Rosemary Harris, isn't merely good—it is perfect. (12/23/85) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Home Street Home—A play with music, written by Phil Bosakowski. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is

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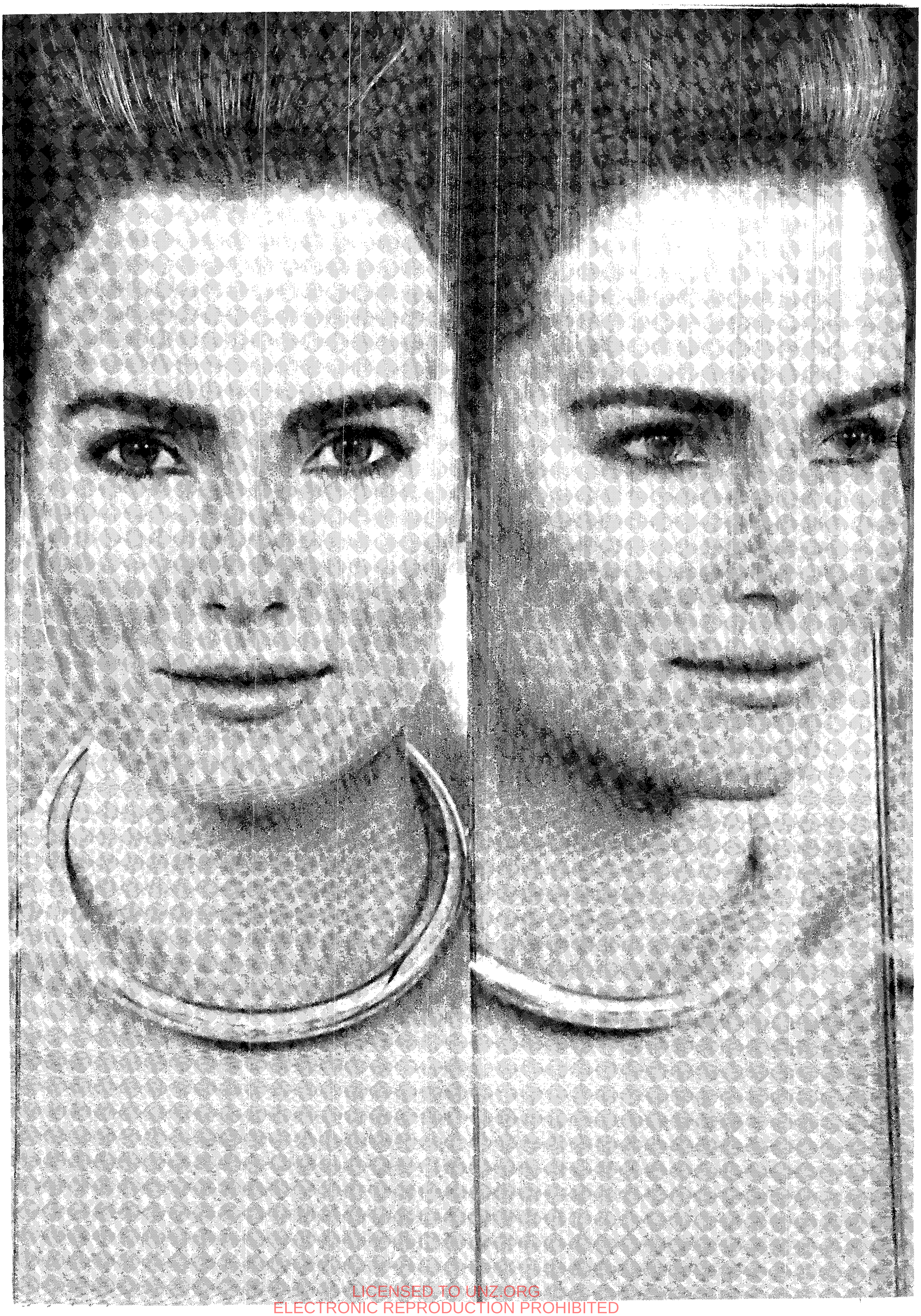

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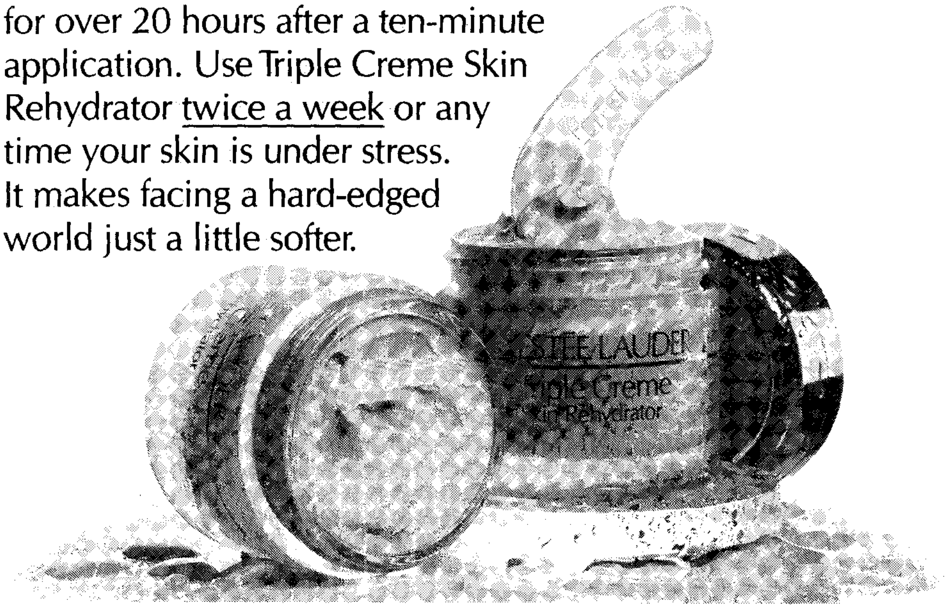

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given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jerry's Girls—A Broadway novelty (and novelty is all it is), consisting of women who sing innumerable Jerry Herman songs and other women who do dance numbers. The "girls" include Dorothy Loudon, Leslie Uggams, and Chita Rivera. (1/6/86) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterly comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. The performances, under Mr. Shepard's direction, are extremely good, especially those by Amanda Plummer and Ann Wedgeworth. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's THE DESERT SONG. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Little Footsteps—Ted Tally's comedy about parental panic—Act I, prenatal; Act II, one month post—is more an anthology of jokes than a play. Some of the jokes are good, some not, but Mark Blum is very funny as the quaking father, and Jo Henderson is excellent as his cool, disdainful mother-in-law. Direction by Gary Pearle. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Loot—A far too mild revival of Joe Orton's fierce and highly polished farce about all sorts of criminal activity in England, but with considerable merriment, all the same. With Joseph Maher and Zeljko Ivanek, among others. John Tillinger directed. (3/3/86) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; on Friday, March 14, at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, March 12, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 15.)

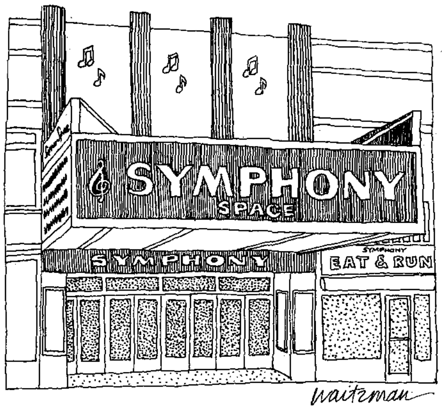
Medea—Euripides' tragedy, adapted and translated by Claire Bush and Alkis Papoutsis. Presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

Mirror Repertory Company—Geraldine Page does some marvellous clowning in this revival of THE CIRCLE, Somerset Maugham's brittle, shallow comedy about a pair of aging lovers, who return to England in 1921, after thirty years of exile in Italy. Bryan Clark is fine, too, as the chipper husband Miss Page left behind, and so is W. B. Brydon, as the grouchy nobleman she eloped with, but the rest of the acting is negligible, to put it kindly. Gail Cooper-Hecht designed Miss Page's astonishing, vivid costumes. (3/3/86) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 223-6440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—The novel that Dickens left unfinished at the time of his sudden death has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The third production of the season is JONAH AND THE WONDER DOG, a play by Judi Ann Mason. With Kevin Hooks and Douglas Turner Ward. Mr. Ward is the director. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Room Service—A sadly disappointing revival of the sturdy farce by John Murray and Allen Boretz, but with a very funny performance by Keith Reddin, as a young playwright, still wet behind the ears, who comes to town from Oswego and outsmarts everybody. (2/24/86) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 23.)

A Rosen by Any Other Name—A play by Israel Horovitz, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 831-8603. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Rum and Coke—Keith Reddin's ironic mock documentary tells the story of a credulous Yale graduate who is recruited by the C.I.A., a couple of years before the catastrophe of the Bay of Pigs. Although Mr. Reddin's social commentary often sounds secondhand, his inventiveness is original and acute and funny. The production, under the direction of Les Waters, is first-rate. Peter MacNicol is exactly right in the leading role, and he is well supported, notably by Tony Plana, Polly Draper, and Frank Maraden. (2/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 23.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A one-person vaudeville show, starring the antic and frantic Lily Tomlin in a series of impersonations—some harsh, some tender—written for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) Reopens Thursday, March 13. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

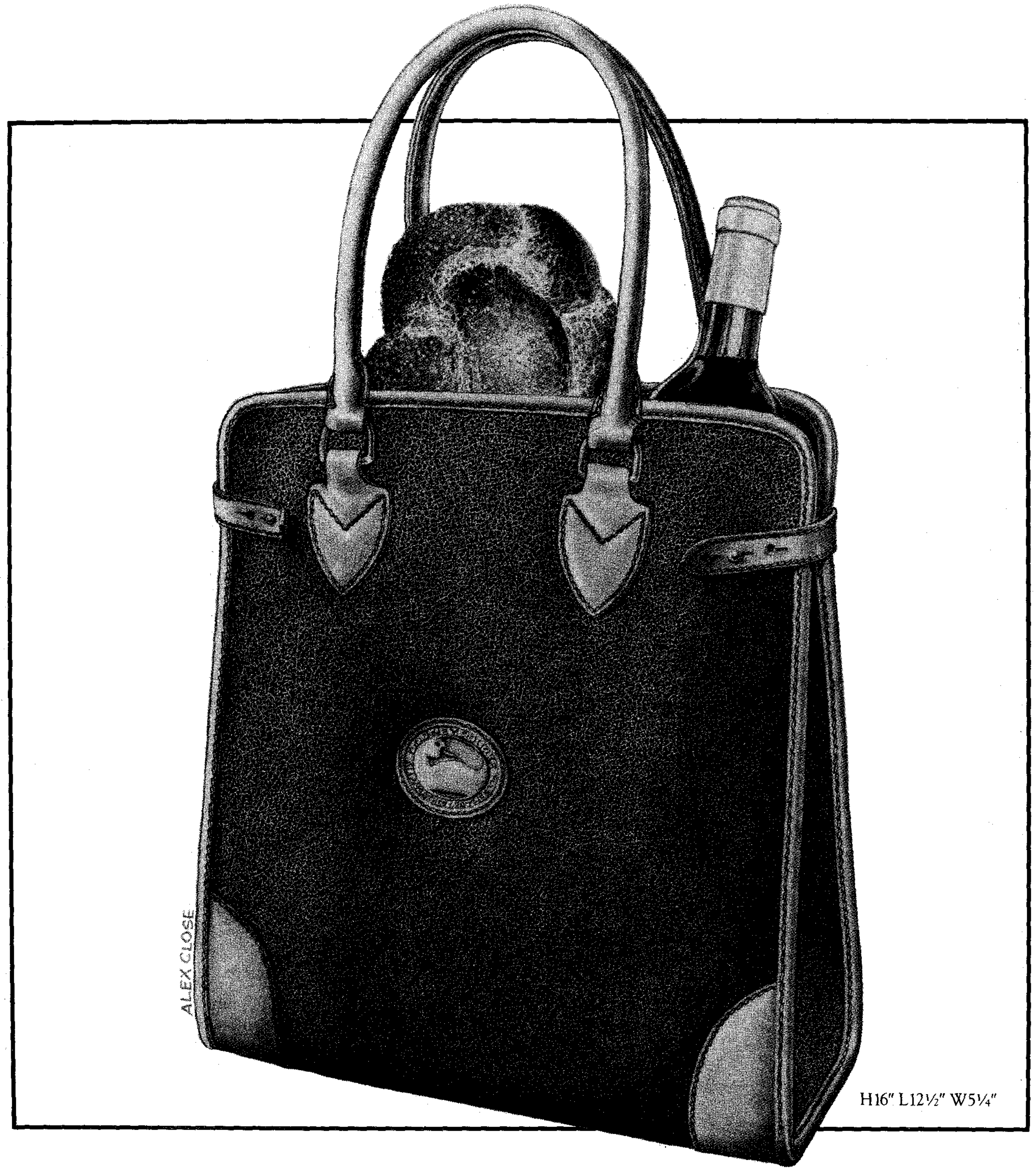
Singin' in the Rain—An unwelcome curiosity, which attempts to translate an immortal movie musical into a Broadway show; everyone concerned has labored hard, always in vain. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song and Dance—Imported from England and tricked up for the American trade, this uneasy linking of song (first act) and dance (second act) is redeemed in part by the attractiveness of the chief performers, Bernadette Peters and Victor Barbee. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

To Whom It May Concern—A musical by Carol Hall, directed by Geraldine Fitzgerald. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. 315-5020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

Williams and Walker—A musical about the comedy team of Bert Williams and George Walker, written by Vincent D. Smith. The score is made up of music by Williams, Scott Joplin, and others. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays at 11 A.M., Wednesdays at 2, Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30, Saturdays at 2 and 7:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BILOXI BLUES:** A chapter in the life story of Eugene Morris Jerome, a literary stand-in for the author, Neil Simon. The time is 1943, Eugene is in the Army, and his adventures in Biloxi are truly not to be believed. The director, Gene Saks, has worked hard to squeeze the last drop of humor out of this peculiar fruit. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back further—and fondly—upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,760 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give



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MISCELLANY

NOHO Theatre Group of Kyoto—Performances of a traditional Kyogen comedy; a stylized adaptation of Samuel Beckett's play "Act Without Words I;" and the American première of Beckett's play for dancers, "Quad I & II." (American Folk Theatre, 241 W. 55th St. Thursday through Sunday, March 6-9, and Saturday, March 15, at 8, and Sunday, March 16, at 3. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "The Pirates of Penzance." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Fridays, March 7 and 14, at 8; Saturdays, March 8 and 15, at 3 and 8; Sundays, March 9 and 16, and Wednesday, March 12, at 3; and Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 23—Tuesday, March 11, at 7:30: "Doubles," "Arcade" (New York première), and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 8: "Doubles," "Channels/Inserts," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: "Fielding Sixes," "Arcade," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8: "Phrases," "Native Green," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2: "Inlets 2," "Channels/Inserts," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8: "Phrases," "Native Green," and "Pictures." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Tango Argentino—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Central Ballet of China—A two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 16—Wednesday through Friday, March 5-7, and Friday, March 14, at 8, and Saturday, March 15, at 2 and 8: "Three Preludes," "By the Spring" Pas de Deux, excerpts from "The Maid of the Sea," and either Act II Pas de Deux from "Giselle" or "Don Quixote" Pas de Deux. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2 and 8; Sunday, March 9, at 2; and Tuesday through Thursday, March 11-13, at 8: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Variations for Four," "The Demon and the Mermaid" Pas de Deux, and Act II of "The New Year's Sacrifice." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

José Limon Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, March 5, and Friday, March 7, at 8, and Sunday, March 9, at 2: "Heart to Heart," "Rooms," and "The Moor's Pavane." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8: "Also Egmont, Bitte!," "Recueil," "Dances for Isadora," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8: "El Ultimo Canto," "Break," "Solo," "Poème Danse," and "The Moor's Pavane." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 9, at 7:30: "El Ultimo Canto," "Break," "Solo," "Poème Danse," and "There Is a Time." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Maria Benitez Spanish Dance Company—A one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre. Tuesday, March 11, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, March 12-15, at 8; and Sunday, March 16, at 2 and 7:30.)

Monica Levy Performance Group—In "Lasting Effect," a new full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, March 6-8, at 8, and Sunday, March 9, at 3.)

Lisa Kraus and Dancers—Presenting "The Grand Tour," a new full-length work. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, March 6-9, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 674-8112.)

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Matthew Nash Music and Dance—In "Fashions of the 50's," a full-length work. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, March 12; Friday, March 14; and Sunday, March 16, at 8.)

Stephen Petronio—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 23. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, at 8, and Sunday, March 16, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Michael Feinstein sings in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

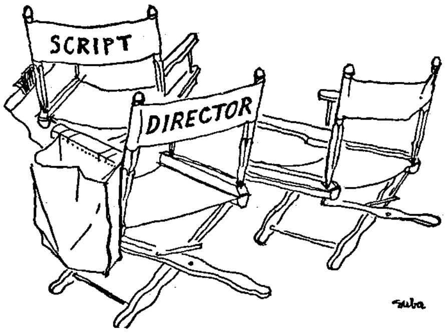
Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. On Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, saxophonist **RON CUBER** will head up a quartet, and on Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, saxophonist **AL COHN'S** quartet will be on the stand. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Keyboardist **LES MC CANN'S** quartet trades sets with tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN'S** quartet through Sunday, March 9; Monday, March 10, will be claimed by **BASS DESIRE,** with drummer **PETER ERSKINE,** bassist **MARK JOHNSON,** and guitarists **BILL FRISELL** and **JOHN SCOFIELD;** and starting Tuesday, March 11, **NANCY WILSON** will be singing here. Sets from about nine. **TED CURSON** heads a jam session every night but Monday after the last set until about four in the morning. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A truly varied schedule: Wednesday, March 5, Montreux; Thursday, March 6, the **JOHN SCOFIELD** quartet and the **BENNIE WALLACE** quintet; Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, **SONNY ROLLINS;** Sunday, March 9, **DOC WATSON,** the stunning North Carolinian guitarist and singer, and vet folkie **JIM KWESKIN;** Wednesday, March 12, C. & W. movie star **KRIS KRISTOFFERSON** and singer and songwriter **BILLY SWAN;** and Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great, up-close view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate musicians. Pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS** and bassist **ANTHONY COX** perform through Saturday, March 8; Sunday, March 9, will belong to pianist **HUGH LAWSON;** and on Monday, March 10, pianist **JOHNNY O'NEAL** will move in. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.



Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is an elegant little room. **STEVE ROSS** sings and plays piano in it Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is in the Bemelmans Bar at the piano, soloing and singing, from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. Pianist **MC COY TYNER** and his trio are on hand through Sunday, March 9, and on Tuesday, March 11, violinist **NOEL POINTER** will bring in his band. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Wednesday, March 5, Lifeboat, Helen's Joyous Vision, and Miracle Legion; Thursday, March 6, Deidre McCalla; Friday, March 7, Casselbery & Dupree; Saturday, March 8, **MELANIE;** and Ilene Weiss; Wednesday, March 12, **CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN** (a funny folkie whose best-known song, perhaps, is "Take the Skinheads Bowling"), Boiled in Lead, and Deja Voodoo; Thursday, March 13, Ilene Weiss; Friday, March 14, **MICHAEL HURLEY** and David Massengill; and Saturday, March 15, **ODETTA** and Kathy Chamberlain & the Lovebugs. Sundays are comedy nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

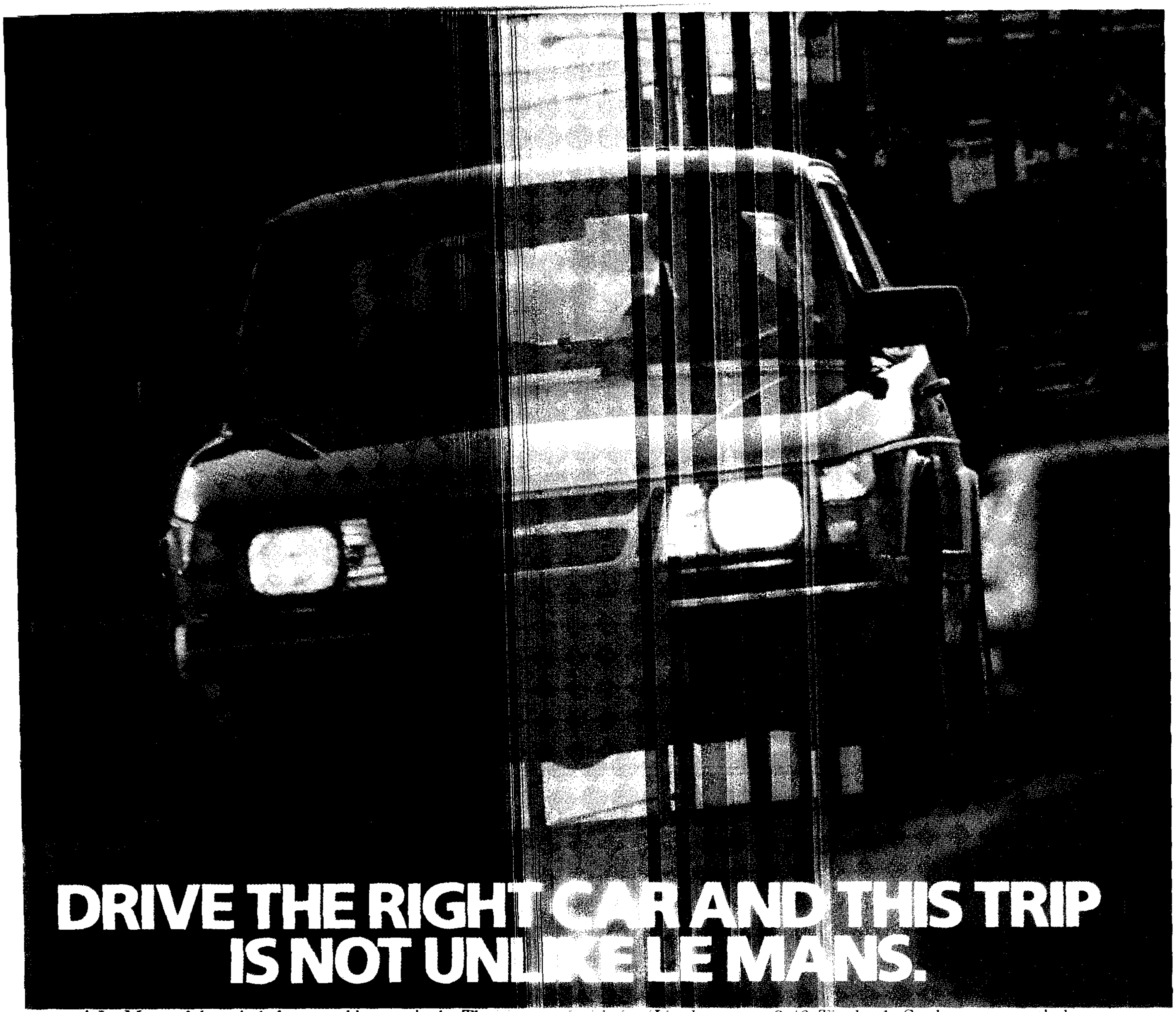
Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Michele Bautier sings bluesily Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. And still available is debonair, straight-arrow baritone and pianist **RONNY WHYTE,** who works here Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with Peter Madsen and Phil Bowler through Saturday, March 8; Wednesday through Saturday, March 12-15, will be claimed by **DAVID ALLYN** and the Scott Hardy duo; Sundays and Mondays belong to Stephanie Crawford, Amy Duncan, and Mark Minkler; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—**JUDY CARMICHAEL,** who looks like a wisp of a girl but who is actually a fireball of a stride player, is at the back-room piano Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays, Keith MacDonald is at the keyboard, and Mondays **DICK HYMAN** has charge of the music. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER,** who are a walking piano-bass district, have settled in to collaborate Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday, March 5, **BOBBY BLUE BLAND;** Thursday, March 6, the Trips Festival, San Francisco musical nostalgia with Bob Weir, and Matt Kelly's Kingfish; Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, La Bamba & the Hubcaps; Sunday, March 9, R. & B.-ists **WHO IT IS** and the Killer Bees; Monday and Tuesday, March 10-11, **ALBERT KING** and Lew Willie & the Snapdragons; Wednesday, March 12, **JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALL-STARS;** Thursday, March 13, the **SON SEALS BLUES BAND;** and Friday and Saturday, March



DRIVE THE RIGHT CAR AND THIS TRIP IS NOT UNLIKE LE MANS.

A Le Mans of the mind, for speed is not all there is to the thrill of driving.

Given the right car, almost any particular moment can add to your enjoyment of life. (If that's a little too heavy, okay. But concede that it could be argued that merely idling in a finely tuned, finely engineered automobile can be a kick of ethereal proportions.)

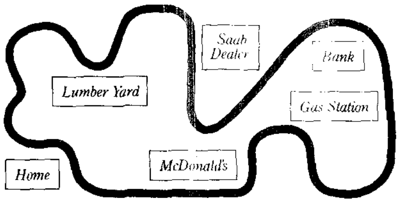
So it's 8:31 in the morning. Let's examine the unbridled joy of driving a Saab at 35 miles per hour and lower.

8:31. A world class turn in front of the delicatessen made even more treacherous by the morning's rain. Front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, wide radial tires, Saab's aerodynamics. They all work to make the curve gentle and benign.

8:33. A full stop. Disc brakes on all four wheels are, of course, an old story. But it's a good old story.

8:33:07. Another full stop. This one unexpected. But made rapidly and unerringly. The car ahead with the "*I brake for squirrels*" bumper sticker really does brake for squirrels.

8:36. Town road. The longest straightaway on the course. The 16-valve, intercooled, turbocharged engine, capable of doing 130 and more on a test track, reaches its mandated maximum of 35 mph and purrs along nicely.



8:38. McDonald's. A black coffee and an Egg McMuffin® The steam from the coffee goes out through the sunroof. Good option, that.

8:41. The gas station. No sweat. Not with the kind of fuel efficiency* Saab gets despite its performance kick.

8:42. The bank. Car loan payment's due. No sweat there either. It could be a lot more having to pay off a BMW or Mercedes.

8:44. The Saab dealer. Contentment in knowing you have lots of dealers who stock lots of parts and train mechanics in every nook and nuance of the car.

8:45. Red light. Time to contemplate the safety that Saab's vaunted performance creates. Sure it's clear to the eye that Saab's construction provides passive safety. But the active safety of the handling, acceleration and sports car attributes require a long light to appreciate fully.

8:49. Stop at the lumber yard. Put the back seat down and fill the 56.5 cubic feet of cargo space with lots of nice redwood. Who needs a station wagon when you can have a sports sedan and a lot of room to carry junk besides?

8:55. 24 minutes at Le Mans. Finis.

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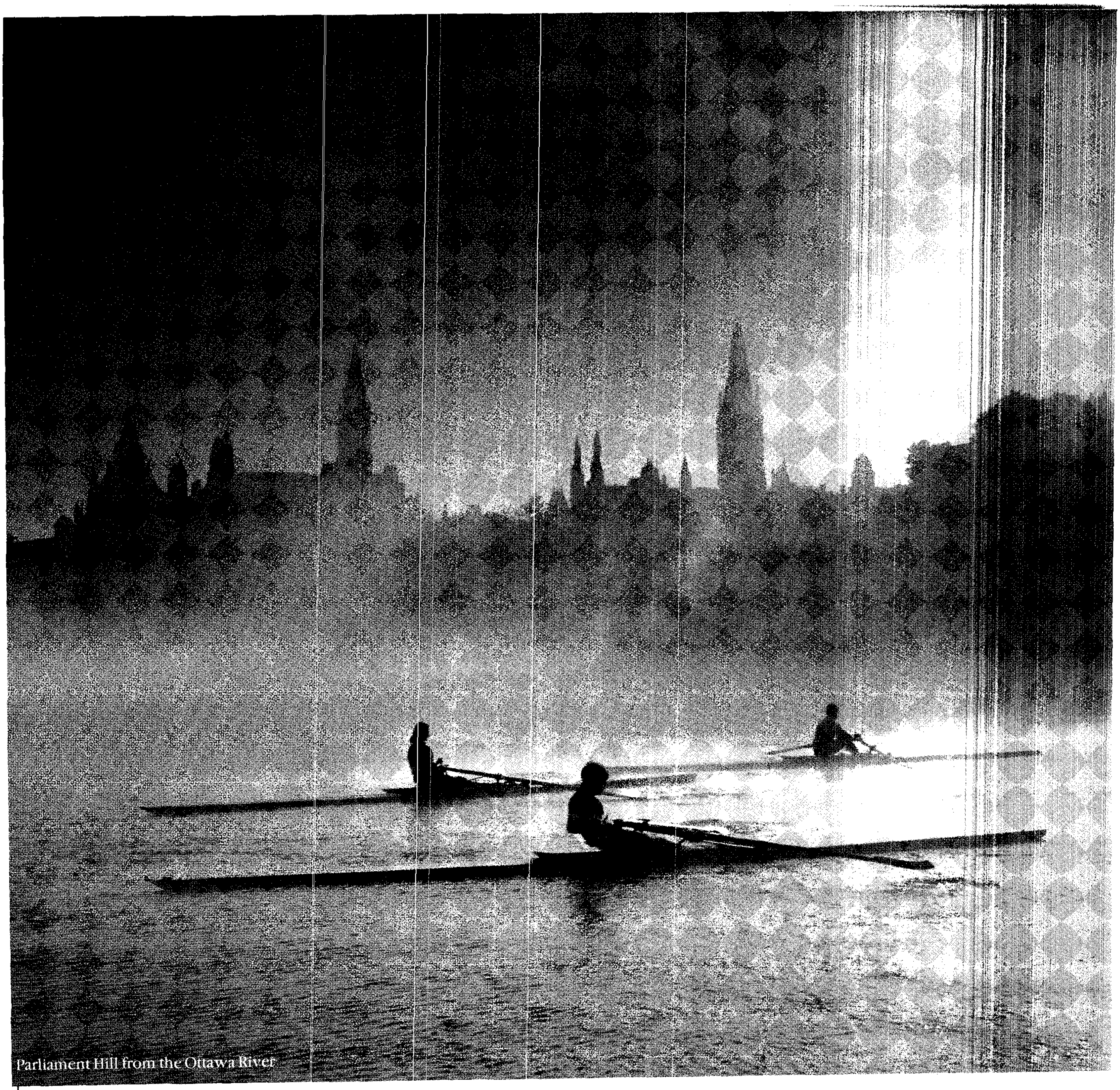
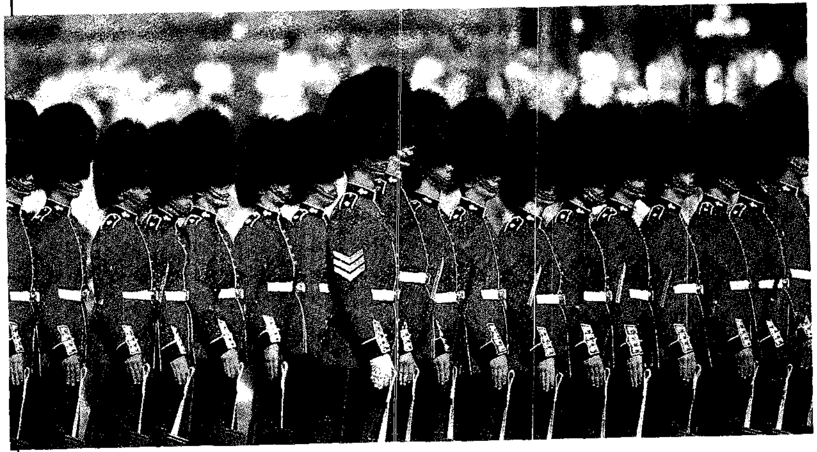
*Saab 900's range in price from $12,585 for the 900 3-door, 5-speed to $18,895 for the 3-door, 5-speed, 16-valve Turbo. Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options. There are a limited number of Turbo models available with Saab's Exclusive Appointments Group, which includes: leather upholstery, fog lights, and electric sunroof at additional cost. *Saab 900 5-speed, 16-valve Turbo: 19 EPA adjusted city mpg, 26 adjusted highway mpg. Use adjusted mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather.*

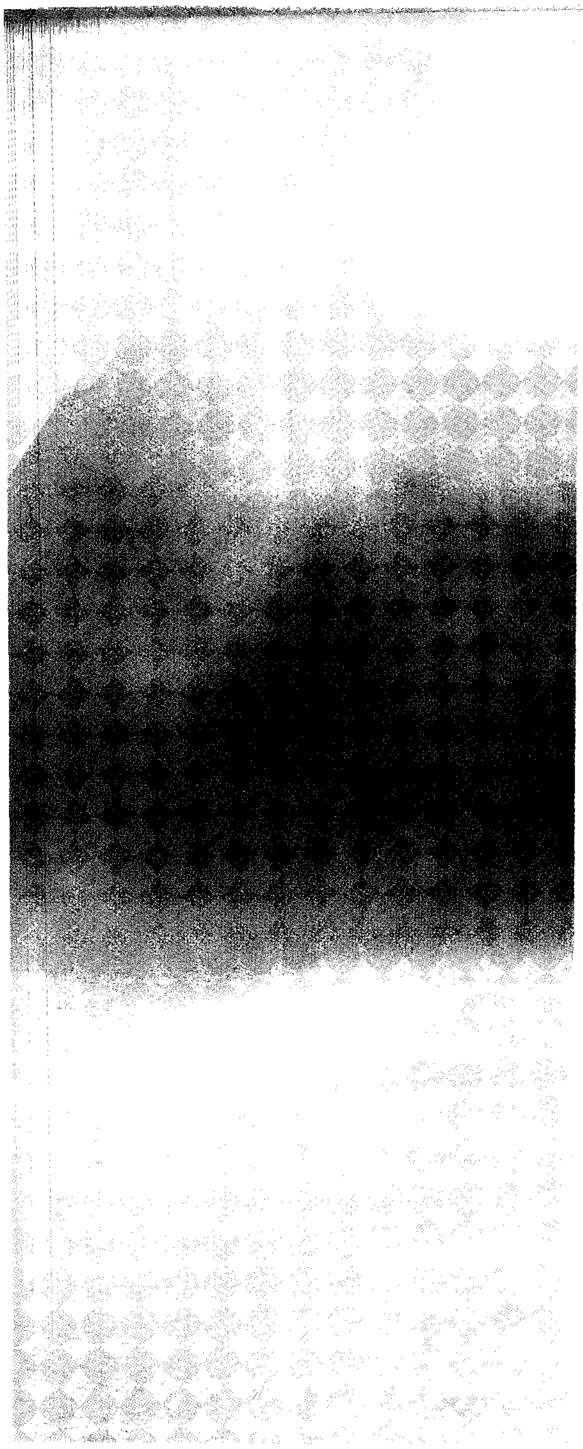


Parliament Hill from the Ottawa River

Changing the Guard
10:00 am daily, through July and August, the Governor General's Foot Guard put on a dramatic military display.



Tulip Festival
A gift from the Dutch to Canada, each spring Ottawa blooms forth with millions of tulip blossoms.

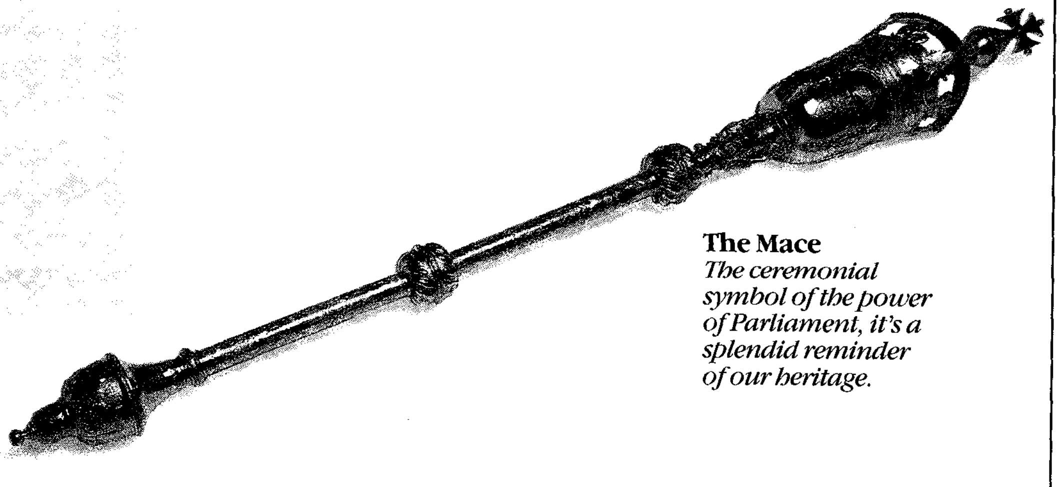


Ottawa's Capital setting.

This is the site Queen Victoria chose for the centre of our Dominion, and the wisdom of Her choice, and legacy of Her era are evident all around.

From the Gothic grandeur of Parliament Hill, overlooking the Ottawa River, past the manicured parks and parkways that line the Rideau Canal, to the open-air market or magnificent museums and public monuments, this is very much the nation's capital.

However you choose to take it all in–by glass-topped tour boat, double-decker bus, cycle path, pedicab or a casual stroll, this is a city naturally and unmistakably Canadian, but rich in faraway feelings. Your U.S. dollar travels much farther here, too! There's never been a better time to come to the world next door. For more information call: 1-800-268-3735.



The Mace
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Some lives are larger than life, because some people make them that way. Not too many, of course. About one in a million.

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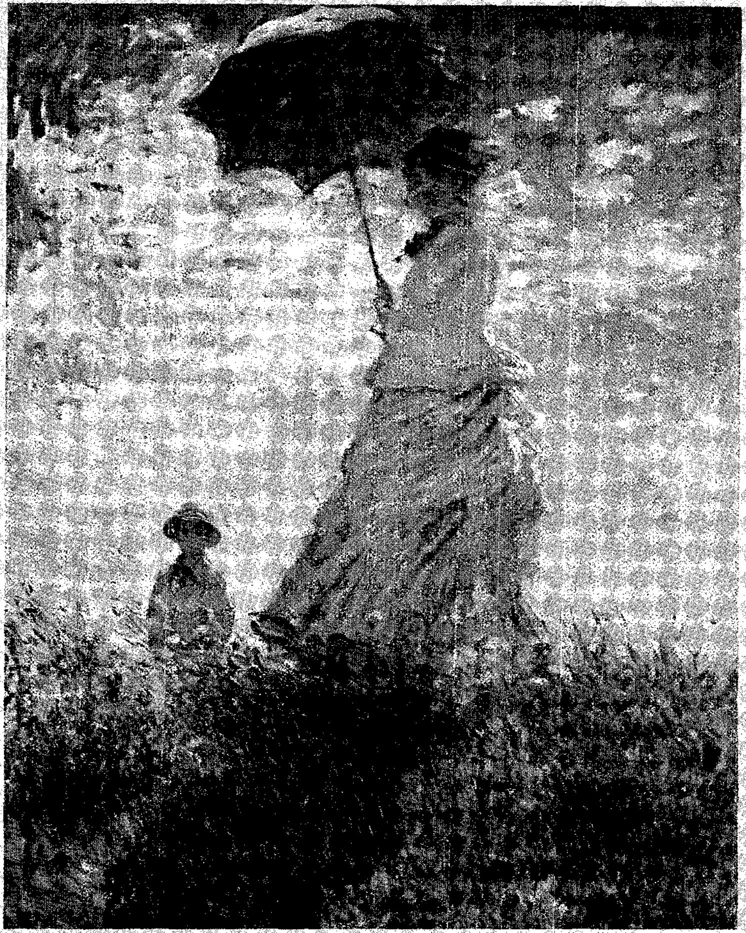
They were branded as "Impressionists"—and museums refused to display their work.

Now, for the first time in this century, you can see many of the paintings that caused all the fuss. In an extraordinary exhibition based upon the 8 original shows organized by the Impressionists themselves.

AT&T is honored to bring you *The New Painting: Impressionism 1874-1886* at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. (January 17-April 6) and at the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco (April 19-July 6).

This show is truly a celebration of vision—a new vision that changed forever the way we look at the world.

AT&T. Bringing you great art and great artists.



Woman with a Parasol–Madame Monet and Her Son, Claude Monet, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon.

AT&T
The right choice.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

14-15, the **JAMES COTTON BLUES BAND.** Music after nine nightly. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JACKIE & ROY** (**JACKIE CAIN & ROY KRAL** to the uninitiated) are concentrating on Sondheim songs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt. The music: the **MICHEL CAMILO** sextet performs through Saturday, March 8. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Friday, March 7, **WILSON PICKETT;** Saturday, March 8, the **GOLDEN PALOMINOS;** Friday, March 14, the Jesus & Mary Chain; and Saturday, March 15, Fear. Shows begin at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, salsa music, and American music. Wednesday, March 5, drummer **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON & THE DECODING SOCIETY;** Thursday, March 6, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, **LOREMIL MACHADO;** Tuesday, March 11, Ayizan; Wednesday, March 12, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Thursday, March 13, **JOE HIGGS & RAS TESFA;** Friday, March 14, Tabou Combo; and Saturday, March 15, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The **SUN RA ARKESTRA** orbits the premises through Sunday, March 9, and on Tuesday, March 11, the **DAVID MURRAY OCTET,** hip, swinging, gleeful, melodic, out-there, and totally savvy, will take charge. Mondays are given over to the uplifting and unjaded **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A refreshingly simple basic (in the age of extravagance) blues and rock club. Mitch Ryder is here through Saturday, March 8; Tuesday, March 11, will belong to Diane Scanlon; and on Wednesday, March 12, Kentucky rockabillyette Kristi Rose will sing. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room: on Monday, March 10, **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ, BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA NUEVA COMPANIA,** and tenor saxophonist **LEW TABACKIN,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. . . . ¶ On the Terrace, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and a bassist can be heard at nine-thirty nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present, with a trio, on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. Alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** whose shimmering, rich, full-but-not-too-filling tone ought to be heard live, leads his quartet through Sunday, March 9, and on Tuesday, March 11, drummer **ELVIN JONES** will bring in his quintet. Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music from nine-thirty.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The **JOE NEWMAN** quintet is here through Sunday, March 9, and on Wednesday, March 12, drummer **HAROLD WHITE** will come in with a quintet that has in its ranks saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** and trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN.** Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleek piano-bass (and sometimes guitar-bass) and pasta hangout. **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE** play piano-bass duets until Saturday, March 8, and on Monday, March 10, pianist **HAL SCHAEFER** will move in with bassist **BRIAN TORFF.** On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** continue their longtime collaboration, which produces their own brand of lively chamber jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

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JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

PATTI LABELLE—Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 3 and 7. Through Sunday, March 16.

VIOLENT FEMMES—With Leo Kottke. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, March 7, at 8.)

JAZZ AT SIX—Jack Wilkins, Steve La Spina, and Akira Tana. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, March 7, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

JACK WILSON TRIO—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday, March 7, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

WALL OF VOODOO and **MAXIMUM AMERICA**—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Saturday, March 8, at 10.

WALTER BISHOP, JR., TRIO—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Saturday, March 8, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

BILL COSBY—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, March 7, at 8; Saturday, March 8, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, March 9, at 3 and 8.

EASTMAN JAZZ ENSEMBLE—Jazz Cultural Theatre. Sunday, March 9, at 7:30 and 9:30.

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one performed by Al Cohn, Roger Kellaway, Michael Moore, Akira Tana, and Clark Terry. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, March 9, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

MARILYN CRISPELL TRIO and **THE BLACK SWAN QUARTET**—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, March 14, at 8.

ALPHONSE (BOISEC) ARDOIN & CANRAY FONTENOT and **BEAUSOLEIL**—Washington Square Church, 133 W. 4th St. 362-0290. Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 8.

GATO BARBIERI and **AIRTO MOREIRA & FLORA PURIM**—With Dave Valentin. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Thursday, March 6, at 8: String Trio of New York and the Walter Thompson trio. . . . ¶ Friday, March 7, at 8 and 10:15 C'est What! . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: Tom Brown & Friends. . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 9 and 10:30: Jay Clayton–Jerry Granelli quintet, with Jane Ira Bloom. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 9 and 10:30: Jay Clayton & Jerry Granelli, with Urszula Dudziak. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

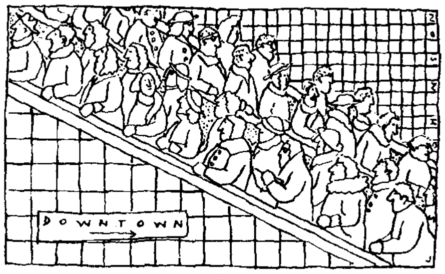
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ROBERT COURTRIGHT—Masks cast in paper and bronze. Through March 29. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HERBERT FERBER—Wall sculptures in metal and painted canvas, new additions to the Semaphore Series. Through March 20. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)



GREGORY GILLESPIE—Realist paintings of actual and imagined subjects. Through March 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANNA AND WOLFGANG KUBACH-WILMSEN—Book shapes chiselled out of stone. Through Saturday, March 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

SANDRA MACKINTOSH—Freestanding abstract wood sculptures painted dark green and mahogany. Through March 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

GRAHAM NICKSON—Paintings in which the beach is a stage for figures whose placement resembles choreography. Through Tuesday, March 11. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

SERGE POLIAKOFF (1906-69) / **KLAUS FUSSMANN**—Abstract paintings. / Watercolors of Egypt. Through March 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

STEPHEN POSEN—Paintings that make the most of the abstract qualities in recognizable images—a string of fish, for instance. Through March 29. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE—A selection (by the artist) of paintings dating from 1968 on—a group that shows the infinite possibilities inherent in folding a simple rectangle. Through March 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

MARTIN SILVERMAN—Pedestal sculptures, in bronze, of sumo wrestlers which catch an unexpected element of grace in these monstrous athletes. Through Saturday, March 8. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

PAT STEIR—New paintings and drawings. Through March 29. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

WAYNE THIEBAUD—An exhibit of paintings and works on paper in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of this artist's association with the Stone Gallery. Through April 2. (48 E. 86th St.)

BOB THOMPSON (1937-66)—Paintings. Through March 29. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

WERNER TÜBKE—Paintings that have a richly varnished antique appearance, by an East German who concentrates on mythical or Biblical subject matter. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 15. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: About a hundred drawings owned by members of the Drawing Society: works by Caravaggio, Degas, Homer, Matisse, Willem de Kooning, and others. Through Saturday, March 8. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German Expressionists. Through March 29. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SIMON-NEUMAN,** 42 E. 76th St.: Ten artists, David Hockney and Sol LeWitt among them, each represented by a single black-and-white work on paper. Through April 12.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JOSEF ALBERS (1888-1976)—A large show that includes paintings from the "Homage to the Square" series and studies on blotting paper. Through Saturday, March 8. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

JOAN BROWN—Paintings and sculptures of animals, the artist's explorations of the Peaceable Kingdom theme. Through March 27. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

BERNARD CHAET—Paintings representing his work from 1942 on. Through Saturday, March 8. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

CHUCK CLOSE—Enormous faces produced by this artist's ingenious process of enlargement. Through March 22. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

LES FRÈRES DUCHAMP—Approximately forty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by the brothers Marcel, Raymond, and Jacques. Through Saturday, March 8. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOHN DUFF—Ceramic and bronze sculptures. Through March 29. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

LORRIE GOULET—Seventeen sculptures of predominantly rounded female figures, in wood, marble, stone, bronze, and alabaster. Through

Saturday, March 15. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

K. M. Graham—Semi-abstract landscapes from high in the Arctic Circle, some from Baffin Island and some from Resolute Bay. Through Saturday, March 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Mimi Gross / Robert Berlind—Painted sculptures made of cut-out paper or metal, the subjects ranging from Titian to modern dancers; many of the works are in the style of "Ruckus Manhattan," on which the artist collaborated with Red Grooms. / Recent paintings, including a moonlit view of Lake Piseco, on a quiet retreat. Through Saturday, March 8. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Karen Gunderson / Candace Jans—Cloud paintings. / Realist paintings of still-lifes and courtyard gardens in Italy. Through March 26. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Roni Horn—An installation of seven relatively small abstract cast-iron forms perched on nine-foot-tall metal poles leaning against the walls at the Galerie Maeght Lelong; also, drawings done with pastels, powdered pigment, and varnish. Through March 22. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—A two-gallery showing of new, thickly brushed works by this influential artist who has a reputation as a painter's painter. Through March 29. (Paintings alone at Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and paintings and drawings at 113 Greene St.)

Wolf Kahn—Drawings in pen, pencil, and pastel done throughout his career. Through March 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Louise Kruger—Wood sculptures reminiscent of artists' mannequins, plus wood-block prints. Through Saturday, March 8. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Gabriel Laderman—A series of paintings based on incidents in Simenon novels, along with still-life and figure paintings. Through March 26. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jay Milder—Impastoed abstractions. Through March 26. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada (1902-82)—Elegant semi-abstract paintings, most of them involving bamboo trees, cherry blossoms, or other images that evoke Japan. Through Saturday, March 15. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Daniel O'Sullivan—Paintings that bring to life the Brooklyn of his childhood in the forties; also, religious and mythological paintings. Through March 29. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William Turnbull—Bronze sculptures of unusually graceful simplicity. Through April 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stewart Waltzer—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 8. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

New Landscape Designs—Drawings and models by twelve landscape architects who were enlisted by Michael Van Valkenburgh, of the Harvard University Graduate School of Design, to make plans for ideal gardens, embracing their personal philosophies. Through Friday, March 14. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **davis & langdale**, 231 E. 60th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century works on paper by British artists. Through March 22. . . . **zabriskie**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Surrealist objects, photographs, and collages by André Breton, Eileen Agar, Man Ray, and others. Through April 4. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jim Colarusso—Large-scale paintings in which the gentle, almost childish quality of the drawing and the bland colors are at odds with the things that are drawn—missiles, daggers, shattered trees, screaming people. Through March 19. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Sandra Eisenstein—Abstract painted-cardboard constructions. Also, a slide installation in which images of the constructions are projected onto translucent theatrical drops. Through Saturday, March 8. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Sharyn Finnegan—Large drawings of the interior of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Through March 19. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

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Eric Fischl—Four large canvases completed in the past eighteen months complement a larger show of this painter's work at the Whitney Museum. Through March 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

J. Nebraska Gifford—Figurative paintings, prints, and a sculpture. Through Wednesday, March 12. (Nichols, 83 Grand St. Opens at noon.)

David Haxton—Large abstract sculptures made of wood cutouts (they look like stage settings), plus color photographs of paper constructions, for which the artist is better known. Through Saturday, March 15. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Steve Keister—Sculptures that are suspended from the ceiling. Through March 29. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Les Levine—Very large drawings (produced in consultation with a video computer) by an artist known for his billboard-style messages. Also, a video installation. Through April 24. (Carpenter + Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

Margaret Miller—An installation that has freestanding painted-wood structures, rocks, tiles, twigs, and moss, along with slides of nature projected on the walls. Through Saturday, March 8. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St.)

Edith Posel—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 8. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Lucio Pozzi / Taro Suzuki—A selection of eleven abstract works, ranging from 1972 through last year and from straightaway Minimalism to a crowded canvas. / A light installation in which colors flicker on walls. Through Saturday, March 8. (Weber, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Daniel Newburg, 44 White St., is showing paintings and sculptures by Mr. Suzuki. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

Richard Saba—Large abstract paintings sparsely crisscrossed with thin shafts of color. Through Wednesday, March 12. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Anne Tabachnick—Semi-abstract paintings. Through March 29. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Esteban Vicente—Collages. Through March 29. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Merrill Wagner—Old schoolroom blackboard slates treated to a variety of abstractions, all in blue paint. Through March 29. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Icarus: The Vision of Angels—A two-gallery exhibit that asserts an inherent aesthetic appeal in designs for flying instruments. On view are models for airplanes, rockets, and kites by Alexander Graham Bell; models after sketches by da Vinci; a Sabre jet, half life-size, by contemporary Canadian Murray Favro; photographs of works by others; and nine drawings by Robert Smithson, whose earthworks were, of course, best seen from the air. Through March 29. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway, and Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Landscapes and still-lifes are among the subjects covered in works on paper by thirteen artists. Through March 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **henoch**, 80 Wooster St.: The theme of the show is chairs—paintings showing stacks of them, by Catherine Means; a small sculpture of a tiny metal chair supported by a hot-air balloon, by Clement Despard; and so on. Around thirty artists in all. Through Sunday, March 9. (Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . **shafrazi**, 163 Mercer St.: Thin-wash paintings of people and animals by Samantha McEwen; abstract paintings by James Nares; and painted fragments of rococo plaster sculpture by Zadik Zadikian. Through Saturday, March 15.

OTHER GALLERIES

Macyn Bolt—Bright-colored wall sculptures done in relief (wood, Styrofoam, acrylics) and representing people flying through space. Through March 16. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Robert Gober and Kevin Larmon—A joint installation, consisting of two groupings of wall sculptures (Gober), paintings (Larmon), and furniture made in 1909 at the Roy Croft studios. Through March 28. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Richard Heinrich—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through March 29. (Jay Gallery, 13 Jay St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts.)

Italo Scanga—Eight painted assemblages using found objects, even cabinets and tabletops, the whole evoking Cubism. Through March 29. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Michelle Spark—Realist paintings of city life: the corner grocery, the movie house, the Chinese restaurant, the detective at the scene of the crime. Through March 23. (Sragow, 436 E. 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Donald Traver—Abstract paintings. Through Sunday, March 9. (Audiello, 436 E. 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Cy Twombly—A retrospective of works on paper. Through April 5. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **alternative museum**, 17 White St.: Forty contemporary artists' interpretations of liberty and justice in this country. Photographs, paintings, and sculptures. Through March 22. . . . **franklin furnace**, 112 Franklin St.: More than seventy artists' books selected from the archives here, many of which stray from the conventional definition of the object. Through April 19. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **hearn**, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D: A show of sculptures and paintings dominated by a steel-and-wood sculpture, five feet tall, of a firebird hovering over a clutch of three eggs, by Dieter Teusch, and a metal-and-plastic piece, seven feet tall, of an airborne cornucopia spilling out a torrent of tomatoes, by Edward Allington. Through Sunday, March 9. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **mokotoff**, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D: A painting six feet tall and two feet wide, resembling a color chart and entitled "Abstract Zodiac," by Lucy Ash; and a thick maple-tree trunk, split down the middle and set up on a bed of gravel, by Crystal Lorch-Siedman, are two works in a show of women artists. Through March 16. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **p. s. 1**, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: Mixed-medium abstractions on slate by Merrill Wagner, computer-plotted paintings on fibre glass by Jantje Visscher, and hammered-aluminum reliefs of rocks and trees by Robert Lobe are prominent in a collection concentrating on contemporary American landscapes. Through March 23. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lucien Clergue / Ilse Bing—A retrospective. / Prints from the thirties, forties, and fifties. Through March 23. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Hope Sandrow—Multiple-image silverprints; all but one of the photographs were taken at the Metropolitan Museum. Through March 23.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Frederick Sommer / Lucas Samaras—Black-and-white photographs of, for instance, smoke on glass and paint on cellophane. Also, abstract drawings. / Manipulated Polaroid prints. Through March 22. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Josef Sudek (1896-1976)—Gardens, parks, and streets of Prague, plus still-life photographs. Through March 29. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **BURDEN,** 20 E. 23rd St.: A two-part exhibit. Photographs of studio tableaux by Nic Nicosia, Dianne Blell, and others. . . . ¶ Prints from the thirties and forties by Lejaren à Hiller, a pioneer of this method. Through March 29. (Opens at 1.) . . . **303 GALLERY,** 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St.: Prints by twenty-two contemporary artists. Through Saturday, March 15. (Opens at 1.) . . . **WHITE COLUMNS,** 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St.: Photographs whose subjects are staged one way or another; among the thirty-two contributors are Louise Lawler, Stephen Frailey, and Boyd Webb. Through March 29. (Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of paintings, plus tapestries and porcelains, by François Boucher, including "Toilet of Venus" (1751), which was done for a château of Mme. de Pompadour and Louis XV, where it probably resided in a bathroom. Through May 4. . . . ¶ A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. Through May 4. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Richard Serra contains several pieces made for the exhibition, one of them located out in the sculpture garden. Through May 13. . . . ¶ A show commemorating Ludwig Mies van der Rohe's hundredth anniversary. Drawings, photographs, and models of his buildings are on display in the lower-level galleries. Furniture, including a Barcelona chair, is installed on the fourth floor. Through April 15. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "Variants," a selection of black-and-white photographs by Americans and Europeans. Through Tuesday, March 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of sculptures (primarily), paintings, and works on paper by Naum Gabo, a leader in the Constructivist style in the twenties. Starts Friday, March 7. . . . ¶ A show devoted to the paintings, sculptures, and drawings of contemporary abstractionist Jack Youngerman. Through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of twenty-eight paintings by Eric Fischl. Through May 11. A complementary show is at the Mary Boone Gallery, 417 West Broadway. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Festival of India has brought a comprehensive survey of terra-cotta objects, one of whose characteristics is that they bear a striking family resemblance to one another, whether they were produced in 2500 B.C. or in the twentieth century. The more than a hundred and thirty pieces include cult figurines, animals, and toys. Through April 14. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by twenty-six contemporary American artists who are candidates for Academy-Institute art awards. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of drawings for furniture, lamps, etc., by members of the Milan-based design group Memphis, along with such finished products as a Michele De Lucchi sofa that rests on metal poles attached to suction cups. Through April 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

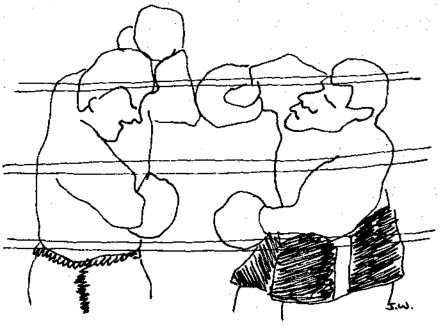
Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"The Portrait Mezzotint in the Age of Reynolds," a display of prints from the eighteenth century, when this now obsolete relief process was at the height of its popularity; the works come primarily from the collection of David Alexander, who also mounted the show. Through March 28. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of approximately eighty Italian drawings from the Baroque and Mannerist periods, on loan from the collection of Duke Roberto Ferretti. Through April 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—A show of paintings, textiles, and three-dimensional folk art pointing out that the female figure carried the torch as a symbol of America long before the Statue of Liberty arrived in the harbor. Through May 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Choices: Making an Art of Everyday Life," an exhibit of videos and installations, mostly. One work is a room filled with notebooks, diaries, charts, and graphs kept by Morgan O'Hara, documenting every detail of her life for fifteen years. (Miss O'Hara will give a performance at the museum on Saturday, March 15, from 1 to 5, in which she will reveal her personal research methods to the public.) Also on view is a statement explaining that Tehching Hsieh's latest work is that of not doing any art. Further, Linda Montano will be seated in one of the museum's windows on Sunday, March 9, from noon to 5:30, speaking to passersby about art, a continuation of a seven-year project. . . . ¶ A display of videos by eleven artists, including Jill Kroesen, Michael Marton, and Maxi Cohen. Both shows through March 30. (Open Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century depictions of Niagara Falls, then a mecca for artists as well as tourists. Among the painters galvanized by the spectacle were Church, Hicks, Bierstadt, Cole, and Twachtman. Paintings, drawings, photographs, and memorabilia. Through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)



New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibition of illustrated Japanese manuscripts of prose and poetry, culled from the library's collection; it includes notable ukiyo-e wood-block prints and an early Japanese how-to hand-scroll from the Edo period, explaining two flower arrangements. Through March 25. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St., has a show of early newspapers by black publishers (such as Marcus Garvey's *Negro World*) and other documentary material of historical interest. Through April 7. (The center is open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—The Squat Theatre's production of "Dreamland Burns" will continue through Sunday, March 23. (Wednesdays through Fridays and Sundays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 11:30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 5, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard J. Clark; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8: "Samson," with Ellen Shade, Kiri Te Kanawa, Sandra Walker, Jon Vickers, and John Macurdy; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 7, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; Myung-Whun Chung. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2: "Falstaff," with Judith Blegen, Carol Neblett, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Giuseppe Taddei; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard J. Clark; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday, March 10, at 8: A new production of "Carmen," with Maria Ewing, Catherine Malfitano, Luis Lima, and Michael Devlin; James Levine. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 11, at 8: "Falstaff," with Mariella Devia, Adriana Maliponte, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Louis Quilico; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8: "Carmen," with Maria Ewing, Catherine Malfitano, Luis Lima, and Michael Devlin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2: "Simon Boccanegra," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8: "Falstaff," with Mariella Devia, Adriana Maliponte, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Louis Quilico; James Levine.

Amato Opera Company—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, and Saturday, March 15, at 7:30, and Sunday, March 16, at 2:30.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Final performances (in English) of Alexander Dargomyzhsky's "The Stone Guest." Conducted by Vladimir Kin and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday, March 5, and Friday, March 7, at 8, and Sunday, March 9, at 4. For tickets, call 496-0806.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting a Boulez-Mozart program on Thursday, March 6, at 8; Friday, March 7, at 2; Saturday, March 8, at 8; and Tuesday, March 11, at 7:30 (all with Gueher and Sueher Pekinel, duo piano). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting a Stravinsky-Debussy-Boulez program Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, and Tuesday, March 18, at 8 (all with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano).

Vienna Chamber Orchestra—Philippe Entremont conducting and acting as piano soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—David Zinman conducting, with Andrei Gavrilov, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

San Francisco Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Herbert Blomstedt conducting—Sunday, March 9, at 8: A Sibelius-Wuorinen-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Monday, March 10, at 8: A Wagner-Beethoven-Nielsen program, with Claudio Arrau, piano.

Paillard Chamber Orchestra—Jean-François Paillard conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Monday, March 10, at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting the second in a series of three concerts, this one an all-Beethoven program, with Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 10, at 8.)

Soviet Emigré Orchestra—Lazar Gosman conducting, with Sara Wolfensohn, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

Hunter Symphony—Clayton Westermann conducting, with David Nadien, violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Wednesday, March 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing the American première of Smetana's "Libuše" in concert form, with Linda Roark-Strummer and Gabriela Beňačková, sopranos; Václav Zítek, baritone; and Paul Plishka, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—With Oleg Maisenberg, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano; Nadia Pelle and Joanna Simon, sopranos; Jon Garrison and Glenn Siebert, tenors; and John Ostendorf and Andrew Wentzel, bass-baritones. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8, and Sunday, March 16, at 3.)

Star-Scape Singers—Kenneth G. Mills directing. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 6, at 8.)

Verdi's Requiem—Johannes Somary directing the Amor Artis Orchestra, the Hampshire College Chorus, the Connecticut College Chorus, the Horace Mann Glee Club, and members of the Fairfield County Chorale, with Lynda Elliot, soprano; Alteouise DeVaughn, alto; Michael Sylvester, tenor; and William Fleck, bass. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, March 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 772-9408.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing an all-Monteverdi program, with guest artists, including Raymond Erickson, harpsichord, and Bonnie Richards and Fredric Fehleisen, violin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the last in a series of concerts. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing the chorus and orchestra in a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Rebecca Copley, soprano; Lorna Myers, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; and David Arnold, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 7:30.)

"Missa Solemnis"—Tamara Brooks directing the Mendelssohn Club and the Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia in a performance of the Beethoven Mass. With vocal soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 3.)

Choral Symphony Society—David Labovitz di-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

recting. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

RECITALS

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.)

Kaaren Erickson—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.)

Ensemble Intercontemporain—Pierre Boulez conducting—An all-Boulez program. (Columbia University Gymnasium, Broadway at 119th St. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ Two varied programs. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 7, and Sunday, March 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-9595, Wednesday through Friday.)

Raphael Trio—The last in a series of Haydn-Brahms programs, this one with Michael Tree, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.)

Classical Quartet—The second of two Haydn-Mozart programs, performed on original instruments. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Wednesday, March 5, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Waverly Consort—The third in a series of four programs, this one with music mostly by Monteverdi. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 6, and Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Atlanta Chamber Players—A tenth-anniversary concert. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, March 6, at 8.)

Gregory Haimovsky—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 2.)

David Kreider—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 2.)

Rosalind Rees and Susan Jolles—Soprano and harp. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, March 8, at 5. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Viktoria Mullova—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Dana Ragsdale and Elaine Comparone—A program of music for one and two harpsichords. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, March 9, at 2. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Peter Serkin and the Colorado Quartet—An all-Haydn program of piano sonatas and string quartets. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, March 9, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Lucy Shelton—Soprano, with Edward Carroll, trumpet, and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, March 9, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Abel Carlevaro—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 9, at 3.)

Ian Burr and Michael Collier—Clarinet and piano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Sunday, March 9, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 3.)

For the Love of Music—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 3.)

Composers String Quartet—Chamber music. (Faculty Room, Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, March 9, at 3. For information about tickets, call 280-3825.)

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—With Benjamin Coelho, bassoon, and Susan Wahling, clarinet. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, March 9, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Manhattan Marimba Quartet—A program of medieval and modern music. (Immanuel Lutheran Church, Lexington Ave. at 88th St. Sunday, March 9, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Music of Ronald Catalbiano—Performed by Margaret Ahrens, soprano; the Lydian Quartet; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 7.)

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New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble—A benefit concert of Renaissance music, with guest artists. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Sunday, March 9, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 580-0210.)

Vladimir Zaitsev—Piano, with an orchestra and a chorus. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—With Andrew Schulman, classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Michael Webster—Clarinet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, March 10, at 8.)

David Shuler—Organ. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Monday, March 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Jeremy Menuhin—Piano, with Richard Goode, also piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, March 11, at 8.)

Benjamin Verdery—Classical guitarist. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Tuesday, March 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Daniel Heifetz and Ellen Mack—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, March 11, at 8.)

Music from Australia—Performed by the Kronos Quartet; the Terra Australis Ensemble; David O'Keeffe, baritone; Meg Chilcott, soprano; and Geoffrey Simon, conductor. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, March 11, at 8.)

Sayuri Iida—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Harvey Pittel—Saxophone, with his saxophone quartet and Doris Stevenson, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

Israela Margalit—Piano, in the fourth in a series of five concerts, this one a program of French music, with Mark Peskanov, violin, and the Manhattan String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

Hans Jorgen Jensen—Cello. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

Sergei Edelman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Andrew Violette—Piano, in a program of his own works, with guest artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—With Frank Taplin, piano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Daniel Barenboim—The third in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of programs, each performed twice. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 8.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 3.)

Minetta Tavern
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Jeffrey Kahane—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Note—Charles Rosen, piano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 23, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, March 10, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, March 11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, March 15, at 7:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, March 5, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Friday, March 7, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Phoenix, Sunday, March 9, at 1. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, March 12, at 7:30.

Boxing—A closed-circuit telecast from Las Vegas of the Marvin Hagler–John Mugabi World Middleweight Championship bout and the Thomas Hearns–James Shuler ten-round middleweight bout. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Monday, March 10, at 9.) . . . ¶ Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 14, at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, March 9, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Calgary Flames, Wednesday, March 12, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, March 8, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Calgary Flames, Tuesday, March 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, March 15, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, March 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, March 8, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Tuesday, March 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, March 13, at 7:35.

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Swift, Saturday, March 8, and the Distaff Handicap, Saturday, March 15. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, June 14.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, March 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

ET ALIA

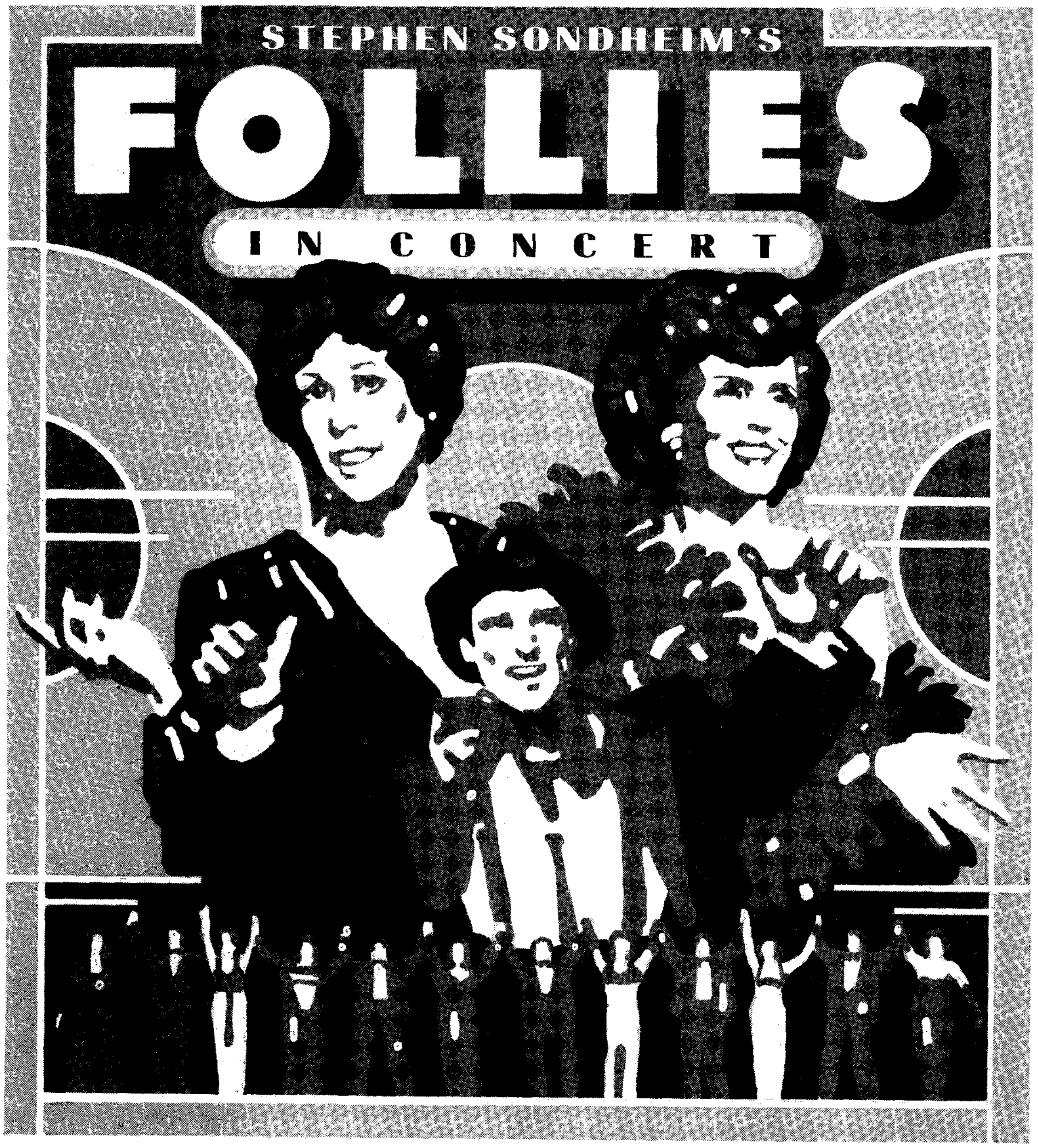
Poetry and Prose Readings—Marilyn Hacker and Jane Cooper reading from their own poetry. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, March 7, at 8.) . . . ¶ Yevgeny Yevtushenko reading from his own poetry, in Russian. With English translations, one of which will be read by Robert De Niro. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, March 8, at 8.) . . . ¶ Alan Dugan and Carolyn Kizer reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, March 11, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Sanford Smith's Armory Antiques Show—A collection of American, English, Continental, and Oriental goods, exhibited by seventy-six dealers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 6-8, noon to 10; Sunday, March 9, from 11 to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, March 6-7, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American and European prints, plus Old Master prints. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 10:15: Paperweights. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 8.

Great Performances

PRESENTS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Cast recording available.

Friday March 14 on PBS

Check your local listings.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through March 13: "Latino" (directed by Haskell Wexler).
From March 14: "Dreamchild" (†).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 6: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.
From March 7: "Nomads" (John McTiernan), with Lesley-Anne Down and Pierce Brosnan.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 13: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.
From March 14: "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Brazil" (†).
Theatre 2: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.
Theatre 3: "F/X" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 6: "Hollywood Vice Squad" (Penelope Spheeris), with Ronny Cox.
From March 7: "Whatever It Takes" (Bob Demchuk).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through March 6: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.
From March 7: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Ran" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through March 6: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn. From March 7: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through March 6: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt. From March 7: "Death of an Angel."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through March 13: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner. From March 14: "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio.
Theatre 2: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Turtle Diary" (John Irvin), with Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley.
Theatre 2: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 2: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Brazil" (†).
Theatre 2: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Smooth Talk" (Joyce Chopra), with Treat Williams and Laura Dern.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Out of Africa" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"F/X" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through March 6: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt. From March 7: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through March 6: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin. From March 7: To be announced.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

bleecker cinema

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 6: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.
From March 7: "Naked Cage."

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 13: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn. From March 14: "Bad Guys."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Antonio Gaudi" (1984; directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "The Mystery of Picasso" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through March 6: "Straight Through the Heart" (Doris Dörrie; in German); and "Huey Long" (Ken Burns). From March 7: "The Go Masters" (Junya Sato and Duan Jishun; in Japanese and Mandarin).
Theatre 2: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 2: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 6: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav). From March 7: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.
Theatre 2: Through March 6: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†). From March 7: "Lady Jane" (Trevor Nunn), with Helena Bonham Carter and Cary Elwes.
Theatre 3: Through March 6: "La Cage aux Folles 3: The Wedding" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. From March 7: "The Kindergarten" (1983; Yevgeny Yevtushenko; in Russian), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Theatre 4: Through March 13: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German). From March 14: "The Boys Next Door."

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through March 6: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin. From March 7: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert.
Theatre 2: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.
Theatre 3: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 6: "White Nights" (†).
From March 7: "16 Days of Glory" (Bud Greenspan), a documentary on the 1984 Los Angeles Olympic Games.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"French Lesson" (Brian Gilbert), with Jane Snowden.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Always" (Henry Jaglom).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through March 6: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.
From March 7: "A Room with a View" (James Ivory), with Maggie Smith and Denholm Elliott.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Brazil" (†).

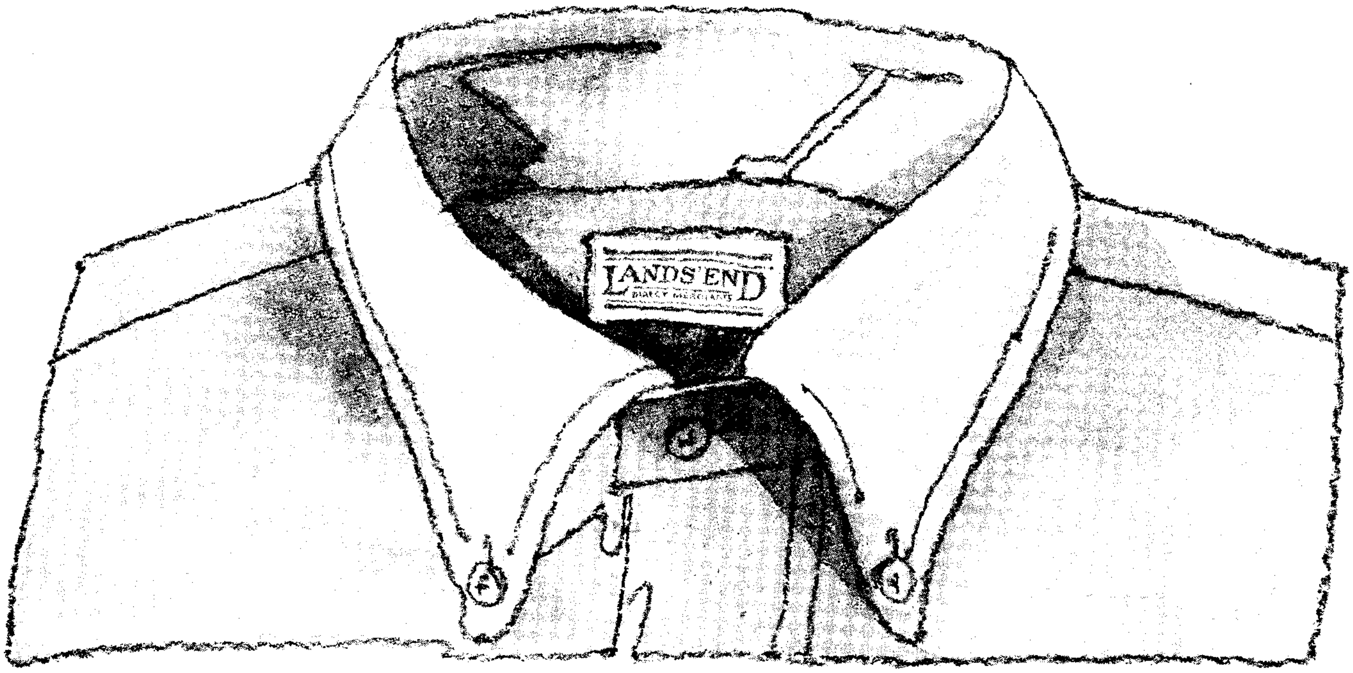
Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Kaos" (†).
Theatre 2: "Kaos" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 6: "The Crazy Family" (Sogo Ishii; in Japanese). From March 7: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (†). Part I is being shown. Starting March 7, Part I will be shown Wednesdays through Sundays and Part II will be shown Sundays through Tuesdays.
Theatre 2: Through March 6: "Shoah" (†). Part II is being shown. From March 7: "Two English Girls" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through March 6: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell. From March 7: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 6: "9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger. From March 7: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.
Theatre 4: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 5: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 6: Through March 6: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn. From March 7: To be announced.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through March 13: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt. From March 14: "The Boys Next Door."
Theatre 2: Through March 6: "Hollywood Vice Squad" (Penelope Spheeris), with Ronny Cox. From March 7: "Naked Cage."
Theatre 3: Through March 6: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell; and "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin. From March 7: "Nomads" (John McTiernan), with Lesley-Anne Down and Pierce Brosnan.
Theatre 4: Through March 6: "F/X" (†). From March 7: "Murphy's Romance"



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(Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Jewel of the Nile" (directed by Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Theatre 4: Through March 6: "Back to the Future" (†). From March 7: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.

Theatre 5: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.

Theatre 6: Through March 6: "Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman. From March 7: "Out of Africa" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"White Nights" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly; and "Jagged Edge" (†).

Theatre 3: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.

Theatre 4: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: Through March 6: "Knights of the City" (Dominic Orlando), with Leon Isaac Kennedy. From March 7: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through March 6: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt. From March 7: To be announced.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through March 6: "Out of Africa" (†).

From March 7: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"101 Dalmatians" (†). No performances Monday through Wednesday, March 10-12.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, *B'way* at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Hollywood Vice Squad" (Penelope Spheeris), with Ronny Cox.

Theatre 2: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through March 6: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn. From March 7: "Naked Cage."

Theatre 2: Through March 6: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon. From March 7: "Screen Test."

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin.

Theatre 2: "F/X" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, *22* E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 6: "Fanny and Alexander" (1983; directed by Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.

March 7-8: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller), with Mel Gibson; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson), with Gibson.

March 9: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Tootsie" (1982; Sydney Pollack), with Dustin Hoffman, Jessica Lange, Teri Garr, Bill Murray, and Charles Durning.

March 10-11: "Insatiable" (1982), with Marilyn Chambers; and "The Devil in Miss Jones, Part II" (1984).

March 12-13: "Himatsuri" (1985; Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese); and "Allonsanfan" (1974; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

March 14-15:"Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley; and "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

March 5: "The Searchers" (1956; John Ford), with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond; and "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru.

March 6: "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (1958; Mario Monicelli; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò; and "The White Sheik" (1951; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bovo, Leopoldo Trieste, and Giulietta Masina.

March 7-8: "The Right Stuff" (1983; Philip Kaufman), with Sam Shepard, Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, and Scott Glenn.

March 9-10: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

March 11: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon; and "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey.

March 12: "American Gigolo" (1980; Paul Schrader), with Richard Gere and Lauren Hutton; and "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda.

March 13: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (1983; Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie; and "The Man Who Left His Will on Film" (1970; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

March 14: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas.

March 15: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 5: "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan; and "Marked Woman" (1937; Lloyd Bacon), with Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, and Eduardo Ciannelli.

March 6-8: "Watch on the Rhine" (1943; Herman Shumlin), with Bette Davis and Paul Lukas; and "The Corn Is Green" (1945; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis and John Dall.

March 9-10: "The Sisters" (1938 †) and "Juarez" (†).

March 11-12: "The Nanny" (1965; Seth Holt), with Bette Davis; and "*Hush . . .* Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (†).

March 13-15: "Deception" (1946; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, and Claude Rains; and "The Great Lie" (1941; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Mary Astor.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 5: To be announced.

March 6: "Show People" (1928; King Vidor; a silent film), with Marion Davies; and "The Extra Girl" (1923; *Mack Sennett*; a silent film).

March 7: "Suburbia" (1984; Penelope Spheeris); and "The Loveless" (1984; Kathryn Bigelow and Monty Montgomery).

March 8: "Doctor Zhivago" (1965; David Lean), with Omar Sharif.

March 9: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson.

March 10: "The Day of the Locust" (1975; John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton; and "President's Mystery" (1936; Phil Rosen).

March 11: "Remember the Night" (1940; Mitchell Leisen), with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray; and "Baby Face" (1933; Alfred E. Green), with Barbara Stanwyck, John Wayne, and George Brent.

March 12: "The Bostonians" (1984; James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve, Vanessa Redgrave, and Madeleine Potter; and "The Heiress" (1949; William Wyler), with Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, and Ralph Richardson.

March 13: "Sunrise" (†); and "Manhandled" (1924; Alan Dwan; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson.

March 14: "Lenny" (1974; Bob Fosse), with Dustin Hoffman; and "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, and Ann Reinking.

March 15: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

March 5: "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947; Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd; and "The Milky Way" (1936; Leo McCarey), with Harold Lloyd and Adolphe Menjou.

March 6: "Copacabana" (1947; Alfred E. Green), with Carmen Miranda and Groucho Marx; and "Love Happy" (1950; David Miller), with the Marx Brothers.

March 7-8: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and "Small Change" (1976; François Truffaut; in French), with Geory Des*mouceaux*.

March 9: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

March 10: "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar; and "Rabid" (1977; David Cronenberg), with Marilyn Chambers and Frank Moore.

March 11: "Darling" (†); and "Petulia" (1968; Richard Lester), with Julie Christie and George C. Scott.

March 12: "Eye of the Needle" (1981; Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan; and "Spy in Black" (1939; Michael Powell), with Conrad Veidt and Valerie Hobson.

March 13: "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina *and Sami Frey; and "A Married Woman"* (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Macha Meril.

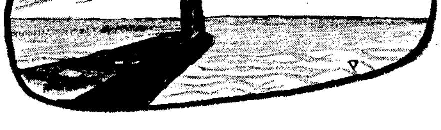
March 14-15: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Two Women" (1961; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 5: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "The Heiress" (1949; William Wyler), with Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, and Ralph Richardson.

March 6: "The Night of the Following Day" (1969; Hubert Cornfield), with Marlon Brando, Richard Boone, and Pamela Franklin; and "Bedtime Story" (1964; Ralph Levy), with Marlon Brando, David Niven, and Shirley Jones.

March 7-8: "Double Indemnity" (1944; *Billy* Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole



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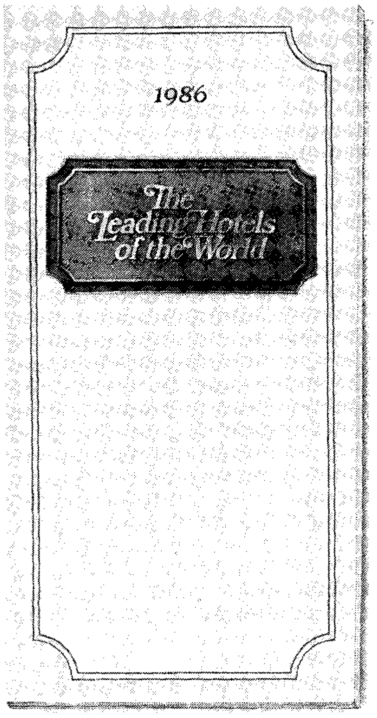

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Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

March 9: "Julius Caesar" (1953; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Marlon Brando; and "The Epic That Never Was" (1965; Bill Duncalf), a documentary about the incompleted 1937 film "I, Claudius."

March 10: "General della Rovere" (1959; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Vittorio De Sica; and "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.

March 11: "Blonde Venus" (1932; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore; and "Shanghai Express" (†).

March 12: "The Front Page" (1931; Lewis Milestone), with Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, and Edward Everett Horton; and "I Cover the Waterfront" (1933; James Cruze), with Claudette Colbert, Ben Lyon, and Ernest Torrence.

March 13: "Ecstasy" (†); and "Algiers" (1938; John Cromwell), with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer.

March 14-15: "The Trial" (†); and "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: March 6 at 2:30: "Vaudeville" (1985; directed by Jean Marboeuf; in French, with English subtitles), with Marie-Christine Barrault and Guy Marchand. . . . ¶ March 6 at 6: "The Night Wears Garters" (1985; Virginie Thévenet; in French, with English subtitles), with Jezabel Carpi. . . . ¶ March 6 at 8: "Blessure" (1985; Michel Gérard; in French, with English subtitles), with Florent Pagny. . . . ¶ March 7 at 2:30 and 6: "When Father Was Away on Business" (1985; Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav; with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 8 at 2: "Staircase C" (1985; Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French, with English subtitles), with Robin Renucci and Jean-Pierre Bacri. . . . ¶ March 8 at 5: "Robert Pinot, Profession: Cop" (1984; Gérard Jugnot; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Mondy and Jean-Claude Brialy. . . . ¶ March 9 at 2: "Gag Men" (1985; Claude Zidi; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Serrault, Gérard Jugnot, Thierry Lhermitte, and Macha Meril. . . . ¶ March 9 at 5: "Poulet au Vinaigre" (1985; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Poiret, Stéphane Audran, and Michel Bouquet. . . . ¶ March 10 at 2:30 and 6: "Colonel Redl" (1985; István Szabó; in Hungarian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 11 at 2:30 and 6: "The Official Story" (1985; Luis Puenzo; an Argentine film, in Spanish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 13 at 2:30 and 6: "3 Men and a Cradle" (1985; Coline Serreau; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 14 at 2:30 and 6: "Angry Harvest" (1985; Agnieszka Holland; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 15 at 2: "Maytime in Mayfair" (1949; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding. . . . ¶ March 15 at 5: "Waltzes from Vienna" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jessie Matthews, Edmund Gwenn, and Fay Compton.

THEATRE 2: March 6 at 3 and 6:30: "You Got to Move" (1985; Lucy Massie Phenix and Veronica Selver), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 7 at 3: "The Night Wears Garters" (1985; Virginie Thévenet; in French, with English subtitles), with Jezabel Carpi. . . . ¶ March 7 at 6:30: "The Fourth Estate" (1985; Serge Leroy; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret, Nicole Garcia, and Jean-Claude Brialy. . . . ¶ March 8 at 2:30: The five films nominated for the 1985 Oscar for animated and live-action short film. . . . ¶ March 8 at 5:30: "The Statue of Liberty" (1985; Ken Burns), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 9 at 2:30: The five films nominated for the 1985 Oscar for short-subject documentary. . . . ¶ March 9 at 5:30: The five films nominated for the 1985 Oscar for animated and live-action short film. . . . ¶ March 10 at 6:30: "The Man Who Envied Women" (1985; Yvonne Rainer). Miss Rainer will be present. . . . ¶ March 11 at 3: "Cool It" (1984; Michel Blanc; in French, with English subtitles), with Gérard Lanvin and Michel Blanc. . . . ¶ March 11 at 6:30: "Red Kiss" (1985; Vera Belmont; in French, with English subtitles), with Charlotte Valandrey. . . . ¶ March 13 at 3 and 6:30: "Metropolitan Avenue" (1985; Christine Noschese), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 14 at 3: "Red Kiss." . . . ¶ March 14 at 6:30: "Cool It."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"The Museum Reaction Piece" (1978-86), an installation by Howard Fried. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the lunatic edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/29/85.) (Criterion Theatres; through March 6.)

Brazil—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (2/10/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

The Color Purple—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Sutton, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Darling (1965)—The darling, played by Julie Christie, drifts upward. She casually models, has a bit part in a movie, leaves a husband, deceives a lover, goes to new ones; after such tribulations as an abortion, an orgy, and a religious conversion, she winds up unhappily married to a prince. We know what we're *supposed* to think: that this girl has no direction in life. We are prodded to see that this bitch is a child of our times. But is this mod British movie any different from, or more profound than, the "inside story" magazines and columns which also show how dirty the lives of celebrities *really* are? The film's chief distinction is Julie Christie; she's extraordinary—petulant, sullen, and very beautiful. With Laurence Harvey and Dirk Bogarde. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Thalia SoHo; March 11.)

Down and Out in Beverly Hills—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (34th St. East, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Ziegfeld.)

Dreamchild—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration at Columbia University. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm), Lecturer in Mathematics at Christ Church, Oxford, where her father was the Dean, had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now, at the commemoration, and with her own death close at hand, that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, and its structure and techniques suggest a literate TV show rather than a movie. But it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. The elderly Alice's Potteresque adventures in the Art Deco New York wonderland wobble in tone, but the picture is magically smooth, and it's full of felicities. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful—sneaky-dirty in its recessiveness, funny and painful at the same moments. With Amelia Shankley as the forthright little Alice at ten, Jane Asher as her mother, Peter Gallagher and Nicola Cowper as young lovers, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. Billy Williams' cinematography has a glowing dreaminess; his lighting helps us over the transitions between 1932 and 1862, and into the glimpses of the world inhabited by these eerie creatures. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting March 14.)

Ecstasy (1933)—The once scandalous Czech film, directed by Gustav Machaty, and starring the very young Hedy Lamarr. It was originally intended to be called "Symphony of Love;" along with some explicit sexual sequences, there is symbolic erotic imagery that is romantic, poetic, and, despite its innocent absurdity, sensuous and exciting. The picture was banned and then released and then withdrawn and finally reissued, in so many different versions that everyone who talks about it appears to have seen (or imagined) different sex acts. Still, whichever

"Ecstasy" one sees, it's delicately, tenderly erotic. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 13.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown), based in New York, who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, built like a barn and sporting a big, messy mustache, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. This picture loses something when it takes a turn toward acceptance of corruption, but the script, by Robert T. Megginson and Gregory Fleeman, gives Dennehy some sharp tough-guy lines, and he sends them home like a master comedian. He's so enthusiastically overscaled that he fills the screen. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched; Mandel's work is clean and brisk. The cinematographer, Miroslav Ondříček, gives the city a rich, dark glint. With Diane Venora as the wizard's actress girlfriend, Joe Grifasi, Jossie deGuzman, Cliff DeYoung, Mason Adams, and a few weak scenes with Martha Gehman. (2/24/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, U. A. East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and U. A. Twin. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through March 6.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen, a new canto in his ongoing poem to love and New York City which includes "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan." It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away here, as it was in "Interiors," but this time he's made the picture halfway human. People can laugh and feel morally uplifted at the same time. The willed sterility of his style is terrifying to think about, though; the picture is all tasteful touches, and there's an element of cultural self-approval in its tone, and a trace of smugness in its narrow concern for family and friends. He uses style to blot out the rest of New York City. It's a form of repression, and, from the look of the movie, repression is what's romantic to him. With Max von Sydow as a gloomy, rigid intellectual, and Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (2/24/86) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (New Embassy 49th St. No performances Monday through Wednesday, March 10-12.)

Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte (1965)—Bette Davis in a Grand Guignol melodrama directed by Robert Aldrich. Davis is a rich, dotty recluse living in a moldy mansion in Louisiana; she wanders about the shadowy rooms in streaming hair and billowing nighties, whispering telepathic endearments to her long-dead daddy. Olivia de Havilland is her treacherous cousin, Agnes Moorehead the witchlike housekeeper, and Joseph Cotten the family doctor. The story, redolent of mutilation and assorted horrors, is from a novel by

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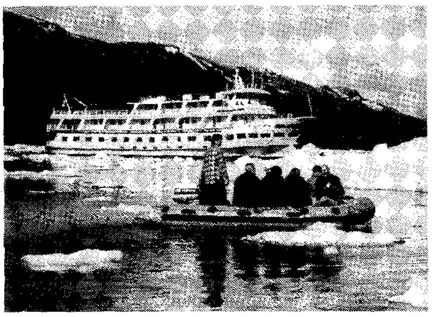

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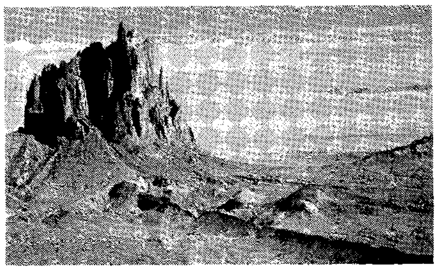

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Henry Farrell. A lot of people seemed to enjoy the spectacle of Davis crawling and howling and looking wildly repulsive. With Victor Buono, Mary Astor, Bruce Dern, George Kennedy, and Cecil Kellaway. (Regency; March 11-12.)

Jagged Edge—This thriller doesn't offer the pleasures of style, but it does the job. Jeff Bridges plays the San Francisco newspaper publisher-editor who is tried for the murder of his rich wife, who owned the paper; Peter Coyote is the D.A. prosecuting him; and Glenn Close is the radiantly blond woman lawyer who defends him, and falls in love with him. Working from a script by Joe Eszterhas that's smart and efficient, the director, Richard Marquand, sets up the situations and delivers the payoffs; he doesn't show much in the way of imagination or devotion to craft, but he gets distinctively pungent performances. With Robert Loggia, Leigh Taylor-Young, Marshall Colt, and Karen Austin. (11/4/85) (Embassy.)

Juarez (1939)—The time is the eighteen-sixties. Paul Muni is the straight, stern President of Mexico, with bowed, heavy shoulders and a rigid profile. Brian Aherne, in blond sideburns and chin whiskers, is the gentle, ineffectual Hapsburg Archduke Maximilian, who becomes a puppet emperor, and Bette Davis, huge-eyed and wearing a black wig, is the barren, doomed Empress Carlota. She looks both fragile and tempestuous, and gets a chance to show off her best violent spasms when she pleads for help at the Tuileries and frightens the Empress Eugénie (Gale Sondergaard, who doesn't frighten easy). It's a lumpy movie; Muni's big-star solemn righteousness is like a dose of medicine. But there are incidental diversions: John Garfield, as Díaz, gives a blue-ribbon bad performance, and Claude Rains, Joseph Calleia, Gilbert Roland, Henry O'Neill, Donald Crisp, and Harry Davenport all stomp around in fancy costumes. William Dieterle directed. (Regency; March 9-10.)

Kaos—Directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through March 6.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—With Roshan Seth and Saeed Jaffrey, directed by Stephen Frears. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 7.)

The Mystery of Picasso (1956)—Picasso and Henri-Georges Clouzot ("The Wages of Fear," "Diabolique") collaborate. The result is one of the most joyful of all records of an artist at work. Picasso has a volatile, explosive presence. He is the artist as clown, as conjurer, as master funmaker. For most of the film the screen is his paper or canvas, and in seventy-five minutes he draws or paints fifteen pictures. When he complains to Clouzot that the canvas is too small, the screen expands to CinemaScope size. Some sequences use time-lapse photography to compress the working time on a canvas to a few minutes. Cinematography by Claude Renoir; score by Georges Auric. (Film Forum.)

Out of Africa—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitchen or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen; they're recognizably human. (12/30/85) (Loews Tower East, and R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin. . . . ¶ Movieland; through March 6. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting March 7.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Plaza.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. Marlene Dietrich gets to deliver what is perhaps her most memorable line: "It took more than one man to change my name to Shanghai Lily." In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Directed by Josef von Sternberg, this movie has style—a triumphant fusion of sin, glamour, shamelessness, art, and, perhaps, a furtive sense of humor. With Anna May Wong, Gustav von Seyffertitz, and Eugene Pallette. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 11.)

Shoah—Claude Lanzmann's nine-hour-and-twenty-three-minute documentary epic is made up of interviews with people who have knowledge of the Nazi extermination centers—whether as slave laborers, railroad workers, technicians, bureaucrats, or just onlookers. The film has fine, painful moments, and it's widely regarded as a masterpiece. But some may feel that it lacks the moral complexity of a great work, and may also find it logy and diffuse, and exhausting right from the start. Divided into Part I (four hours and thirty-three minutes) and Part II (four hours and fifty minutes). In Polish, French, German, English, Hebrew, and Yiddish, with English subtitles where necessary. (12/30/85) (Cinema Studio.)

The Sisters (1938)—A costume melodrama beginning in Montana on the evening of Theodore Roosevelt's election and ending on the evening of Taft's election. During those years, a benign Bette Davis elopes with a transient newspaperman (Errol Flynn) who drinks. He deserts her For Her Own Good, and she undergoes strenuous hardships, including the San Francisco earthquake. The marital fortunes of the heroine's sisters (Anita Louise and Jane Bryan) are interwoven. It's an inoffensive but rather pointless story, with a good deal of attention to realistic detail. Anatole Litvak directed. With Beulah Bondi, Donald Crisp, Ian Hunter, Alan Hale, Patric Knowles, and Dick Foran. (Regency; March 9-10.)

Sunrise (1927)—A near masterpiece, made in Hollywood by the great German director F. W. Murnau. The script, freely adapted from Hermann Sudermann's "A Trip to Tilsit," was prepared in Berlin by Carl Mayer, and Murnau planned the whole film there, on the basis that the story was universal. The opening title reads, "This story of a Man and his Wife is of nowhere and everywhere; you might hear it anywhere and at any time." The man (George O'Brien) and his wife (Janet Gaynor) are rural Americans; their happiness is disrupted by a city temptress (Margaret Livingston) who seduces the man and persuades him to drown his wife. The story is told in a flowing, lyrical German manner that is extraordinarily sensual yet is perhaps too self-conscious, too fablelike, for American audiences. There are some masterly sequences: the seduction under a full moon, the wife's flight (she boards a trolley). Silent. (Thalia; March 13.)

The Trial (1962)—Orson Welles' theatricality and bravado would seem to be especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact comic horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects that aren't at all jarring. This little-seen film has effective passages; it's more than an honorable try, though the hollow sound (that is, of the English-language version) is sometimes off-putting. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, Akim Tamiroff, and Welles. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 14-15.)

The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can, and it has the glow that movies get when they're about the need to have compassion. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Cinema II.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. With Kika Markham, Stacey Tendeter, Philippe Léotard, and Sylvia Marriott. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting March 7.)

White Nights—The magnificent Mikhail Baryshnikov plays a Russian ballet star who defected from the Soviet Union to the U.S. and is on his way to dance in Tokyo when his plane crash-lands in Siberia. The movie's central gimmick is that the ballet dancer is put in the care of a black American tap dancer (Gregory Hines, acting morose and embittered) who defected from the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War. The tap dancer is miserable, and now a K.G.B. colonel tells him that if he can't convince the ballet star to renounce the U.S. and perform in just a few days at a Kirov gala, he'll be sent to work in the mines. This cheap melodramatic plot is like a straitjacket that the director, Taylor Hackford, got into voluntarily and can't wriggle out of. It's often ludicrously bad, but there's enough footage of Baryshnikov to carry you past the embarrassments of the tacky script. With Isabella Rossellini, Jerzy Skolimowski, Geraldine Page, Helen Mirren, and John Glover. The script is credited to James Goldman and Eric Hughes. (11/18/85) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Guild; through March 6.)

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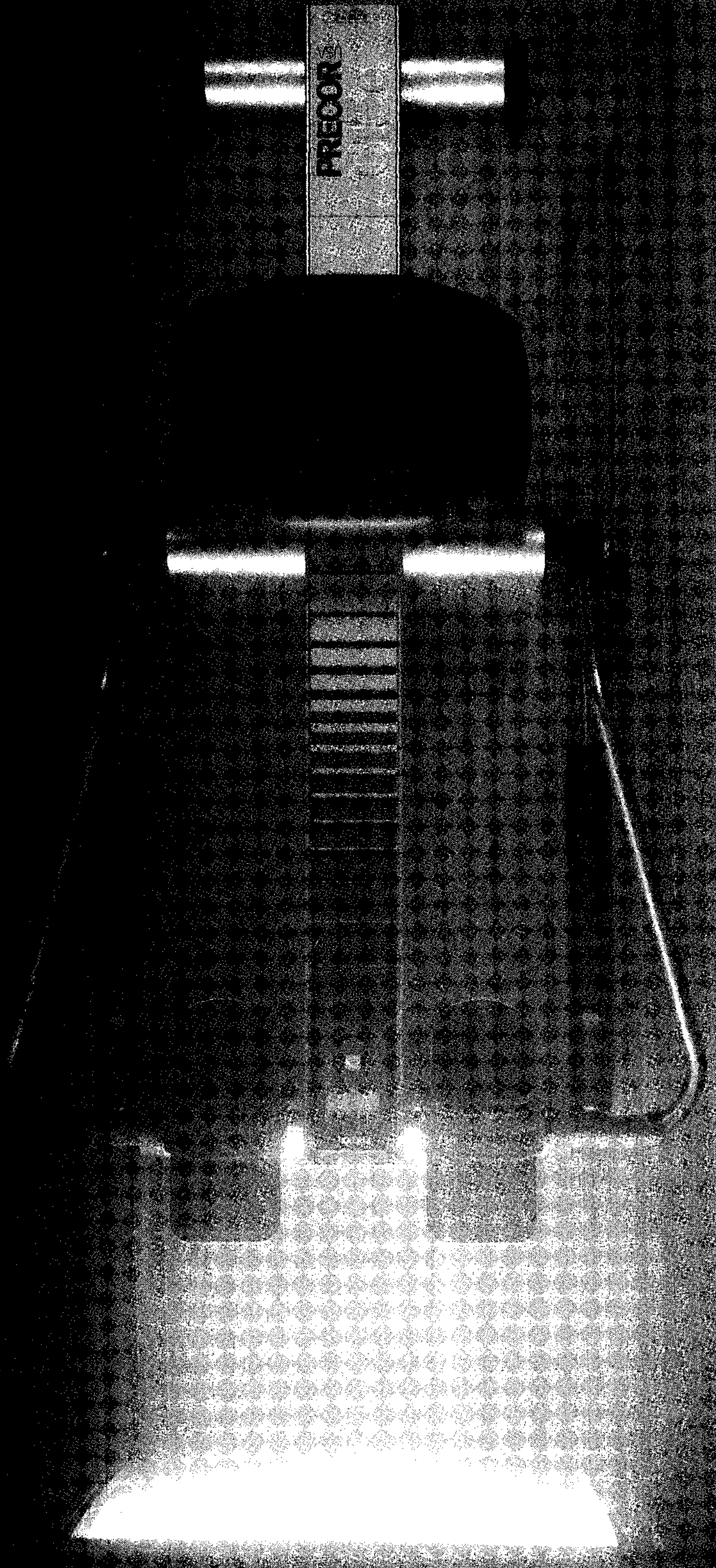
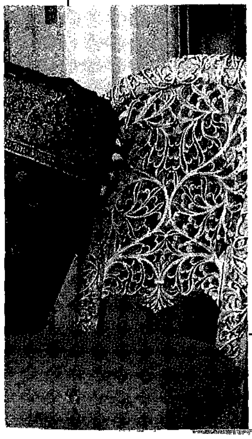


Paisleys, paisleys, paisleys—
and other decorating ideas from India—
conquer the West.

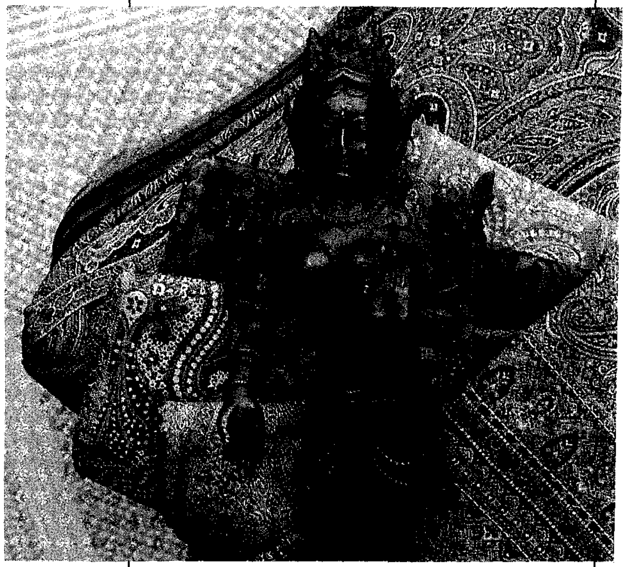
PULENTLY designed shawls from Kashmir—some with richly embroidered borders, others with all-over patterns—took the fashionable world by storm in the mid-1800's. Soon, mills in the obscure Scottish town of Paisley were turning out their own versions. (These, in their turn, proceeded to take the world by storm to the tune of one million pounds sterling per year; they have become sought-after antiques, and are collected world-wide, today.)

Despite its Scottishness, the name Paisley continues to be often mistakenly identified as a region in India. But there's no mistake about the design motif: warmly exotic, distinctive and appealing, every swirl of every paisley says "India." Surprisingly, this passage from India—a native design coming to belong to the rest of the world—has been going on for some three thousand years.

For a start, the whole technique of printing on fabrics was invented in India; sophisticated methods for printing and dyeing in a range of colors that seemed to know no inhibition were well developed when Europe and even Japan were mostly monochromatic and purely primitive. The list of other decorative ideas from India extends all the way from such homey things as seersucker (from *shir-o-shakar,* literally milk and sugar) and calico (from *Calicut,* India) to such surprisingly "English" things as chintz and such "American" discoveries as the bungalow. And then there's also sturdy khaki, luxurious cashmere, today's ubiquitous dhurries, kindly crewel, and the ever-popular madras cottons. Probably no other culture can show as pervasive an influence on the fabric inventory of the world as does India—and the influence continues as dynamically as ever, even in today's volatile times.



In the San Francisco bed-sitting-room shown here, interior designer Scott Lamb has brought the warmth and design exuberance of India to a typical San Francisco Victorian room. He transforms it with a romantic mixture of raj, courtly and native India and achieves a 1980's version of stylish comfort and lush informality. The day-bed is upholstered in *Faner,* a herringbone-woven cotton stripe, that recalls the sturdy peasant work-fabrics of India, though it's actually woven in Schumacher's own New Jersey mill. The curtains are *Srinigar,* a pure silk with an embroidered-looking windowpane check that's an exclusive Schumacher import from India. The wing chair and the onion-dome-shaped screen are covered in Schumacher's companion fabric and wallpaper *Khyber,* based on an authentic embroidery motif. The Victorian-looking rug is another import from India, also exclusive with Schumacher. But the key to the room's special ambience is the paisley-bordered fabric *Rajah,* in Indienne red, made into a table cover and also dressing up the bolsters. The same fabric, in indigo, can be seen in the lower left picture on the upholstered seat of a carved antique chair from Goa.



A sampling of the wide range of colors, the lavish variety of motifs and the subtle design that paisleys are heir to, can be seen in the center picture on this page. The jewel-like colors, the seemingly endless catalogue of sensuous swirls—are all controlled by a very sophisticated design intelligence. (The wool rug in the background of this picture, incidentally, is a happy translation of the crisp texture of straw matting into a more lasting medium.) Whether it's to cover a chair and brighten up a dark corner or to create a sensational sofa in an elegant living room; whether it's bedroom, kitchen or bath; there's no place that a paisley can't help. With drama, with color, with enthusiasm. No wonder Scotland and then the world were conquered. No wonder the conquest continues to this very day.

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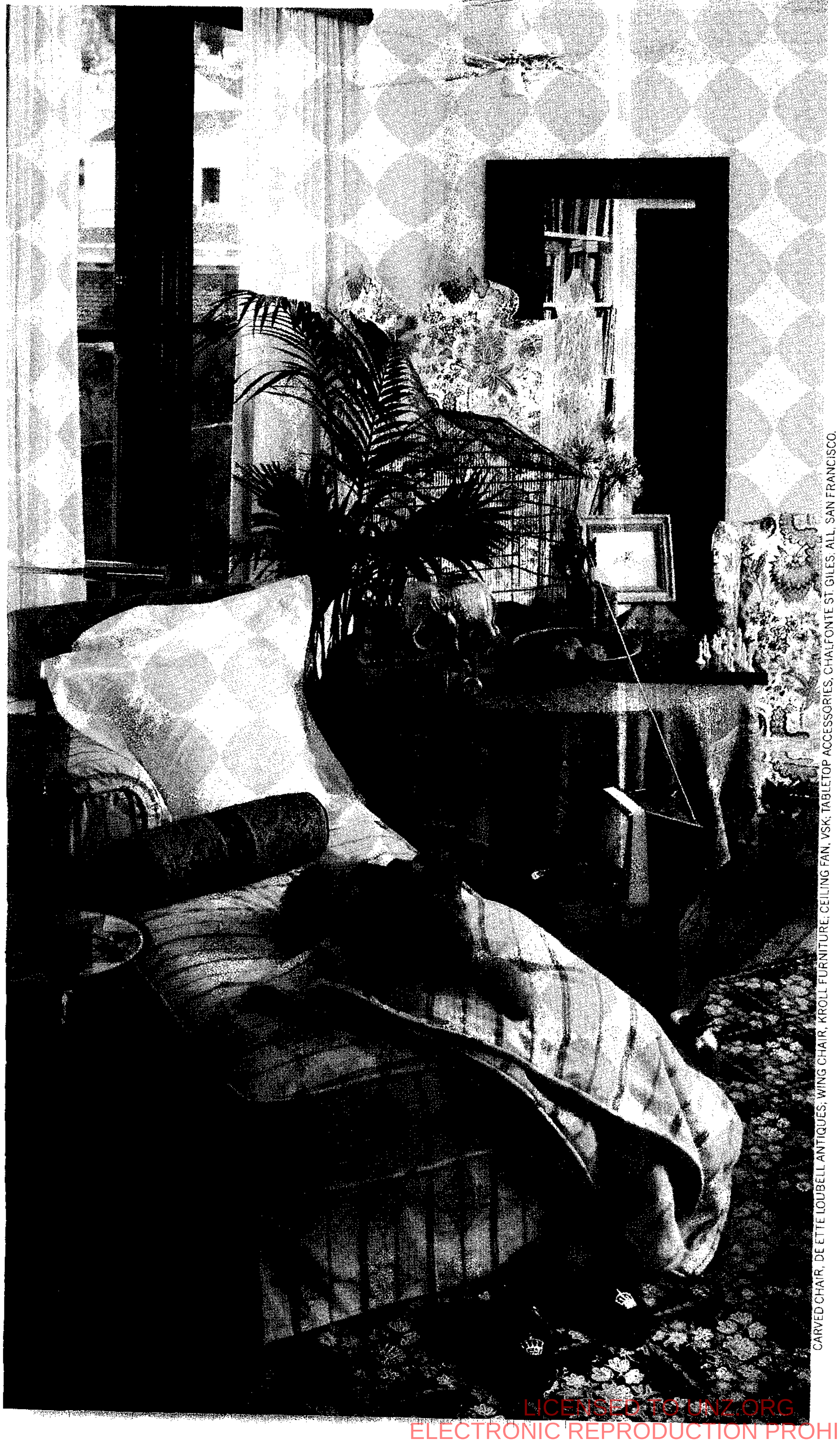

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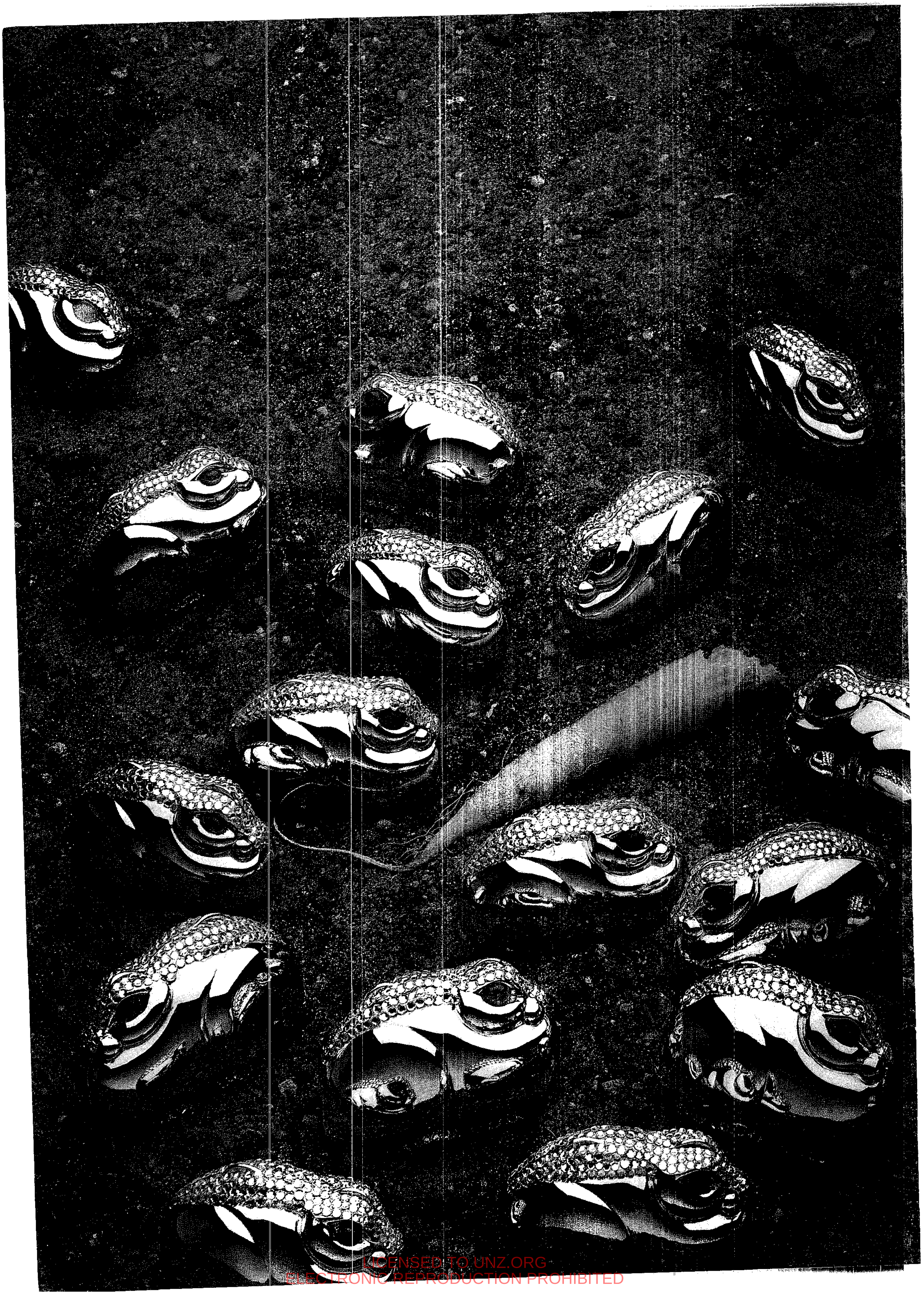

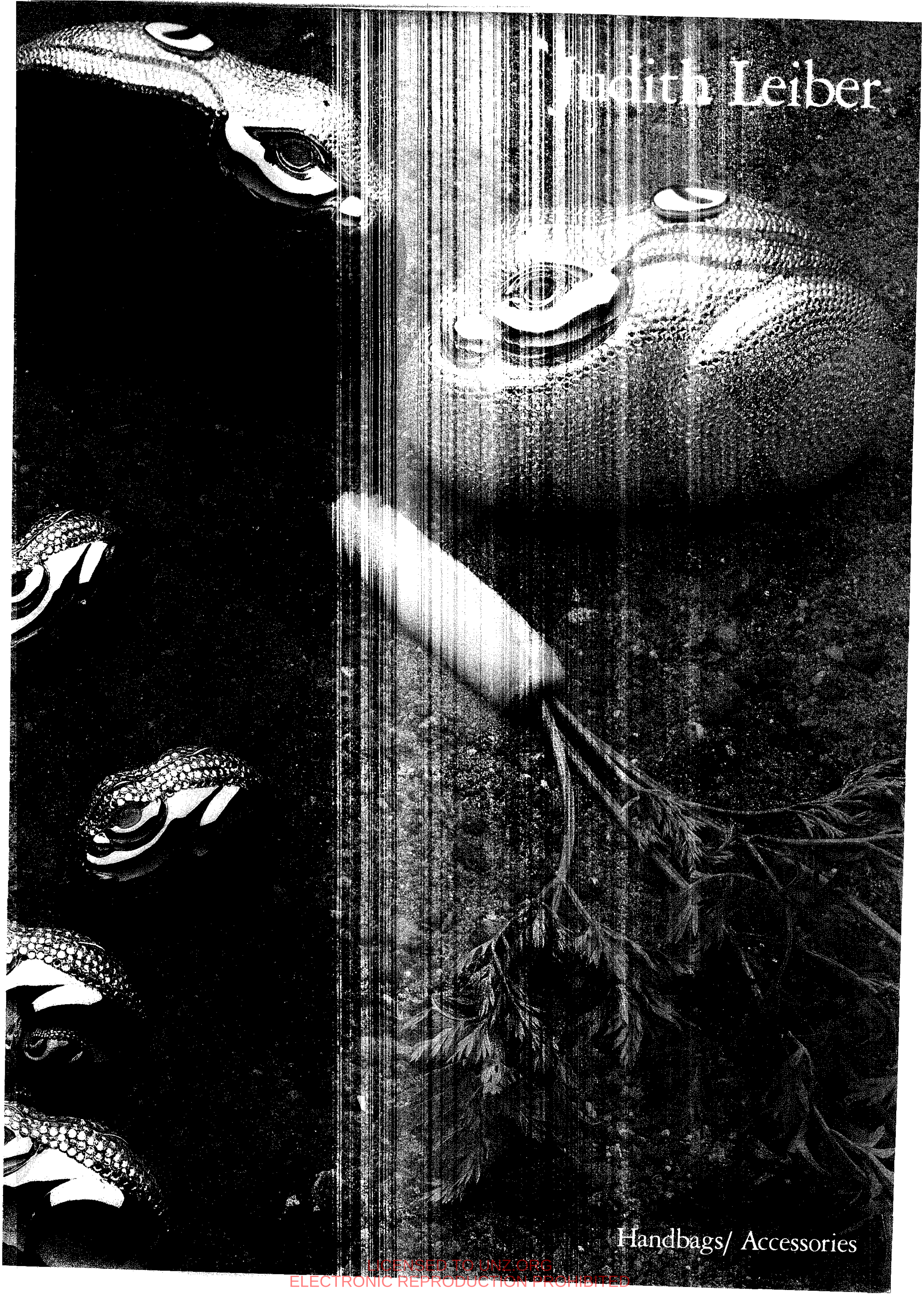
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THE NEW YORKER

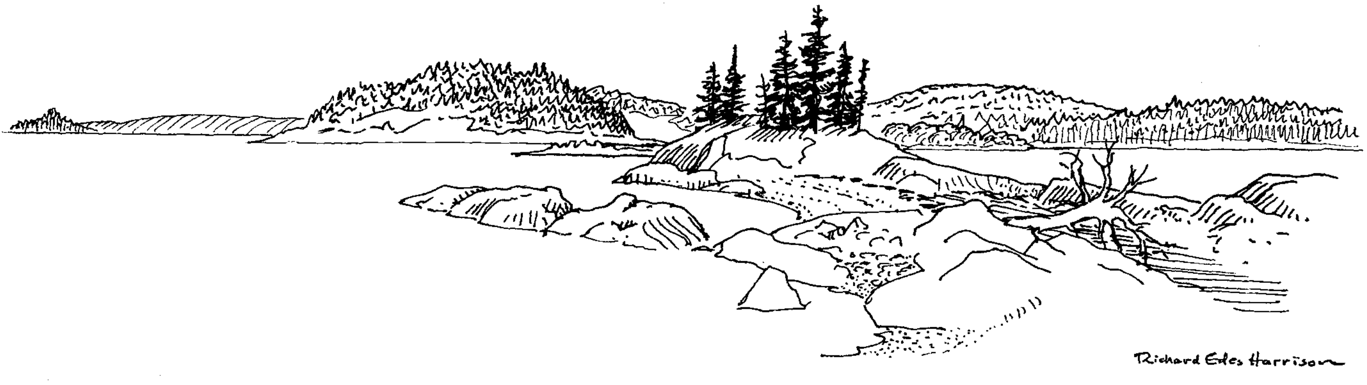
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE American Revolution began with the shot heard round the world. The Philippine revolution began and ended without a shot fired. And that unfired shot, too, has been heard round the world. (Of course, a few shots *were* fired, but no one supposes that they were anything but wholly irrelevant to the outcome.) Few things are more mysterious than the causes of the downfall of a dictatorial government. At one moment, it stands astride society—assured of its powers and prerogatives, omnipresent, fearsome—almost as if it were part of the natural order, and must last forever. The next moment, it is gone, like a bad dream, and people are dancing in the streets. When there is violence, we may have the impression that we know what has happened. We seem to be in the familiar world of Newtonian physics: the government is a big, inert object, and the guns and tanks and bombs—visible to all, audible to all—are the force that blasts it out of the way. But when, as in the Philippines last week, the government falls without violence we are compelled to look again. The Filipinos in the streets spoke of "people power," but what is it, actually? Can people power, like President Reagan's proposed Star Wars shield, knock missiles out of the sky? Can flowers placed in gun barrels now prevent them from firing? Can human flesh now withstand bullets? Are the meek now going to inherit the earth? Hannah Arendt, in her essay "On Violence," had some thoughts to offer on these questions:

> In a contest of violence against violence the superiority of the government has always been absolute; but this superiority lasts only as long as the power structure of the government is intact—that is, as long as commands are obeyed and the army or police forces are prepared to use their weapons. When this is no longer the case, the situation changes abruptly. Not only is the rebellion not put down, but the arms themselves change hands.... Only after this has happened ... can one speak of an "armed uprising," which often does not take place at all or occurs when it is no longer necessary. Where commands are no longer obeyed, the means of violence are of no use; and the question of this obedience is not decided by the command-obedience relation but by opinion, and, of course, by the number of those who share it.... The sudden, dramatic breakdown of power that ushers in revolutions reveals in a flash how civil obedience—to laws, to rulers, to institutions—is but the outward manifestation of support and consent.

Certainly the most noted use of people power in the Philippines occurred when a large crowd sat down in front of an armored column, preventing government soldiers from reaching an encampment where anti-government soldiers had taken up positions. Later, Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile, a leader of the anti-government soldiers, told a reporter that if the government troops had attacked they might well have defeated his forces. The implication was that the revolution would then have been defeated. His statement gave added importance to the claim, made by President Corazon Aquino and others, that the civilians had "defended" the military in the crucial moment of the struggle. In interpreting this incident, one is tempted to picture it as the decisive encounter, in which the nonviolent army confronted the violent one and was victorious, thus demonstrating its superior "power"—people power. Arendt's analysis suggests, though, that the decisive battle might have been fought elsewhere and earlier—in the minds of all the Filipinos over the previous weeks and months, when "opinion" against Marcos was forming. If the nonviolent crowd in Manila was a crucial factor, then, this may have been not so much because it saved the anti-government soldiers from defeat as because it stopped *any* fighting from occurring. It prevented the whole struggle from shifting from the arena of "opinion," in which the opposition was irresistible, to the arena of violence, in which, as Arendt suggests, the government is so often the victor. When people power is being exerted, nonviolence, which is sometimes seen as weakness, ap-



pears to be a source of strength. The battle against Marcos was won when the people, acting silently but fatally, withdrew their consent from his government.

• •

Claude Simon

THE other Saturday found us zipping down an almost deserted Fifth Avenue to New York University's Maison Française, at 16 Washington Mews. Professor David Noakes, who heads it, had invited us to a reception, from 6 to 7 P.M., in honor of Claude Simon, the winner of the 1985 Nobel Prize in Literature. As soon as we had accepted, we took Simon's novel "The Flanders Road" (1960) off the shelf and, opening it at random, came upon half a page of dense, sparsely punctuated, aptly limpid prose devoted to a description of a drop of water sliding off the edge of a roof. That drop of water was alive, its description a new-sounding, visual version of Proust's famous auditory paragraph that begins with the gentlest announcement of a tap on a pane of glass and swells and swells until the final, revelatory words "It was the rain." "The Flanders Road" has a barely constructed plot. Page follows page without the interruption of a paragraph. The punctuation consists of an occasional comma, a pair of parentheses, a dash, a rare full stop. Yet all is clear. The writing is beautiful, vivid, sensual, at once brilliantly and delicately colored. And it is astonishingly visual.

Seventeen books by Claude Simon have been published, beginning in 1945—thirteen by Les Éditions de Minuit. Les Éditions de Minuit is a small publishing house in Saint-Germain-des-Prés which was founded in clandestinity, around 1942, by, among others, Vercors, François Mauriac, and Louis Aragon and his wife, Elsa Triolet, and was taken over in 1947 by the very young Jérôme Lindon, who is still in charge. It is a small operation. The house employs about ten people, and brings out an average of twenty-five books a year. It has published Michel Butor, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Nathalie Sarraute, Samuel Beckett, Claude Simon. So now, with Beckett and Simon, it has two Nobel Prizes.

The people at our neighborhood bookshop told us that, in America, George Braziller had brought out Claude Simon's "The Wind" in 1959 and "The Grass" in 1960 and would reissue both novels in paperback this spring. They also told us that the Ontario Review Press, run by Joyce Carol Oates and her husband, Raymond J. Smith, had published Simon's 1975 novel "The World About Us" in both hardcover and paperback, and that Riverrun, distributed by Flatiron, had published both "The Flanders Road" and "Georgics" (1985).

When we arrived at the Maison Française, we were taken to a large room, and found it all but empty. David Noakes introduced us to Richard Howard, poet and translator, who does trapeze acts with the poetry of Baudelaire. He wore a neat beard, a gold lamé tie, and a golden monocle on a golden string, and spoke of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1. At the back of the auditorium, a table held orange juice, apple cider, soda water. Against a wall, bottles of wine were aligned on a long, narrow table. "Would you like a radish?" a shy young man inquired once in a while as he passed a tray.

No sign of Claude Simon.

We were introduced to Professor Leon Roudiez, a tall man with a disarming smile, who told us he had been translating Julia Kristeva, a Bulgarian who had emigrated to Paris in the nineteen-sixties. "She's a theoretician," he said. "She practices various disciplines. She's published by the Columbia University Press. This book I've just translated is called 'Tales of Love'—it's an interdisciplinary approach."

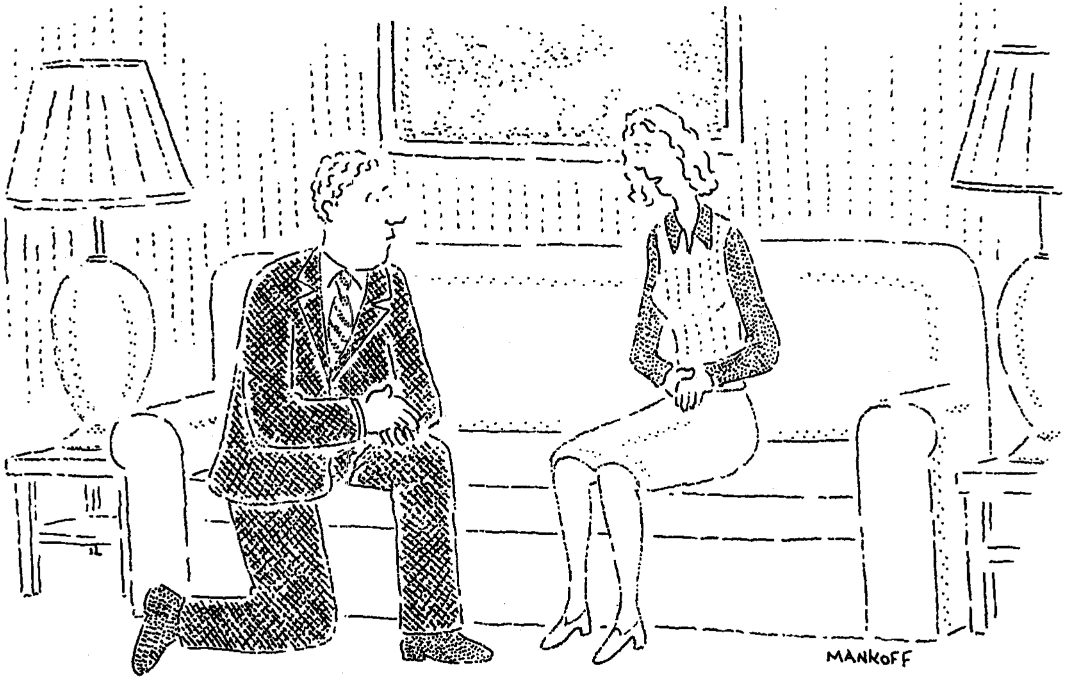
"I don't know how you do it," said Richard Howard. "I just don't know *how* you do it."

"The so-called New French Novel started with Michel Butor," said Professor Roudiez. " 'La Modification.' You must read Claude Simon's 'Georgics.' "

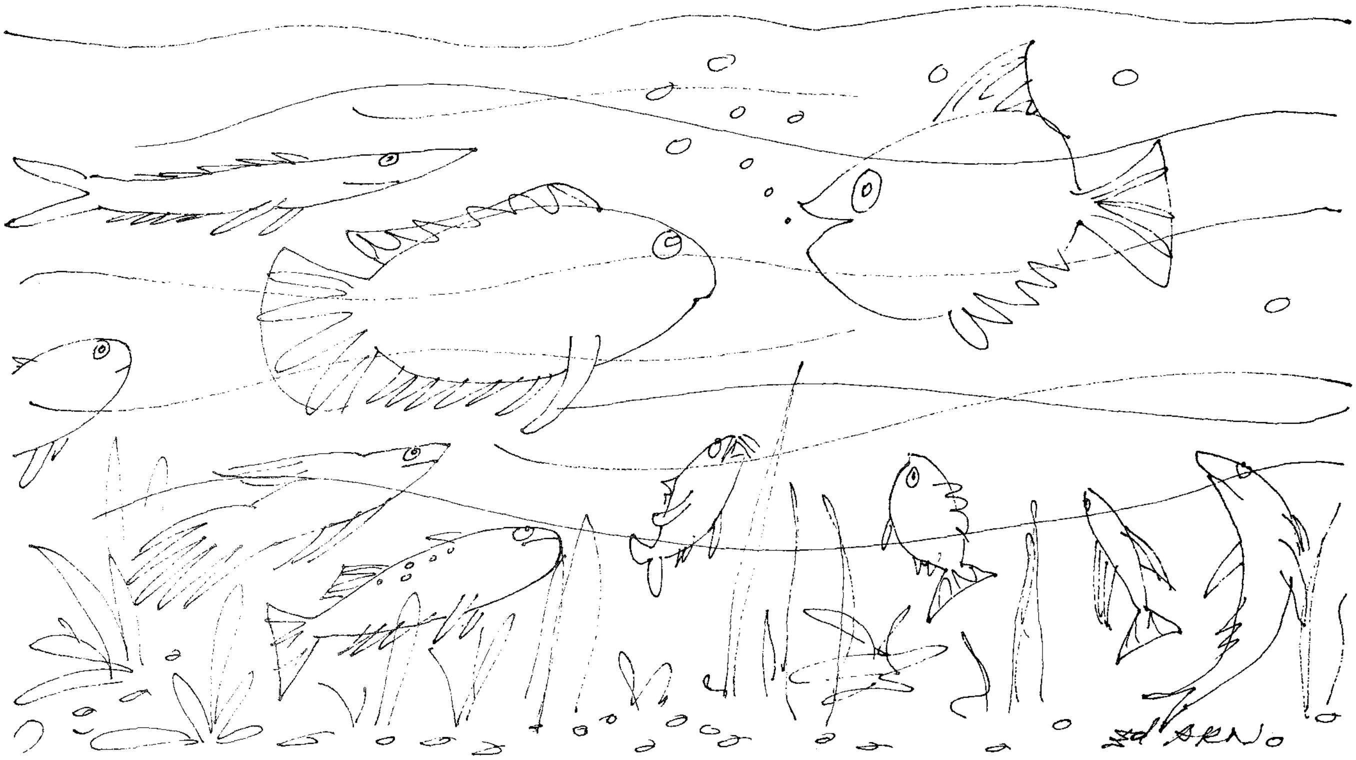
No sign of Claude Simon.

A woman with straight dark hair introduced herself: "Éliane de Dampierre, Deputy Consul-General in New York."

We next spoke with Wassily Leontief (1973 Nobel Prize in Economics), a charmingly diffident, very Russian-looking man (born in Leningrad), who told us that his wife, American, speaks little Russian, and their daughter doesn't speak any. "No, no, I'm no longer at Harvard," he said. "I'm here, I'm very much here, in New York. Here at the university. And I travel. You know, up in Lakeville, Connecticut, where we have a house, the farmers are now selling their land and retiring on the profit. It no longer pays to farm. It's very sad." He told us that he travels pretty regularly to the Soviet Union.



"This doesn't have anything to do with the falling price of oil, does it?"



"I just got in from the coast."

• •

No sign of Claude Simon.

A kindly-looking man in rimless glasses introduced himself: "Richard Goldstone. I'm a visiting professor of English at N.Y.U. And I don't speak French. I was in Sousse—that's in Tunisia—in 1982-83, and the Arabs accepted my French. So do the Parisians. But the French in New York don't."

"I suppose all the New Yorkers who speak French are here," said Professor Leontief. (By then, there must have been about thirty people in the room.) Professor Tom Bishop, who is at the head of New York University's Center for French Civilization and Culture, walked by and greeted the three of us.

Richard Goldstone said, "The Arabs hate the Jews, and yet the Arabs and the Jews are very much alike."

"What the Jews have that the Arabs don't have is the European experience," said Professor Leontief.

Still no sign of Claude Simon.

"See that man over there?" Richard Goldstone asked. "He's Robert Halsband, a celebrated eighteenth-century scholar and biographer, who wrote a biography of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu."

We excused ourself, for we had caught sight of Claude Simon sitting on a bench in a corner of the room smoking a cigarillo and flanked by a man and a woman. He was talking. Professor Bishop introduced us, and said that it would be nice if M. Simon could give us a moment in private. "Let's do it right now," said Claude Simon, and he sprang up.

In a moment, we were up a flight of stairs. A door was opened. A light was switched on. "The library," said Professor Bishop. Against the wall on our right was a long table lined with chairs, but Claude Simon had stopped in the center of the room, where a Knoll-like large wing chair covered in bright orange stood next to a small round chair covered in hot pink. Claude Simon waved us to the orange one, sat down on the pink one, and, once more, sprang up. "*Je veux un* ashtray," he said to Professor Bishop. (It was the only word we heard him utter in English.) Professor Bishop handed him a heavy glass ashtray, excused himself, and left.

Claude Simon, aged seventy-two, is a man of medium height, very fit, who is extremely relaxed in manner and yet extremely intense. His complexion is healthy, ruddy, and smooth, and his eyes are a bright blue—a blue that scientists call "congenital" and pseudo-poets either "cornflower" or "violet." They are extremely probing eyes, and, as is noticed rarely in real life but often in self-portraits (Rembrandt's, van Gogh's), one eye is more intensely focussed than the other. In Claude Simon's case, it is the right one. He was dressed (from the bottom up) in a pair of desert boots, heavy bright-red woollen socks, a pair of tan slacks, an immaculately white undershirt, a pale-blue shirt open at the collar, and a short brown leather jacket, lined in lamb.

He sat puffing away at his cigarillo. He inhaled deeply and, on the exhalation, began to speak. "I know," he said. "People in America tell me I must be very brave to smoke like that. Yes, I'm at work. I'm always at work. On a novel. I'm now past the midway mark. I have two hundred pages. The title, still tentative, is 'Complément d'Information.' I work. I work the way everyone works: every day, regularly, endlessly. I spend part of the year in Paris and part of the year in a house that has been in my family for two hundred and fifty years. At Salses, which is fifteen kilometres north of Perpignan. Perpignan became French under Louis XIV. It was part of Spain before that. No, no, my good color does not come from there. I've just spent more than a month in Stockholm. It was extraordinary. The dining room of the Royal Palace. The splendor. And the kindness of people. The politeness. Really extraordinary. Everything I've done, beginning with 'The Grass,' has been based on autobiography. It is the most fictitious of forms. Reality goes beyond fiction. It is the ultimate form of fiction. Take this: I had an ancestor who was a general in the Revolution. A regicide and, later, a general under the Empire. Try to imagine this: his own brother was shot according to a law the general himself had invented. He was a Jacobin, my ancestor—a friend of Danton's. He was at the siege of Strasbourg. He spent his life on the battlefield, and died in front of the fireplace. No, no, it was *not* a good death. It was a *terrible* death. In front of the fireplace! He should have died on the battlefield! These people had wounds. They suffered. He had hip wounds, but he died in front of the fireplace! I wrote about him in 'Les Géorgiques.' " Here Claude Simon took a last puff at his cigarillo, put it out, and lit another. "To continue: During the Second World War, I was in the cavalry. Oh, yes, there was a cavalry in the Second World War. There we were, astride our horses, facing the German tanks. By the River Meuse. Our regiment was *annihilated.* I was taken prisoner. Yes, it started in Belgium. Let's see. It was on the tenth of May, in 1940. We were overrun on the seventeenth. You know what was left of our regiment? *One* colonel, *one* commandant, and *two* horsemen. I was one of the two. I was captured at Solre-le-Château, near Avesnes. We were now behind the German lines. And Rommel—*Rommel*—had gone by at two in the morning. Yes, I am always at work. To work, always. To correct. To correct everything. Anyone can do what I've done as long as he's willing to work as hard as I do. I repeat: *anyone* can do what I've done."

Professor Bishop put his head in at the door. The reception was over. Running down the stairs, Claude Simon said, "I'm going to Finland. For a month."

Paddling

TWO summers ago, Chris Maynard and Bill Scheller, a pair of healthy and creative fellows in their mid-thirties, took Scheller's canoe from Newburyport, Massachusetts, to Montreal, where they boarded a Via Rail Canada train. They rode to a spot forty miles or so west of the depot at Chapleau, somewhere in Ontario. There the engineer stopped the train, and Maynard and Scheller got out, toted their stuff to the nearest piece of water, and started paddling. For the next five days, they encountered no other human beings. Instead, they encountered Canada's natural beauty—also long swampy portages, hypertrophied mosquitoes, and blackflies the size of pelicans. Finally, Maynard said, "Who was it that said the proper study of man is man? Whoever he was, he was right."

This sentiment led Maynard and Scheller to anoint themselves the Lewis and Clark of urban canoeing. "Contrary to popular thinking, the canoe is less a vehicle for viewing nature in its pristine state than it is a way of looking at civilization from a different angle," Maynard said the other day, while seated in the Riverrun Café, on Franklin Street. "In a canoe, you get to see the back side of everything." Maynard and Scheller had come to the Riverrun Café to drink hot toddies. Outside, snow was falling; otherwise they might have been tempted to grab the nearest canoe and portage over to the Hudson River for a live demonstration. Several months after conquering Canada, it seems, Maynard and Scheller paddled the length of the Passaic River, from Morristown to Newark Harbor. They documented this adventure with pictures and words—Maynard is a photographer, and Scheller is a writer whose books include "Country Walks near New York," "Country Walks near Montreal," "More Country Walks near Boston," and "Train Trips: Exploring America by Rail"—and published their findings in the August, 1985, issue of the magazine *Canoe* (circulation fifty thousand).

"The Passaic is a very romantic river," said Scheller, who has brown hair and a beard and is chummy in an ursine way. "It's a living link with our nation's industrial past."

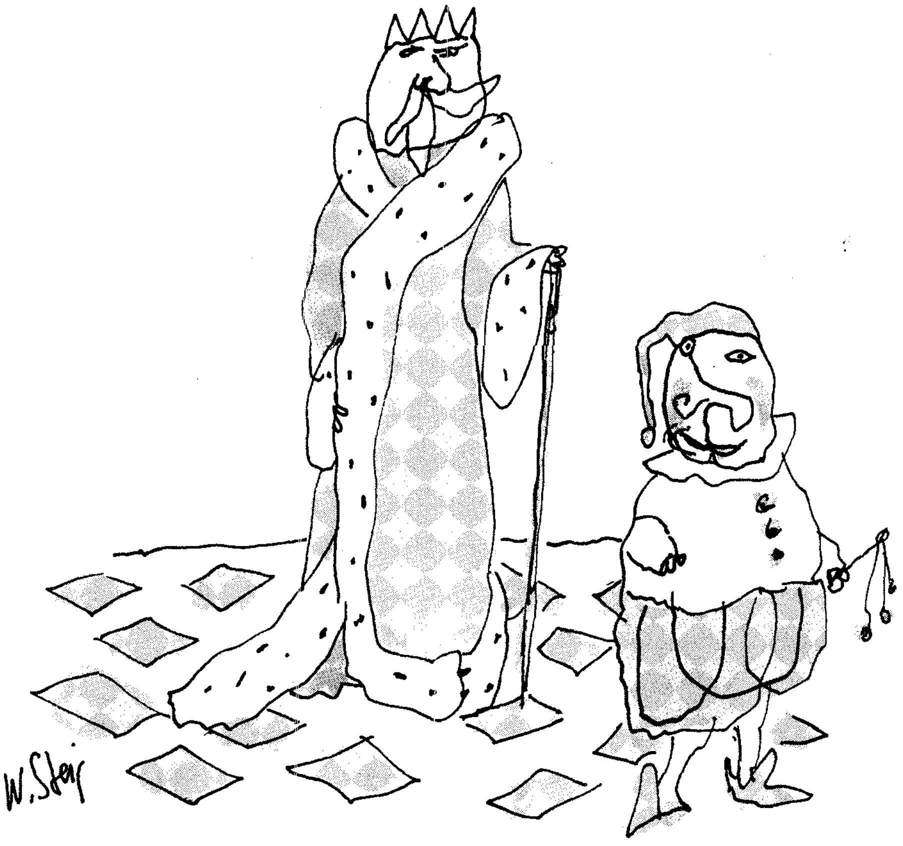
"A virtual Noah's Ark of an industrial river," added Maynard, who is slender and prematurely gray and is chummy in a wise-guy way. "We saw, floating or submerged, at least one of everything that was ever made."

"In East Rutherford alone, you could have built a car out of what we found."

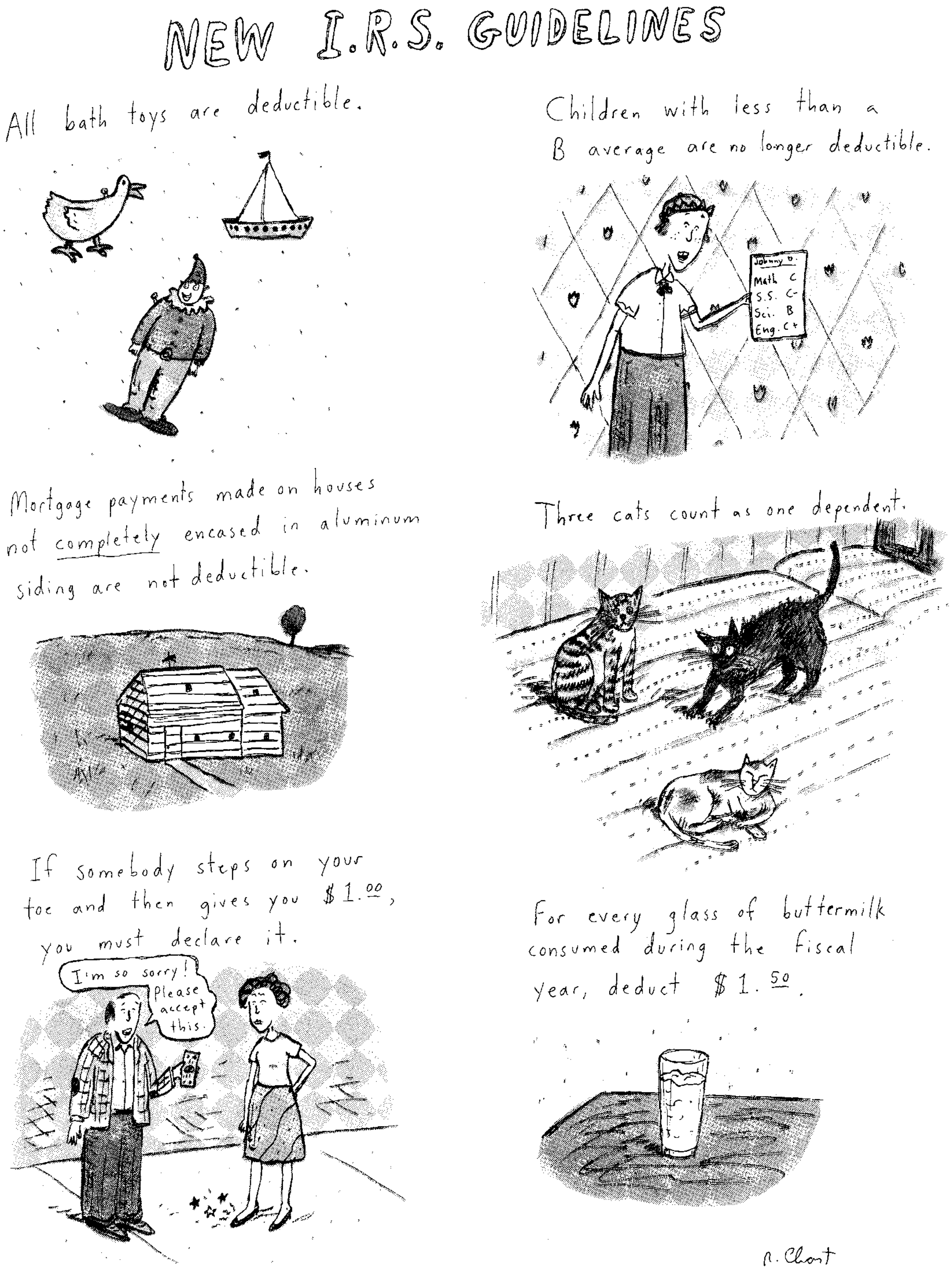
"People who live along the river build retaining walls out of whatever's available—radiators, tires, refrigerators."

"The canoe sees all."

"But you have to curb your curiosity," Maynard cautioned. "You tell yourself, 'That's an interesting looking oil drum over by the bank, but I don't know that I want to get too close.



King and His Jester


NEW I.R.S. GUIDELINES
All bath toys are deductible.
Children with less than a B average are no longer deductible.
Johnny D.
Math C
S.S. C-
Sci. B
Eng. C+
Mortgage payments made on houses not completely encased in aluminum siding are not deductible.
Three cats count as one dependent.
If somebody steps on your toe and then gives you $1.00, you must declare it.
I'm so sorry! Please accept this.
For every glass of buttermilk consumed during the fiscal year, deduct $1.50.
R. Chast

Jimmy Hoffa might be inside.' Also, we found it exciting to paddle beneath bridges. You never knew when you'd meet a few kids whose hobby was dropping rocks off the other side."

"From a canoe, Newark looks gorgeous," said Scheller. "You never saw light so kind to old, crummy bridge abutments. And to paddle into Paterson, New Jersey, at sunset—that's my home town. To paddle into my home town, triumphant—that's a great feeling."

Maynard and Scheller were grateful for the serendipitous conveniences along the Passaic River. When it felt like lunchtime, for instance, they were able to pull over for a bite at Olga's Sub Shop, in the town of Wallington—just the sort of luxurious diversion that had not been available in Canada. Their success in New Jersey led to their most recent expedition—a circumnavigation of Manhattan. To prepare for this challenge, Maynard phoned the local chapter of the Appalachian Mountain Club, hoping that someone there could give him helpful information about tides. Instead, someone there told him, "Oh, I wouldn't do that if I were you."

They launched themselves from the North Moore Street pier, on the Hudson River, at nine-thirty on a Saturday morning and—Maynard in the bow, Scheller in the stern—paddled south, toward the harbor. With help from the tide, they made it to Roosevelt Island, in the East River, in time for lunch. Suspecting that they would not find a branch of Olga's Sub Shop along the way, they had packed aged provolone and smoked mozzarella from Joe's Dairy, of Sullivan Street; dried-pepper biscuits and whole-wheat bread from the Vesuvio Bakery, of Prince Street; and coffee, red wine, bourbon, and a half gallon of a carbonated high-caffeine elixir called Manhattan Special Coffee Soda. (They also took along some salami, but it turned out to be moldy, so it doesn't really count.) After lunch, they were almost swamped by the Coast Guard ("A Coast Guard cutter came by real, real fast, with a wake bigger than the Circle Line's," said Maynard. "I guess to be in the Coast Guard you have to have started out as a juvenile delinquent"), but they survived and, heroically, pressed on. Near Ward's Island, they began to hear a strange scraping noise—what "sounded like fingernails on the hull of the canoe." They were in a deep channel and the scraping noise made no sense, so they decided to ignore it. "For all we knew, it was a member of the Riker's Island swimming team," said Scheller.

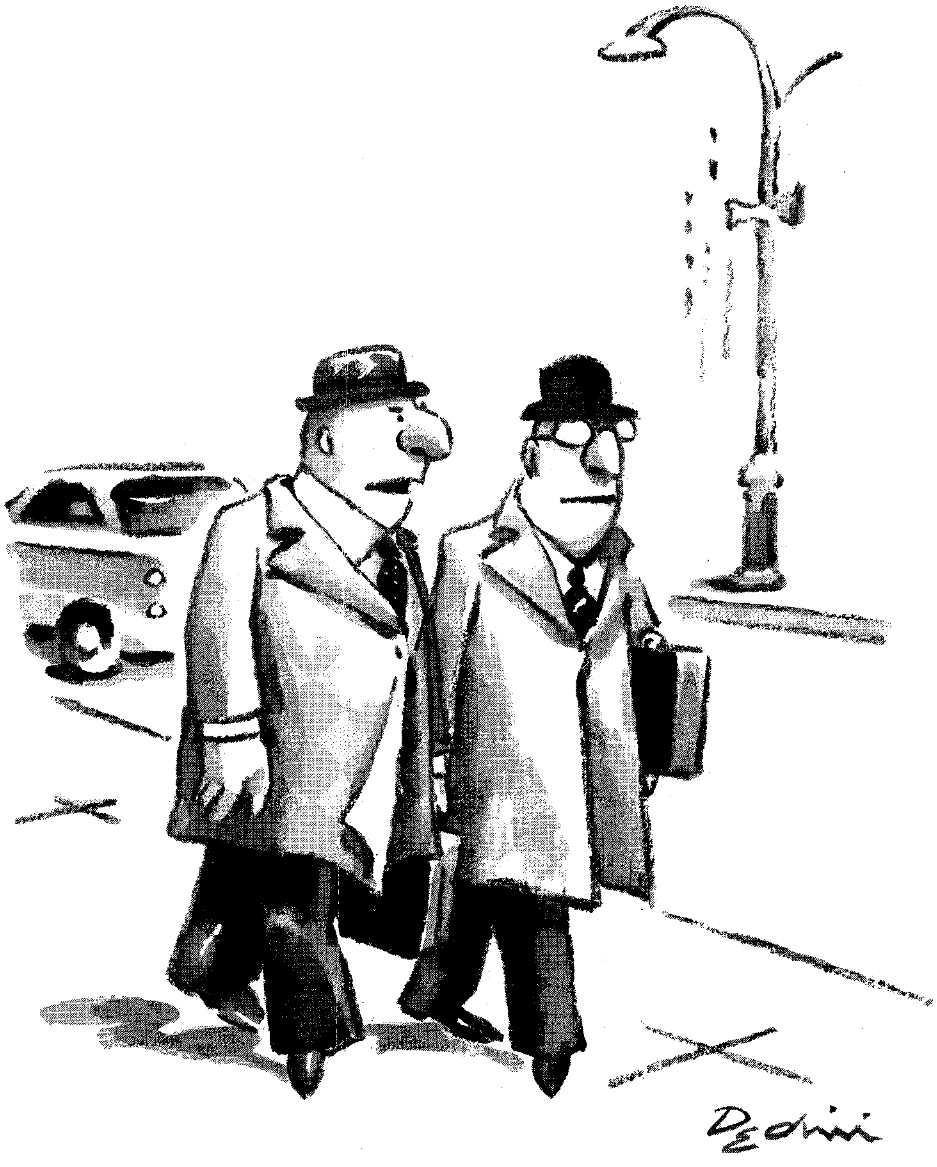
"Then we passed a flotilla of eight-foot fluorescent light bulbs," said Maynard. "It's the same in the river as on the street. You see the usual weird stuff in the wrong context. You're paddling a canoe and suddenly a convoy of fluorescent submarines goes by."

In mid-afternoon, when Maynard and Scheller were well up the Harlem

River, a heavy rain began to fall. They found shelter beneath some trees near Inwood Hill Park, drank coffee from a thermos, read the *Times*, and started thinking about a campsite. "We had planned this as a two-day trip," said Scheller. "Some of our friends said, 'Hey, if Diana Nyad can swim around Manhattan in eight hours, why does it take two days in a canoe?' But we weren't in any rush."

There is a rotating railroad bridge—a drawbridge, in effect—at Spuyten Duyvil, just where the Harlem River enters the Hudson. When the rain subsided, they paddled over to the bridge and lifted their canoe out of the water. No one else was on the bridge. After checking the logbook in the bridge operator's office—the most recent entry was dated May, 1983—they decided to pitch their tent. At eleven that night, while watching a twin-masted schooner with a light in the cabin as it moved down the Hudson—the only visible light on the river at that moment—they agreed that what they were looking at was at least as interesting as anything they had seen in Canada. At seven o'clock the next morning, after a breakfast of pepper biscuits chased by Manhattan Special ("to put a nice edge on the new day"), they were again afloat. Below the Cloisters, they saw a woman in a kayak presuming to move against the tide. Near 125th Street, they saw two police boats and a helicopter searching for a man in a wedding dress who was reported to have fallen off a Circle Line boat the previous evening.

"I'm glad we didn't find him," Maynard said. "Although if we *had* found a man in the river wearing a wedding dress my first thought would have been, Hey, New York. We cruised down the West Side and saw a lot of boats. We found out where Malcolm Forbes ties up his yacht—a place we'll never be invited to. We paddled around under some of the piers. We got right next to the Intrepid, the aircraft carrier, which looks *real, real* big when you're in a canoe."



"Nothing follows anymore, have you noticed?"

By late morning, they were back ashore, ruminating upon their future as urban canoeists.

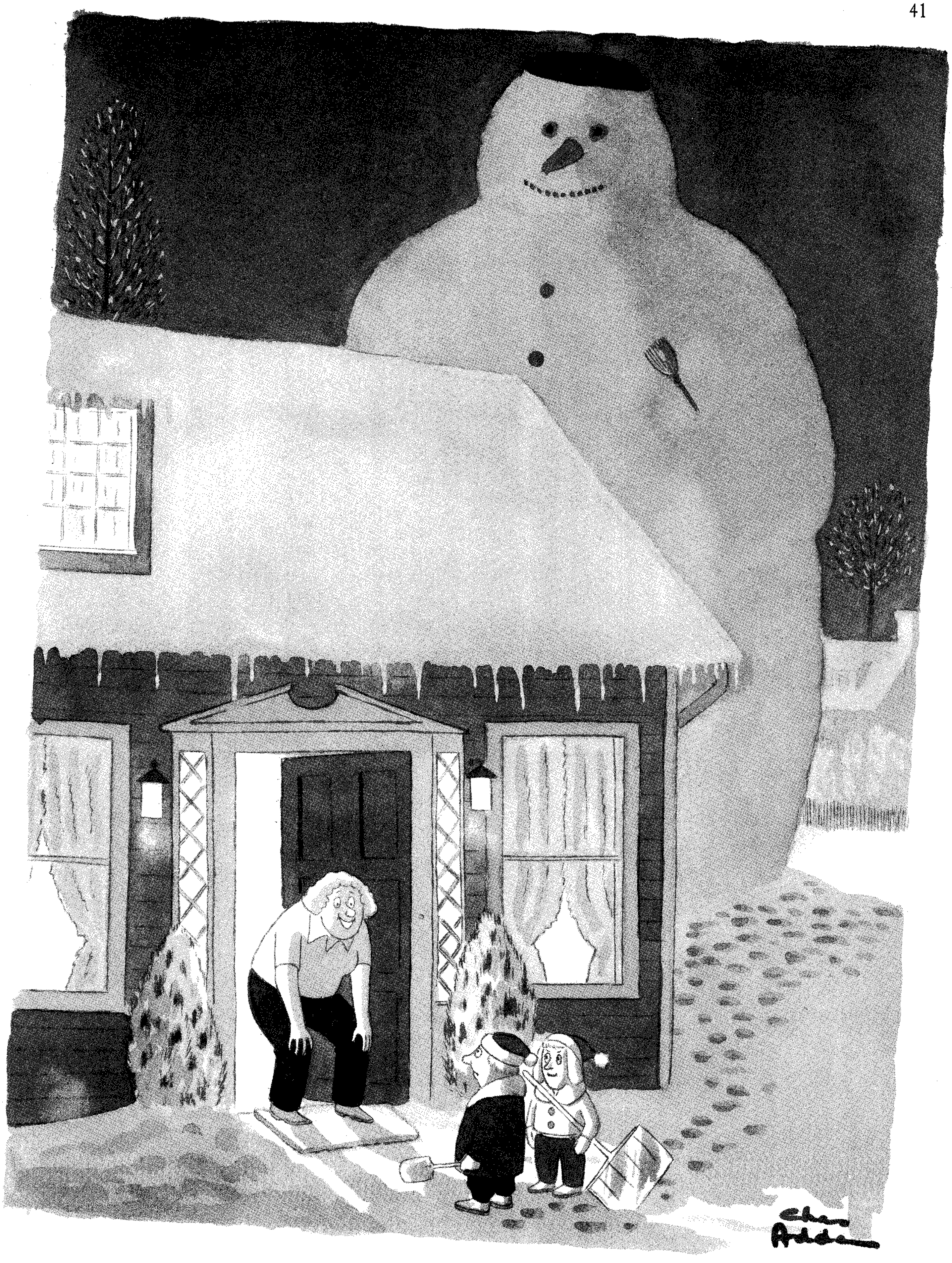
"There are lots of places to explore," Maynard said the other day as a waitress at the Riverrun Café delivered another round of drinks. "I had to go to China on a job for a couple of weeks recently. That gave me a thought: China by canoe. We'd like to get *Canoe* to send us down the Yangtze River, but they're not very big on expenses. Another thing we wouldn't mind would be a canoe trip up the Nile—also expensive. Instead of that, one of the things that I've developed the urge to do is the Houston Ship Channel. It's a concrete canal from Houston to Galveston. We imagine that in a canoe, inside the canal, all we'd be able to see would be the sky and any big boats that happened to be coming toward us. That should be a laugh."

"We'd also like to go back to New Jersey and do the Hackensack River, now that we've done the Passaic," said Scheller.

"Don't forget the Providence River," said Maynard. "They're planning to move it a couple of blocks, because it's in the way of some highway construction and some work that has to be done on the train tracks. Right in the middle of downtown Providence, at Crawford Street. We should float through there while we can. Then someday we'll be able to point to that spot and say, 'I canoed down that street.' And I saw a nice thing in Louisville. It was a whole series of concrete culverts. I think there's usually no water in them. We could do those on bicycles and pretend we were in canoes. Then, there's the San Antonio River. It's paved. Goes right through the center of San Antonio. We could pull over for quiche."

Scheller said, "The editor of *Canoe* tells me that he wants to make the magazine, as he puts it, less focussed on hairy-chested adventure stories and more focussed on family-oriented paddle-sports stories."

Maynard said, "We're not sure where we fit in."



"Well, now, what have you two been doing all day?"

LOSING THE MARBLES

I

Morning spent looking for my calendar—
Ten whole months mislaid, name and address,
A groaning board swept clean . . .
And what were we talking about at lunch? Another
Marble gone. These latter years, Charmides,
Will see the mind eroded featureless.

Ah. We'd been imagining our "heaven"s.
Mine was to be an acrobat in Athens
Back when the Parthenon—
Its looted nymphs and warriors pristine
By early light or noon light—dwelt
Upon the city like a philosopher,
Who now—well, you have seen.

Here in the gathering dusk one could no doubt
"Rage against the dying of the light."
But really—rage? (So like the Athens press,
Breathing fire to get the marbles back.)
These dreamy blinkings out
Strike me as grace, if I may say so,
Capital punishment,
Yes, but of utmost clemency at work,
Whereby the human stuff, ready or not,
Tumbles, one last drumroll, into thyme,
Out of time, with just the fossil quirk
At heart to prove—hold on, don't tell me . . . What?

II

Driving its silver car into the room,
The storm mapped a new country's dry and wet—
Oblivion's ink-blue rivulet.
Mascara running, worksheet to worksheet
Clings underfoot, exchanging the wrong words.
The right ones, we can only trust, will somehow
Return to the tongue's tip,
Weary particular and straying theme,
Invigorated by their dip.

Invigorated! Gasping, shivering
Under our rough towels, never did they dream—!
Whom mouth-to-mouth resuscitation by
Even your Golden Treasury won't save,
They feel their claim
On *us* expiring, starved to macron, breve,
Those fleshless ribs, a beggar's frame. . . .
From the brainstorm to this was one far cry.

Long work of knowing and hard play of wit
Take their toll like any virus.
Old-timers, cured, wade ankle-deep in sky.

Meanwhile, come evening, to sit
Feverishly restoring the papyrus.

III

body, favorite
gleaned, at the
vital
frenzy—

act and moonshaft, peaks
stiffening
Unutter[able]
the beloved's

slowly
sustained in the deep fixed
summer nights
or,

scornful Ch[arm]ides,
decrepitude
Now, however, that
figures also

body everywhere
plunders and
what we cannot—from the hut's lintel
flawed

white as
sliced turnip the field's brow.
our old poets
wanderings

home palace, temple
having of those blue foothills
no further clear
fancy[.]

IV

Seven ages make a crazy quilt
Out of the famous web. Yet should milk spilt
(As when in Rhetoric one's paragraph
Was passed around and each time cut by half,
From eighty words to forty, twenty, ten,
Before imploding in a puff of Zen)
White out the sense and mutilate the phrase,
My text is Mind no less than Mallarmé's.
My illustration? The Cézanne oil sketch
Whose tracts of raw, uncharted canvas fetch
As much per square inch as the fruit our cloyed
Taste prizes for its bearing on the void.
Besides, Art furnishes a counterfeit
Heaven wherein ideas escape the fate
Their loyal adherents—brainwashed, so to speak,
By acid rain (more diatribes in Greek)—
Conspicuously don't. We diehard few
Embark for London on the QE 2.
Here mornings can be spent considering ours
Of long ago, removed and mute, like stars
(*Un*like vociferous Melina, once

A star herself, now Minister of Stunts).
Removed a further stage, viewed from this high wire
Between the elegiac and the haywire,
They even so raise questions. Does the will-
To-structural-elaboration still
Flute up from shifting dregs of would-be rock
Glints of a future colonnade and frieze?
Do higher brows unknit within the block,
And eyes whose Phidias and Pericles
Are eons hence make out through crystal skeins
Wind-loosened tresses and the twitch of reins?
Ah, not for long will marble school the blood
Against the warbling sirens of the flood.
All stone once dressed asks to be worn. The foam-
Pale seaside temple, like a palindrome,
Had quietly laid its plans for stealing back.
What are the Seven Wonders now? A pile
Of wave-washed pebbles. Topless women smile,
Picking the smoothest, rose-flawed white or black,
Which taste of sunlight on moon-rusted swords,
To use as men upon their checkerboards.

V

The body, favorite trope of our youthful poets . . .
  With it they gleaned, as at the sibyl's tripod,
    insight too prompt and vital for words.
      Her sleepless frenzy—

cataract and moonshaft, peaks of sheer fire at dawn,
  dung-dusted violets, the stiffening dew—
    said it best. Unutterable, too,
      was the beloved's,

save through the index of refraction a fair, slowly
  turned head sustained in the deep look that fixed him.
    From then on, veining summer nights with
      flickering ichor,

he had joined an élite scornful—as were, Charmides,
  your first, chiselled verses—of decrepitude
    in any form. Now, however, that
      their figures also

begin to slip the mind—while the body everywhere
  with peasant shrewdness plunders and puts to use
    what we cannot—from the hut's lintel
      gleams one flawed image;

another, cast up by frost or earthquake, shines white as
  sliced turnip from a furrow on the field's brow.
    Humbly our old poets knew to make
      wanderings into

homecomings of a sort—harbor, palace, temple, all
  having been quarried out of those blue foothills
    no further off, these last clear autumn
      days, than infancy.

VI

Who gazed into the wrack till
Inspiration glowed,
Deducing from one dactyl
The handmaiden, the ode?

Or when aphasia skewered
The world upon a word,
Who was the friend, the steward,
Who bent his head, inferred,

Then filled the sorry spaces
With pattern and intent,
A syntax of lit spaces
From the impediment?

                    No matter, these belated
Few at least are back. And, thanks
To their little adventure, never so
Brimming with jokes and schemes,
Fussed over, fêted
By all but their fellow-saltimbanques—
Though, truth to tell,
Who by now doesn't flip
Hourly from someone's upper story
("That writer . . . no, on shipboard . . . wait . . . Charmides?")
And come to, clinging to the net?
And yet, and yet,
Here in the afterglow
It almost seems
Death has forgotten us
—As the old lady said to Fontenelle.
                                        And he,
A cautionary finger to his lip:
"Shh!"

VII

After the endless jokes, this balmy winter
Around the pool, about the missing marbles,
What was more natural than for my birthday
To get—from the friend whose kiss that morning woke me—
A pregnantly clicking pouch of targets and strikers,
Aggies and rainbows, the opaque chalk-red ones,
Clear ones with DNA-like wisps inside,
Others like polar tempests vitrified . . .
These I've embedded at random in the deck slats
Around the pool. (The pool!—compact, blue, dancing,
Lit-from-beneath oubliette.) By night their sparkle
Repeats the garden lights, or moon- or starlight,
Tinily underfoot, as though the very
Here and now were becoming a kind of heaven
To sit in, talking, largely mindless of
The risen, cloudy brilliances above.

—James Merrill

THE NEWS FROM IRELAND

POOR Irish Protestants is what the Fogartys are: butler and cook. They have church connections, and, conversing with Miss Fogarty, people are occasionally left with the impression that their father was a rural dean who suffered some misfortune; in fact, he was a sexton. Fogarty is the younger and the smaller of the pair, brought up by Miss Fogarty, their mother dying young. His life was saved by his sister's nursing the time he caught scarlatina, when he was only eight.

Dapper in his butler's clothes, a slight and unimposing man with a hazelnut face, Fogarty is at present fascinated by the newly arrived governess: Anna Maria Heddoe, from somewhere in England, a young woman of principle and sensibility, stranger and visitor to Ireland. Fogarty is an educated man, and thinks of other visitors there have been: the Celts, whose ramshackle gypsy empire expired in this same landscape, St. Patrick with his holy shamrock, the outrageous Vikings preceding the wily Normans, the adventurers of the Virgin Queen. His present employers arrived here also, eight years ago, in 1839. The Pulvertafts of Ipswich, as Fogarty thinks of them, and wishes they had not bothered to make the journey after old Hugh Pulvertaft died. House and estate fell away under the old man, and in Fogarty's opinion it is a pity the process didn't continue until everything was driven back into the clay it came from. Instead of which along had come the Pulvertafts of Ipswich, taking on more staff, clearing the brambles from the garden in their endeavor to make the place what it had been in the past, long before the old man's time. The Pulvertafts of Ipswich belong here now. They make allowances for the natives, they come to terms, they learn to live with things. Fogarty has watched surprise and dismay fade from their faces. He has watched these people becoming important locally, and calling the place they have come to "home." Serving them in the dining room, holding for them a plate of chops or hurrying to them a gravy dish, he wishes he might speak the truth as it appears to him: that their fresh, decent blood is the blood of the invader though they are not themselves invaders, that they perpetrate theft without being thieves. He does not dislike the Pulvertafts of Ipswich; he has nothing against them beyond the fact that they did not stay where they were. He and his sister might alone have attended the moldering of the place, urging it back to the clay.

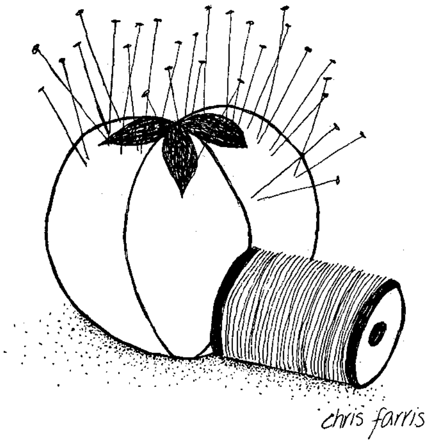
The governess is interesting to Fogarty because she is another of the strangers whom the new Pulvertafts have trailed behind them in their advent. Such visitors, in the present and in the past, obsess the butler. He observes Miss Heddoe daily; he studies her closely and from a distance; but he does not reveal his obsession to his sister, who would consider it peculiar. He carries Miss Heddoe's meals to her when normally this duty would be Cready's or Brigid's; he reads the letters she receives, and the diary she intermittently keeps:

October 15, 1847

I look out of the window of my high attic room, and in the early morning the men are already laboring on the road that is to encircle the estate. The estate manager, the one-armed Mr. Erskine, oversees them from his horse. Mr. Pulvertaft rides up, gesturing about some immediate necessity—how a particular shrub must be avoided, so his gestures suggest, or where best to construct a bridge. The estate manager listens and assents, his men do not cease in their work. Beyond the trees, beyond the high stone walls of the estate, women and children die of the hunger that God has seen fit to visit upon them. In my prayers I ask for mercy.

October 17, 1847

Fogarty came in with my dinner on a tray and said that the marks of the stigmata had been discovered on a child.



"Is the child alive?" I demanded when he returned a half hour later for the tray.

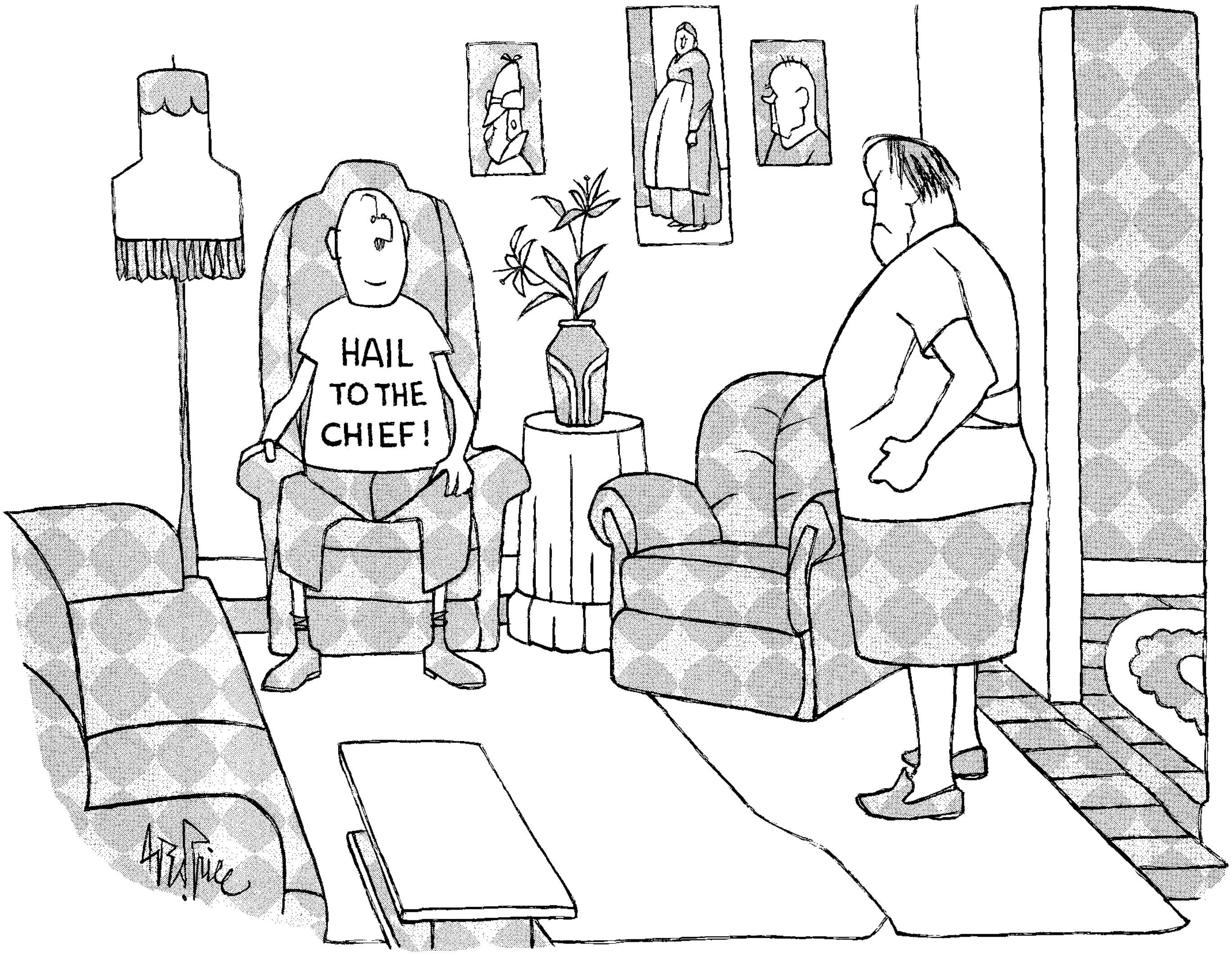
"Oh yes, Miss. No doubt on that. The living child was brought to Father Horan."

I was amazed, but he seemed hardly surprised. I questioned him, but he was vague; and, the conversation continuing because he lingered, I told him the Legend of the True Cross, with which he was unfamiliar. He was delighted to hear of its elaborations, and said he would recount these in the kitchen. The stigmata on the child have been revealed on feet and hands only, but the priest has said that other parts of the body must be watched. The priest has cautiously given an opinion: that stigmata so clearly marked have never before been known in Ireland. The people consider it a miracle, a sign from God in these distressful times.

October 20, 1847

I am not happy here. I do not understand this household, neither the family nor the servants. This is the middle of my third week, yet I am still in all ways at a loss. Yesterday, in the afternoon, I was for the first time summoned to the drawing room to hear Adelaide play her pieces, and, George Arthur's lessons being over for the day, he sat by me, as naturally he should. Charlotte and her mother occupied the sofa, Emily a chair in a recess, Mr. Pulvertaft stood toasting his back at the fire, his riding crop tapping time on the side of his polished boot. They made a handsome family picture—Emily beautiful, Charlotte petite and pretty, the plump motherliness of Mrs. Pulvertaft, her husband's ruddy presence. I could not see George Arthur's features, for he was a little in front of me, but I knew them well from the hours I have surveyed them across our lessons table. He is sharp-faced, and dark like all the family except Mrs. Pulvertaft, whose hair I would guess was red before becoming gray. Only Adelaide, bespectacled and seeming heavy for her age, does not share the family's gift of grace. Poor Adelaide is cumbersome; her movements are awkward at the piano and she really plays it most inelegantly.

Yet in the drawing room no frown or wince betrayed the listeners' ennui. As though engrossed in a performance


HAIL TO THE CHIEF!

given by a fine musician, Mr. Pulvertaft slightly raised and dropped his riding crop, as he might a baton; similarly expressing absorption, his wife's lips were parted, the hurry and worry of her nature laid aside, her little eyes delighted. And Emily and Charlotte sat as girls more graciously endowed than a plain sister should, neither pouting nor otherwise recoiling from the halting cacophony. I, too—I hope successfully—forced delight into an expression that constantly sought to betray me, while surreptitiously examining my surroundings. (I cannot be certain of what passed, or did not pass, over George Arthur's features; in the nursery, certainly, he is not slow to display displeasure.)

The drawing room is lofty and more than usually spacious, with pleasant recesses, and French windows curving along a single wall. Two smaller windows flank the fireplace, which is of white marble that reflects, both in color and in the pattern of its carving, the white plasterwork of the ceiling. Walls are of an apricot shade, crowded with landscape scenes and portraits of the Pulvertafts who belong to the past. Silks and velvets are mainly green; escritoires and occasional tables are cluttered with ornaments and porcelain pieces—too many for my own taste, but these are family heirlooms which it would be impolite to hide away. So Mrs. Pulvertaft has explained, for the same degree of overcrowding obtains in the hall and dining room, and on the day of my arrival she remarked upon it.

"*Most* charmingly rendered," her husband said when the music ceased. "What fingers Adelaide is blessed with!"

Hands in the drawing room were delicately clapped. Mr. Pulvertaft applauded with his riding crop. I pursed my lips at the back of George Arthur's head, for he was perhaps a little rumbustious in his response.

"Is not Adelaide talented, Miss Heddoe?" Mrs. Pulvertaft suggested.

"Indeed, Ma'am."

Two maids, Cready and Brigid, brought in tea. I rose to go, imagining my visit to the drawing room must surely now be concluded. But Mrs. Pulvertaft begged me to remain.

"We must get to know you, Miss Heddoe," she insisted in her bustling manner. (It is from his mother, I believe, that George Arthur inherits his occasional boisterousness.) "And you," she added, "us."

I felt, to tell the truth, that I knew the Pulvertafts fairly well already. I was not long here before I observed that families and events are often seen historically in Ireland—more so, for some reason, than in England. It surprised me when Mrs. Pulvertaft went into details soon after I arrived, informing me that on the death of a distant relative Mr. Pulvertaft had found himself the inheritor of this overseas estate. Though at first he had apparently resisted the move to another country, he ended by feeling it his bounden duty to accept the responsibility. "It was a change of circumstances for us, I can tell you that," Mrs. Pulvertaft confessed. "But had we remained in Ipswich these many acres would have continued to lose heart. There have been Pulvertafts here, you know, since Queen Elizabeth first granted them the land." I thought, but did not remark, that when Mr. Pulvertaft first looked upon drawings of the house and gardens his unexpected inheritance must have seemed like a gift from Heaven, which in a sense it was, for the distant relative had been by all accounts a good man.

"Much undergrowth has yet to be cleared and burned," Mr. Pulvertaft was saying now, with reference to the estate road that was being built. "The merry fires along the route will continue for a while to come. Next, stones must be chipped and laid, and by the lakeside the ground raised and strengthened. Here and there we must have ornamental seats."

Cake was offered to us by Cready and by Brigid. It was not my place in the drawing room to check the manners of George Arthur, but they do leave much to be desired. Old Miss Larvey, who was my predecessor and governess to all four children, had clearly become slack before her death. I smiled a little at George Arthur, and was unable to resist moving my fingers slightly in his direction, a gesture to indicate that a more delicate consuming of the cake would not be amiss. He pretended, mischievously, not to notice.

"Will the road go round Bright Purple Hill?" Emily inquired. "It would be beautiful if it did."

It could be made to do so, her father agreed. Yes, certainly it could go round the northern slopes at least. He would speak to Erskine.

"Now, what could be nicer," he resumed, "than a picnic of lunch by the lake, then a drive through the silver birches, another pause by the abbey, continuing by the river for a mile, and home by Bright Purple Hill? This road, Miss Heddoe, has become my pride."

I smiled and nodded, acknowledging this attention in silence. I knew that there was more to the road than that: its construction was an act of charity, a way of employing the men for miles around, since the failure of their potato crops had again reduced them to poverty and idleness. In years to come the road would stand as a memorial to this awful time, and Mr. Pulvertaft's magnanimity would be recalled with gratitude.

"Might copper-beech trees mark the route?" suggested Adelaide, her dumpling countenance freshened by the excitement this thought induced. Her eyes bulged behind her spectacles and I noticed her mother, in glancing at her, resisted the impulse to sigh.

"Beech trees indeed! Quite splendid!" Mr. Pulvertaft agreed enthusiastically. "And in future Pulvertaft generations they shall arch a roof, shading our road when need be. Yes, indeed there must be copper-beech trees."

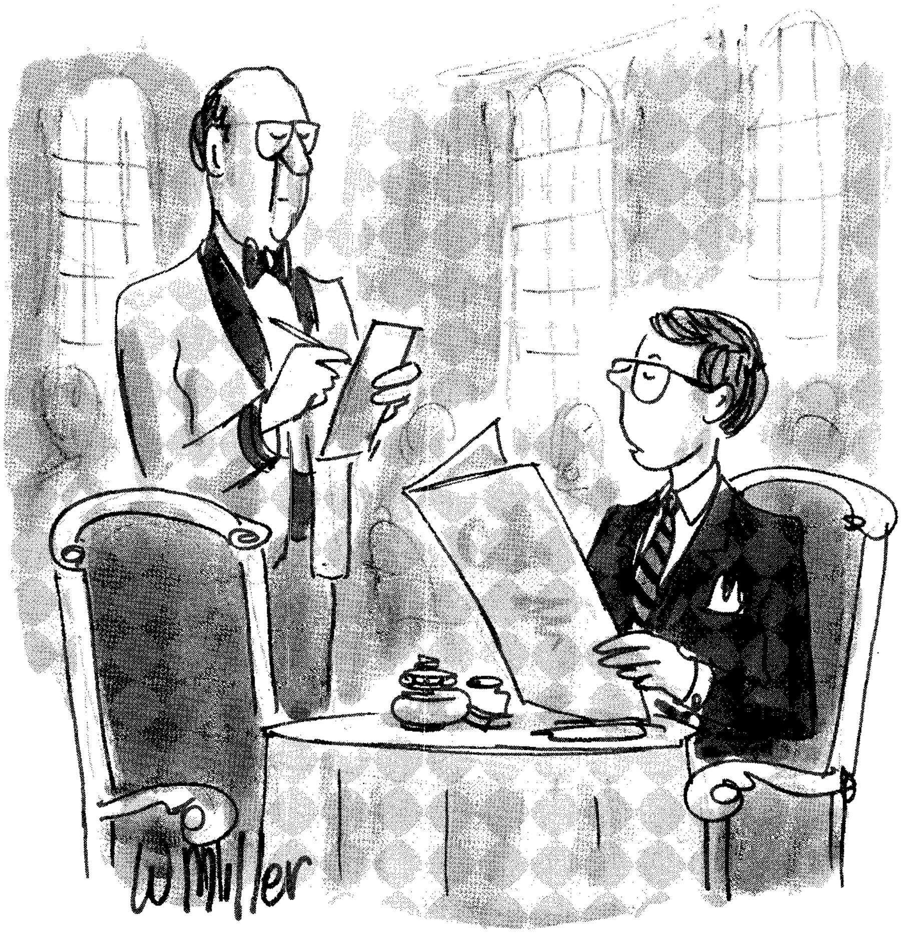
The maids had left the drawing room and returned now with lamps. They fastened the shutters and drew the curtains over. The velvets and silks changed color in the lamplight, the faces of the portraits became, as they truly were, the faces of ghosts.

A silence gathered after the talk of beech trees, and I found myself surprised at no one's mentioning the wonder Fogarty had told me of, the marks of Christ on a peasant child. It seemed so strange and so remarkable, an occurrence of such import and magnitude, that I would hardly have believed it possible that any conversation could take place in the house without some astonished reference to it. Yet none had been made, and the faces and the voices in the drawing room seemed as untouched by this visitation of the miraculous as they had been by Adelaide's laboring on the piano. In this silence I excused myself and left, taking George Arthur with me, for my time to do so had come.

October 23, 1847

I am homesick, I make no bones about it. I cannot help dwelling on all that I have left behind, on familiar sounds and places. First thing when I awake I imagine I am still in England; reality comes most harshly then.

While I write, Emily and George



"I'll have the business prodigy's lunch."

"Ordinarily, the Senator enjoys these sparring sessions with the press."

Arthur are conversing in a corner of the nursery. She has come here, as she does from time to time, to persuade him against a military career. I wish she would not do so in this manner, wandering in and standing by the window to await the end of a lesson. It is distracting for George Arthur, and, after all, this is my domain.

"What I mean, George Arthur, is that it is an uncomfortable life in a general sort of way."

"Captain Roche does not seem uncomfortable. When you look at him he doesn't give that impression in the least."

"Captain Roche hasn't lived in a barracks in India. That leaves a mark, so people say."

"I should not mind a barracks. And India I should love."

"I doubt it, actually. Flies carry disease in India, the water you drink is putrid. And you would mind a barracks because they're rough-and-ready places."

"You'd drink something else if the water was putrid. You'd keep well away from the flies."

"You cannot, actually, in India. No, George Arthur, I assure you you enjoy your creature comforts. You'd find the uniform rough on your skin and the food unappetizing. Besides, you have a family duty here."

The nursery is a long, low-ceilinged room, with a fire at one end, close to which I sit as I write, for the weather has turned bitter. The big, square lessons table occupies the center of the room, and when Fogarty brings my tray he places it on the smaller table at which I'm writing now. There are pictures on the walls which I must say I find drab: one, in shades of brown, of St. George and the Dragon; another of a tower; others of farmyard scenes. The nursery's two armchairs, occupied now by George Arthur and Emily, are at the other end with a rug between them. The floor is otherwise of polished board.

"Well, the truth is, George Arthur, I cannot bear the thought of your being killed."

With that, Emily left the nursery. She smiled in her graceful manner at me, her head a little to one side, her dark, coiled hair gleaming for a moment in a shaft of afternoon sun. I had not thought a governess's position was difficult in a household, but somehow I am finding it so. I belong neither with the family nor with the servants. Fogarty, in spite of calling me Miss, addresses me more casually than he does the Pulvertafts; his sister is scarcely civil.

"Do they eat their babies, like in the South Seas?" George Arthur startled me by asking. He had crossed to where I sat and in a manner reminiscent of his father stood with his back to the fire, thereby blocking its warmth from me.

"Do who eat their babies, George Arthur?"

"The poor people."

"Of course they don't."

"But they are hungry. They have been hungry for ever so long. My mother and sisters give out soup at the back-gate lodge."

"Hungry people do not eat their babies. And I think, you know, it's enemies, not babies, who are eaten in the South Seas."

"But suppose a family's baby *did* die and suppose the family was hungry—"

"No, George Arthur, you must not talk like that."

"Fogarty says he would not be surprised."

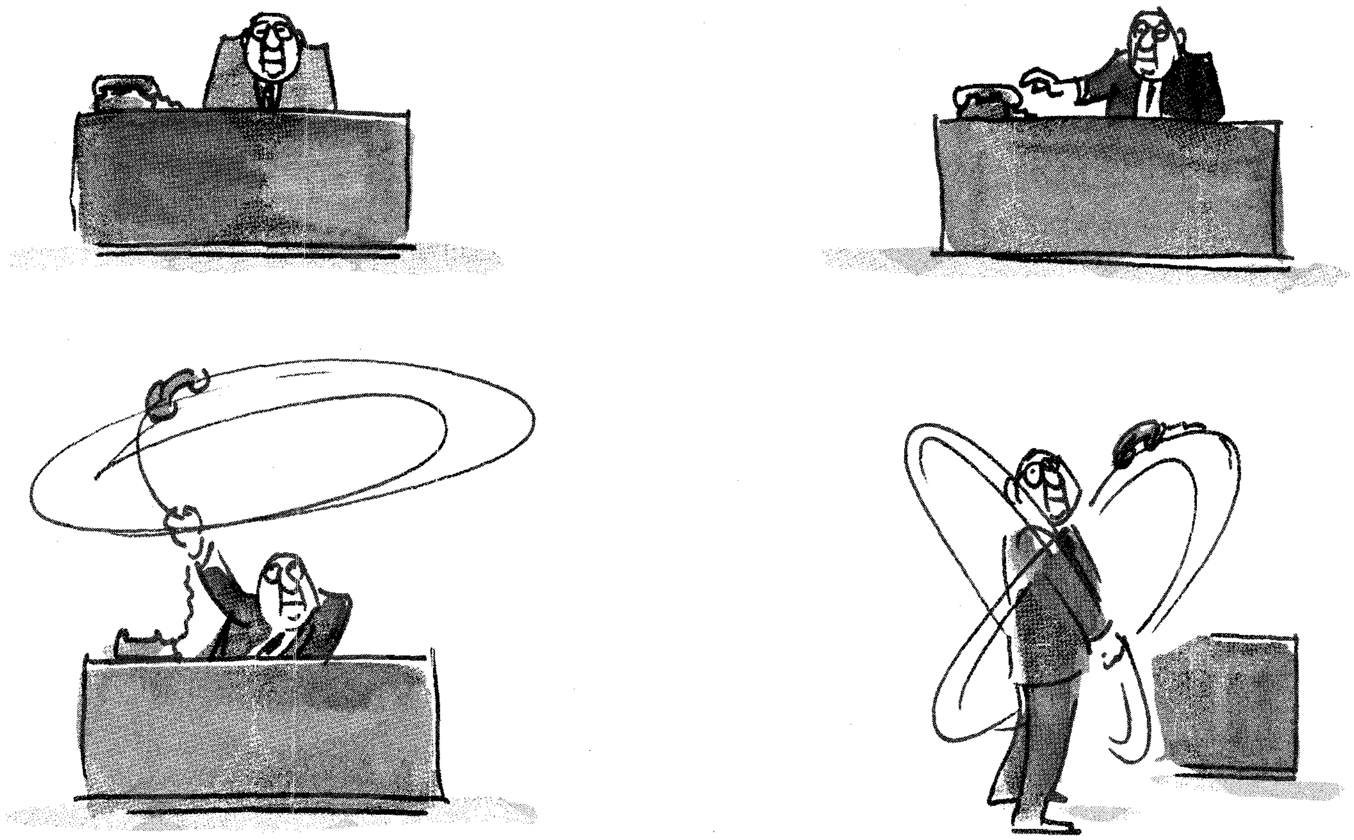
"WELL, she has settled down, I think," Mrs. Pulvertaft remarks to her husband in their bedroom, and when he asks her whom she refers to she says the governess.

"Pleasant enough, she seems," he replies. "I do prefer, you know, an English governess."

"Oh, yes, indeed."

GEORGE ARTHUR's sisters have developed no thoughts about Miss Heddoe. They neither like nor dislike her; they do not know her; their days of assessing governesses are over.

But George Arthur's aren't. She is not as pretty as Emily or Charlotte, George Arthur considers, and she is very serious. When she smiles, her smile is serious. The way she eats her food is serious, carefully cutting everything, carefully and slowing chewing. Often he comes into the nursery to find her eating from the tray that Fogarty carries up the back staircase for



her, sitting all alone on one side of the fireplace, seeming very serious indeed. Miss Larvey had been different somehow, although she'd eaten her meals in much the same position, seated at the very same table, by the fire. Miss Larvey was untidy, her gray hair often working loose from its coils, her whole face untidy sometimes, her tray untidily left.

"Now it is transcription time," Miss Heddoe says, interrupting all these reflections. "Carefully and slowly, please."

FOGARTY thinks about the governess, but hides such thoughts from his sister. Miss Heddoe will surely make a scene, exclaiming and protesting, saying to the Pulvertafts all the things a butler cannot. She will stand in the drawing room or the hall, smacking out the truth at them, putting in a nutshell all that must be said. She will bring up the matter of the stigmata found on the child, and the useless folly of the road, and the wisdom of old Hugh Pulvertaft. She will be the voice of reason. Fogarty dwells upon these thoughts while conversing with his sister, adept at dividing his mind. All his faith is in the governess.

"Declare to God," remarks Miss Fogarty, "Brigid'll be the death of me. Did you ever know a stupider girl?"

"There was a girl we had once who was stupider," Fogarty replies. "Fidelma was she called?"

They sit at the wide wooden table that is the pivot of kitchen activities. The preparation of food, the polishing of brass and silver, the stacking of dishes, the disposal of remains, the eating and drinking, all cardplaying and ironing, all cutting out of patterns and cloth, the trimming of lamps—the table has as many uses as the people of the kitchen can devise. Tears have soaked into its grain, and blood from meat and accidents; the grease of generations polishes it, not quite scrubbed out by the efforts made, twice every day, with soap and water.

The Fogartys sit with their chairs turned a little away from the table, so that they partly face the range and in anticipation of the benefit they will shortly receive from the glow of dampened slack. It is their early-evening pose, daily the same from October to May. In summer the sunlight penetrates to the kitchen, in a way that at first seems alien but later is welcomed. It spreads over the surface of the table, drying it out. It warms the Fogartys, who move their chairs to catch its rays when they rest in the early evening.

"You would not credit," remarks Miss Fogarty, "that Brigid has been three years in this kitchen. More like three seconds."

"There are some that are untrainable." His teeth are less well preserved than his sister's. She is the thinner of the two, razorlike in face and figure.

"I said at the time I would prefer a man. A man is more trainable, in my opinion. A man would be more use to yourself."

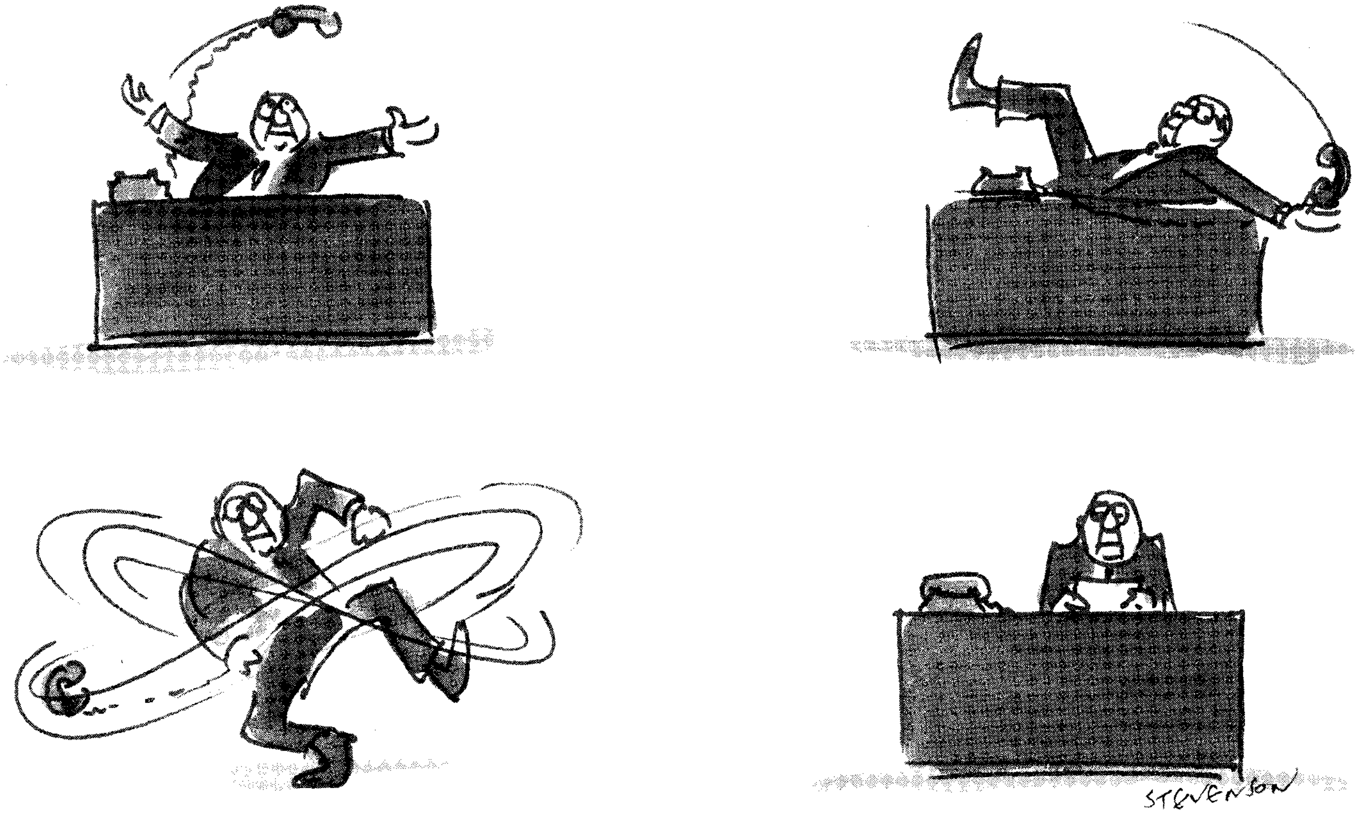
"Ah, Cready knows the dining room by now. I wouldn't want a change made there."

"It's Cready we have to thank for Brigid. Wasn't it Cready who had you blackguarded until you took her on?"

"We had to take someone. To give Cready her due, she said we'd find her slow."

"I'll tell you this: Cready's no race horse herself."

"The slowness is in that family."



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"Whatever He did, He forgot to put brains in them."

"We live with His mistakes."

Miss Fogarty frowns. She does not care for that remark. Her brother is sometimes indiscreet in his speech. It is his nature, it is part of his cleverness; but whenever she feels uneasy she draws his attention to the source of her uneasiness, as she does now. It is a dangerous remark, she says; better it had not been made.

Fogarty nods, knowing the nod will soothe her. He has no wish to have her flurried.

"The road is going great guns," he says, deeming a change of subject wise. "They were on about it in the dining room."

"Did they mention the ground-rice pudding?"

"They ate it. Isn't it extraordinary, a road that goes round in a circle, not leading anywhere?"

"Heddoe left her ground-rice. A pudding's good enough for the dining room but not for Madam."

"Was there an egg in it? Her stomach can't accept eggs."

"Don't I know the woman can't take eggs? Isn't she on about it the entire time? There were four good turkey eggs in that pudding, and what harm did a turkey egg do anyone? Did eggs harm Larvey?"

"Oh, true enough, Larvey ate anything. If you'd took a gate off its hinges, she'd have ate it while you'd wink."

"Larvey was a saint from Heaven."

Again Fogarty nods. In his wish not to cause flurry in his sister, he refrains from saying that once upon a time Miss Larvey had been condemned as roundly as Miss Heddoe is now. When she'd been cold in her room she'd sent down to the kitchen for hot-water jars—a request that had not been popular. But when she died, as if to compensate for all this troublesomeness Miss Larvey left the Fogartys a remembrance in her will.

"A while back I told Heddoe about that child. To see what she'd say for herself."

Miss Fogarty's peaked face registers interest. Her eyes have narrowed into the slits that all his life have reminded Fogarty of cracks in a plate or a teacup.

"And what did the woman say?"

"She was struck silent; then she asked me questions. After that, she told me an extraordinary thing: the Legend of the True Cross."

As Fogarty speaks, the two maids enter the kitchen. Miss Fogarty regards them with asperity, telling Brigid she looks disgraceful and Cready that her cap is dirty. "Get down to your work," she snappishly commands. "Brigid, push that kettle over the heat and stir a saucepan of milk for me."

She is badly out of sorts because of Heddoe and the ground-rice, Fogarty says to himself, and thinks to ease the atmosphere by relating the legend the governess has told him.

"Listen to me, girls," he says, "while I tell you the Legend of the True Cross."

Cready, who is not a girl, appreciates the euphemism and displays appropriate pleasure as she sets to at the sink, washing parsnips. She is a woman of sixty-one, carelessly stout. Brigid, distantly related to her and thirty or so years younger, is of the same proportions.

"The Legend of the True Cross," says Fogarty, "has to do with a seed falling into Adam's mouth; some say his ear. It lay there until he died, and when the body decomposed a tree grew from the seed, which in time was felled to give timber for the beams of a bridge."

"Well, I never heard that," exclaims Cready in a loud, shrill voice, so fascinated by the revelation that she cannot continue with the parsnips.

"The Queen of Sheba came to that bridge in her majesty. Later—well, you can guess—the cross to which Our Lord was fastened was constructed from those very beams."

"Is it true, Mr. Fogarty?" cries Cready, her voice becoming still shriller in her excitement, her mouth hanging open.

"Control yourself, Cready," Miss Fogarty admonishes her. "You look ridiculous."

"It's only I was never told it before, Miss. I never knew the Cross grew out of Adam's ear. Did you ever hear it, Brigid?"

"I did not."

"It's a legend," Fogarty explains. "It illustrates the truth. It does not tell it, Miss Fogarty and myself would say. Your own religion might take it differently."

"Don't you live and learn?" says Cready.

There is a silence for some moments in the kitchen. Then Brigid, stirring the saucepan of milk on the range as Miss Fogarty has instructed her, says, "I wonder does Father Horan know that?"

"God, I'd say he would, all right." Cready wags her head, lending emphasis to this opinion. There isn't much relating to theological matters that eludes Father Horan, she says.

"Oh, right enough," agrees Fogarty. "The priests will run this country yet. If it's not one crowd, it's another." He explains to the maids that the Legend of the True Cross has come into the house by way of the governess. It is a typical thing, he says, that a Protestant Englishwoman would pass the like of that on. Old Hugh wouldn't have considered it suitable, and the present Pulvertafts have been long enough from England to consider it unsuitable also. He'd guess they have anyway; he'd consider that true.

Miss Fogarty, still idle in her chair by the range, nods her agreement. She states that, legend or not, she does not care for stuff like that. In lower tones, and privately to her brother, she says she is surprised that he repeated it.

"It's of interest to the girls," he apologizes. "To tell the truth, you could have knocked me down when she told me in the nursery."

"THE boulders from the ridge may be used for walls and chipping?" inquires Mr. Pulvertaft of his estate manager.

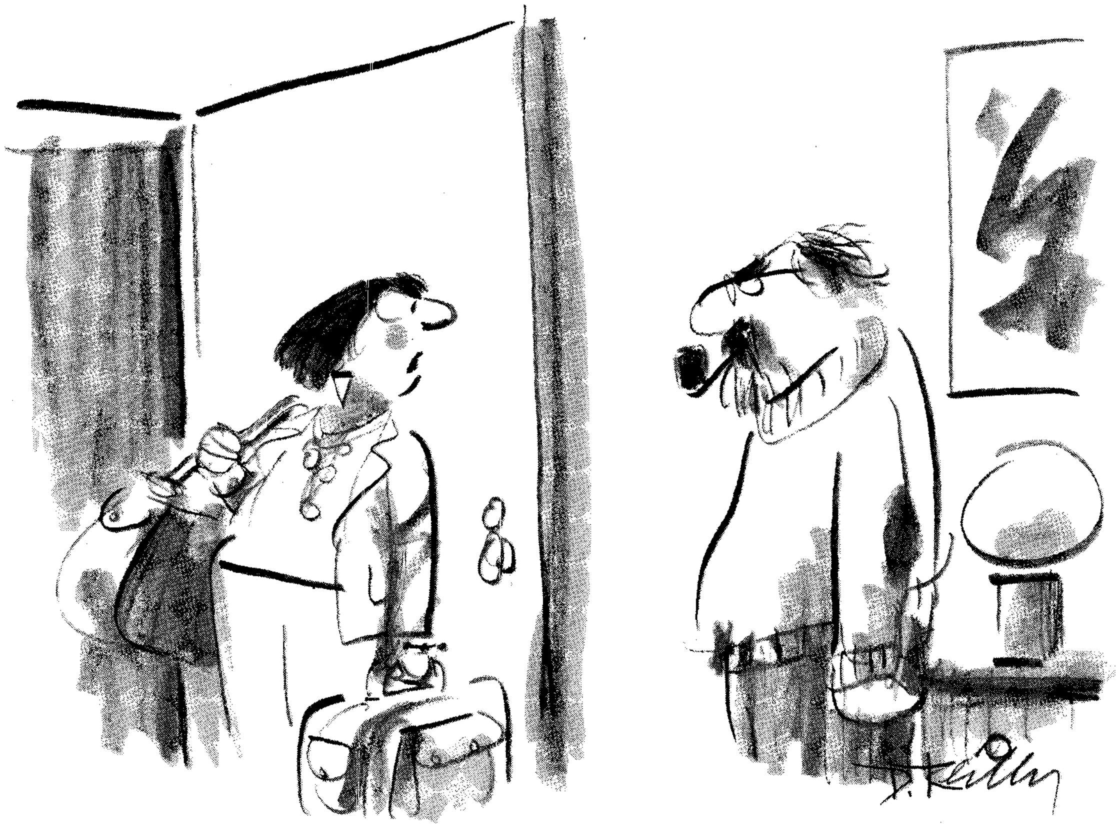
"It is a distance to carry boulders, sir."

"So it is, but we must continue to occupy these men, Erskine. Time is standing still for them."

"Yes, sir."

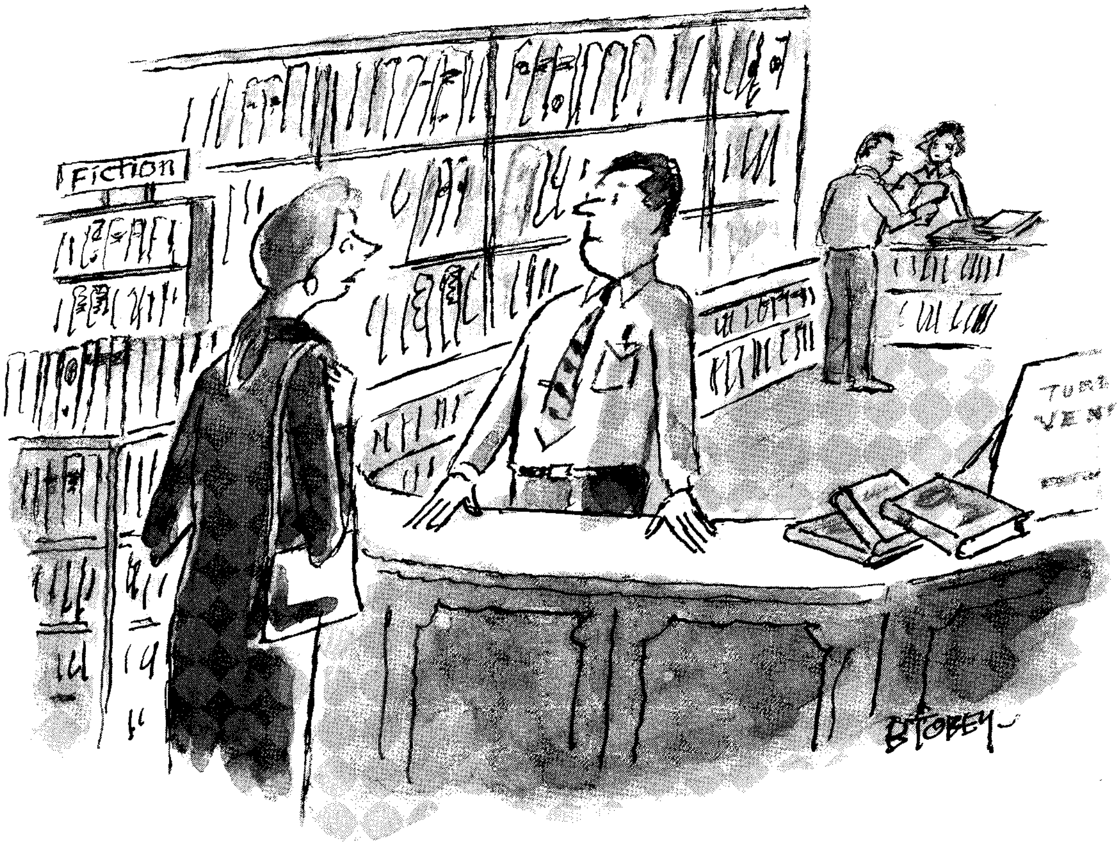
The two men pace together on a lawn in front of the house, walking from one circular rose bed to the next, then turning and reversing the procedure. It is here that Mr. Pulvertaft likes to discuss the estate with Erskine, strolling on the short grass in the midmorning. When it rains or is too bitterly cold they converse instead in the great open porch of the house, both of them gazing out into the garden. The eyes of Mr. Pulvertaft and Erskine never meet, as if by unspoken agreement. Mr. Pulvertaft, though speaking warmly of Erskine's virtues, fears him; and Erskine does not trust his eye to meet his master's in case that conjunction, however brief, should reveal too much. Mr. Pulvertaft has been a painless inheritor, in Erskine's view; his life has been without hardship, he takes too easily for granted the good fortune that came his way.

"The road," he is saying now, seeming to Erskine to make his point for him, "is our generation's contribution to the estate. You understand me, Erskine? A Pulvertaft planned Abbey Wood, another laid out these gardens. Swift came here, did you know that, Erskine? The Mad Dean assisted in the planning of all these lawns and shrubberies."



"It wasn't your endless series of opinions that drove me crazy so much as your preceding each and every one with 'Methinks.'"

"So you told me, sir."



"I'd like something profound, witty, and outrageously irreverent."

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It is Erskine's left arm that is missing, but he considers the loss as serious as if it had been his right. He is an Englishman, stoutly made and once of renowned strength, still in his middle age. His temper is short, his disposition unsentimental, his soldier's manner abrupt; nor is there, beneath that vigorous exterior, a gentler core. Leading nowhere, without a real purpose, the estate road is unnecessary and absurd, but he accepts his part in its creation. It is ill fortune that people starved because a law of nature failed them, it is ill fortune that he has lost a limb and seen a military career destroyed: all that must be accepted also. To be the manager of an estate of such size and importance is hardly recompense for the glories that might have been. He has ended up in a country that is not his own, employing men whose speech he at first found difficult to understand, collecting rents from tenants he does not trust, as he feels he might trust the people of Worcestershire or Durham. The Pulvertaft family—with the exception of Mr. Pulvertaft himself—rarely seek to hold with him any kind of conversation beyond the formalities of greeting and leave-taking. Stoically he occupies his position, ashamed because he is a one-armed man, yet never indulging in melancholy, for this he would condemn as weakness.

"There is something concerning the men, sir."

"Poor fellows, there is indeed."

"Something other, sir. They have turned ungrateful, sir."

"Ungrateful?"

"As well to keep an eye open for disaffection, sir."

"Good God, those men are hardly fit for that."

"They bite the hand that feeds them, sir. They're reared on that."

He speaks in a matter-of-fact voice. It is the truth as he recognizes it; he sees no point in dissembling for politeness' sake. He watches while Mr. Pulvertaft nods his reluctant agreement. He does not need to remind himself that this is a landowner who would have his estate a realm of Heaven, who would have his family and his servants, his tenants and all who work for him angels of goodness. This is a landowner who expects his own generosity of spirit to beget such generosity in others, his unstinted patronage to find a reflection in unstinted gratitude. But reality, as Erskine daily experiences, keeps shattering the dream, and may shatter it irrevocably in the end.

They speak of other matters, of immediate practicalities. Expert and informed on all the subjects raised, Erskine gives the conversation only part of his attention, devoting the greater part to the recently arrived governess. He has examined her in church on the four occasions there have been since she joined the household. Twenty-five or six years old, he reckons; not pretty yet not as plain as the plain one among the Pulvertaft girls. Hair too severely done, features too nervous, clothes too dowdy; but all that might be altered. The hands that hold the hymnbook open before her are pale as marble, the fingers slender; the lips that open and close have a hint of voluptuousness kept in check; the breast that rises and falls has caused him, once or twice, briefly to close his eyes. He would marry her if she would have him, and why should she not, despite the absence of an arm? As the estate manager's wife, she would have a more significant life than as a governess forever.

"Well, I must not detain you longer," Mr. Pulvertaft says. "The men are simple people, remember, rough in their ways. They may find gratitude difficult, and, you know, I do not expect it. I only wish to do what can be done."

Erskine, who intends to permit no nonsense, does not say so. He strides off to where his horse is tethered in the paddock, wondering again about the governess.

STOUT and round, Mrs. Pulvertaft lies on her bed with her eyes closed. She feels a familiar discomfort, low down in her stomach, on the left side—a touch of indiges-

"I thought by the time I reached fifty I'd develop some small talk, but it wasn't to be."

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tion. It is very slight, something she has become used to, arriving as it does every day in the afternoon and then going away.

Charlotte will accept Captain Roche; Adelaide will not marry; Emily wishes to travel. Perhaps, if she travels, she will meet someone suitable; she is most particular. Mrs. Pulvertaft cannot understand her eldest daughter's desire to visit France and Austria and Italy. They are dangerous places, where war is waged when offense is taken. Only England is not like that; dear, safe, uncomplicated England, thinks Mrs. Pulvertaft, and for a moment is nostalgic.

The afternoon discomfort departs from her stomach, but she does not notice because gradually it has become scarcely anything at all. George Arthur must learn the ways of the estate so that he can sensibly inherit when his own time comes. Emily is right: it would be far better if he did not seek a commission. After all, except to satisfy his romantic inclination, there is no need.

Mrs. Pulvertaft sighs. She hopes Charlotte will be sensible. An officer's wife commands a considerable position when allied with means, and she has been assured that Captain Roche's family, established for generations in Meath, leave nothing whatsoever to be desired socially. It is most unlikely that Charlotte will be silly, since everything between her and Captain Roche appears to be going swimmingly, but then you never know: girls, being girls, are naturally inexperienced.

Mrs. Pulvertaft dozes, and wakes a moment later. The faces of the women who beg on Sundays have haunted a brief dream. She has heard the chiming of the church bell, and in some confused way the Reverend Poole's cherub face was among the women's, his surplice flapping in the wind. She stepped from the carriage and went toward the church. "Give something to the beggars," her husband's voice commanded, as it does every Sunday while the bell still rings. The bell ceases only when the family are in their pew, with Mr. Erskine in the Pulvertaft pew behind them and the Fogartys and Miss Heddoe in the estate pew in the south transept.

It is nobody's fault, Mrs. Pulvertaft reflects, that for the second season the potatoes have rotted in the ground. No one can be blamed. It is a horror that so many families have died, that so many bloated, poisoned bodies are piled into the shared graves. But what more can be done than is already being done? Soup is given away in the yard of the gate lodge; the estate road gives work; the Distress Board is greatly pleased. Just and sensible laws prevent the wholesale distribution of corn, for to flood the country with corn would have consequences as disastrous as the hunger itself: that has been explained to her. Every Sunday, led by the Reverend Poole, they repeat the prayer that takes precedence over all other prayers: that God's love should extend to the hungry at this time, that his wrath may be lifted.

Again Mrs. Pulvertaft drifts into a doze. She dreams that she runs through unfamiliar landscape, although she has not run anywhere for many years. There are sand dunes and a flat expanse that is empty, except for tiny white shells, crackling beneath her feet. She seems to be naked, which is alarming, and worries her in her dream. Then everything changes and she is in the drawing room, listening to Adelaide playing her pieces. Tea is brought in, and there is ordinary conversation.

EMILY, alone, walks among the abbey ruins on the lakeshore. It is her favorite place. She imagines the chanting of the monks once upon a time and the simple life they led, transcribing Latin and worshipping God. They built where the landscape was beautiful; their view of Bright Purple Hill had been perfect.

There is a stillness among the ruins; the air is mild for late October. The monks would have fished from the

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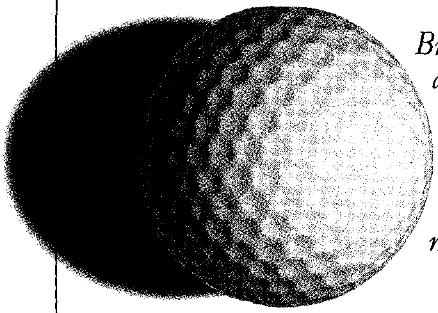

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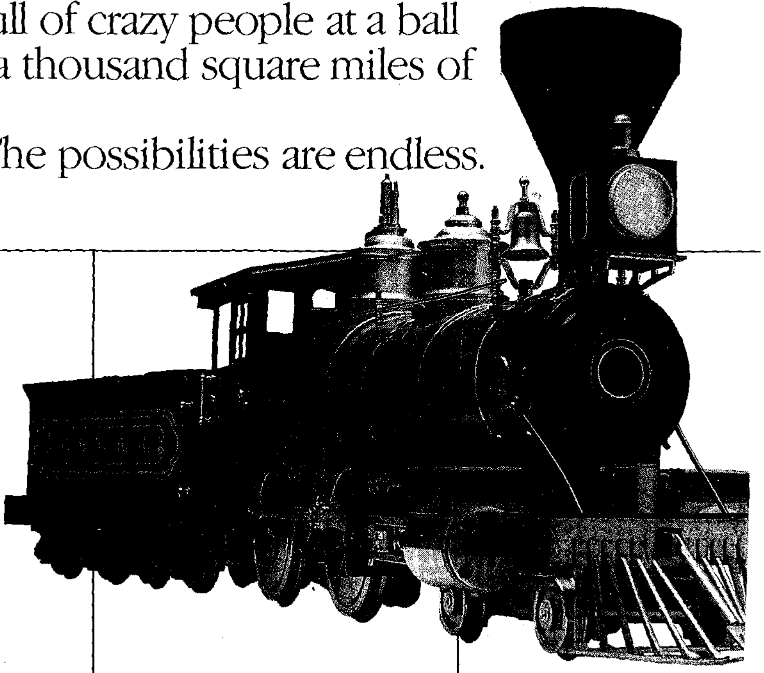

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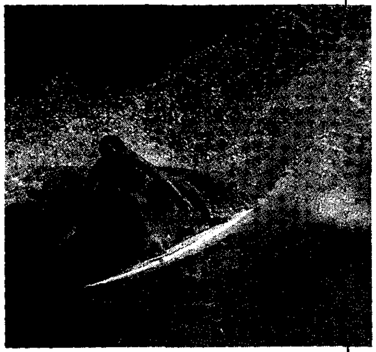

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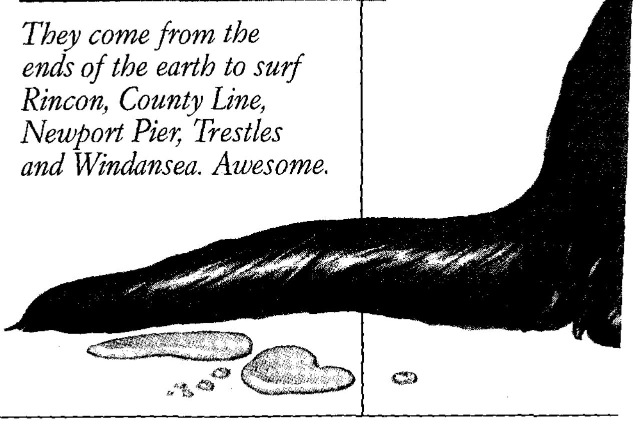

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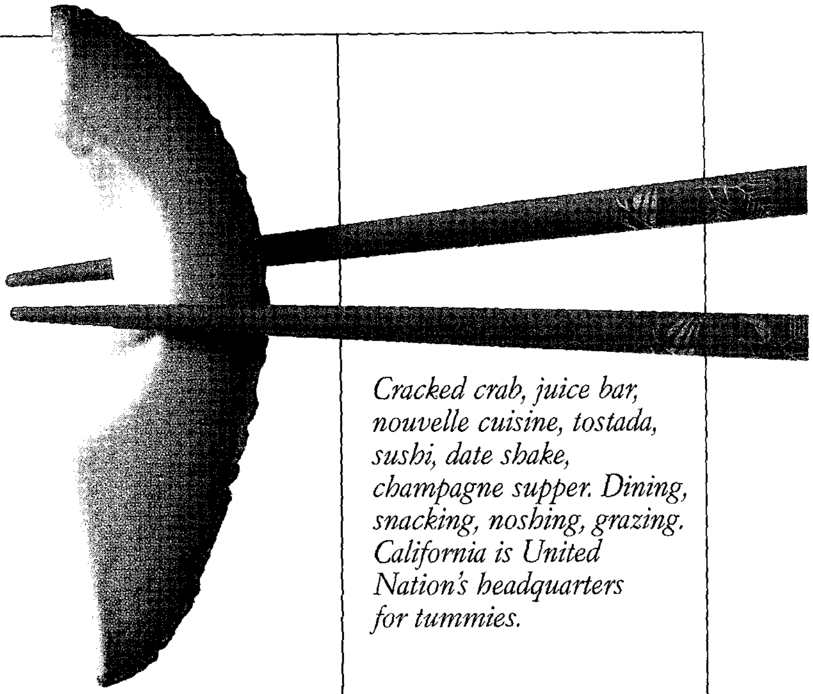

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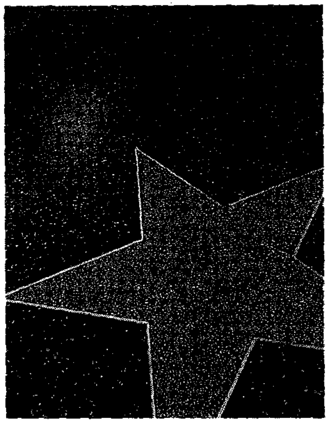

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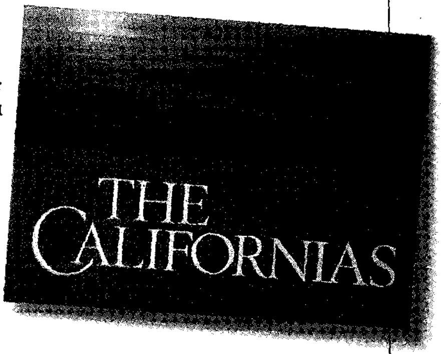

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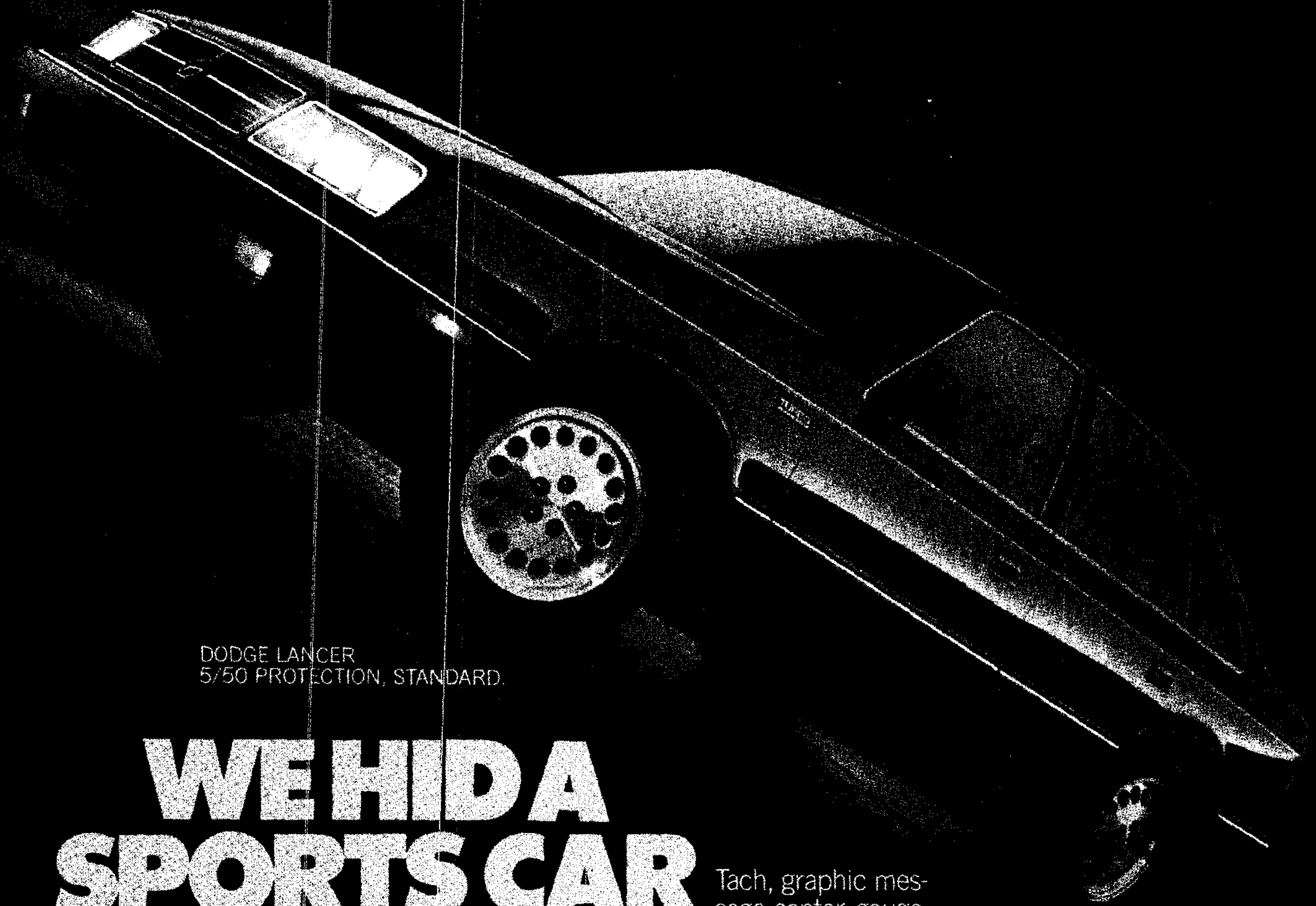

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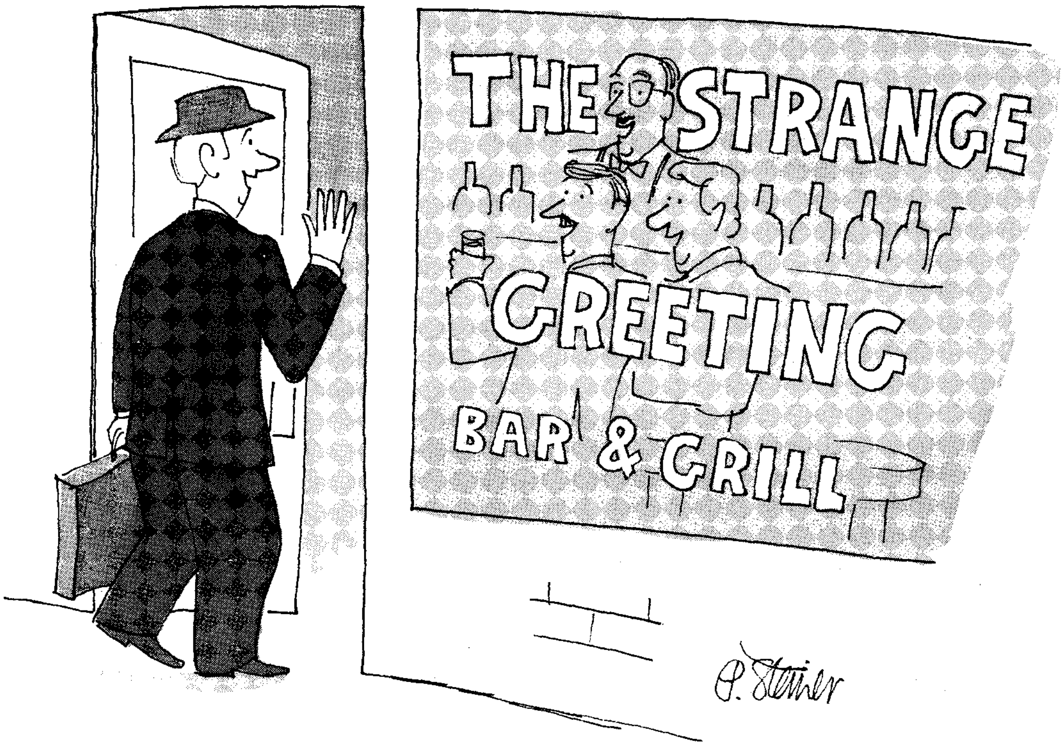

THE STRANGE GREETING BAR & GRILL

"Yo!" "Hi, guy!" "Yo, guy!"

• •

shore; they would have cultivated a garden and induced bees to make honey for them. For many generations they would have buried their dead here, but their graveyards have been lost in the time that has passed.

Evening sun bronzes the heathery purple of the hill. In the spring, Emily reflects, she will begin her journeys. She will stay with her Aunt Margery in Bath and her Aunt Tabby in Ipswich. Already she has persuaded her Aunt Margery that it would be beneficial to both of them to visit Florence, and Vienna and Paris. She has persuaded her father that the expense of all the journeys would be money profitably spent, an education that would extend the education he has expended money on already. Emily believes this to be true; she is not prevaricating. She believes that after she has seen again the architecture of England—which she can scarcely remember—and visited the great cities of Europe some anxious spirit within her will be assuaged. She will return to Ireland and accept a husband, as Charlotte is about to do; or not accept a husband and be content to live her life in her brother's house, as Adelaide's fate seems certain to be. She will bear children; or walk among the abbey ruins a spinster, composing verse about the ancient times and the monks who fished in the lake.

A bird swoops over the water and comes to rest on the pebbled shore, not far from where Emily stands. It rises on spindly legs, stretches out its wings and pecks at itself. Then it staggers uncomfortably on the pebbles before settling into an attitude that pleases it, head drawn into its body, wings wrapped around like a cloak. Such creatures would not have changed since the time of the monks, and Emily imagines a cowled and roughly bearded figure admiring the bird from a window of the once gracious abbey. He whispers as he does so, and Emily remembers enough from her lessons with Miss Larvey to know that the language he speaks is not known to her.

It is a pleasant fancy, one for verse or drawing, to be stored away and one day in the future dwelt upon, and in one way or another transcribed to paper. She turns her back on the lake and walks slowly through the ruins, past the posts that mark the route of the estate road, by the birchwood and over the stone bridge where Jonathan Swift is said to have stood and ordered the felling of three elms that obscured the panorama that has the great house as its center. In the far distance she can see the line of men laboring on the road, and the figure of Erskine on his horse. She passes on, following a track that is familiar to her, which skirts the estate beneath its high boundary wall. Beyond the wall lie the Pulvertaft acres of farmland, but they have no interest for Emily, being for the most part flat, a territory that is tediously passed over every Sunday on the journey to and from church.

She reaches the yard of the gate lodge and speaks to the woman who lives there, reminding her that soup and bread will be brought again tomorrow, that the utensils left last week must be ready by eleven o'clock on the trestle tables. Everything will be waiting, the woman promises, and a high fire alight in the kitchen.

October 31, 1847

Fogarty told me. He stood beside me while I ate my dinner by the fire: stew and rice, with cabbage; a baked apple and sago pudding. The child with the stigmata has died and been buried.

"And who will know now," he questioned, himself as much as me, "exactly what was what?"

There is a kind of cunning in Fogarty's nutlike face. The eyes narrow, and the lips narrow, and he then looks like his sister. But he is more intelligent, I would say.

"And what *is* what, Mr. Fogarty?" I inquired.

"The people are edgy, Miss. At the soup canteen they are edgy, I'm to understand. And likewise on the road. There is a feeling among them that the child should not have died. It is unpleasant superstition, of course, but there is a feeling that Our Lord has been crucified again."

"But that's ridiculous!"

"I am saying so, Miss. Coolly ridiculous, everything back to front. The trouble is that starvation causes a lightness in the head."

"Do the Pulvertafts know of this? No one but you has mentioned this child to me."

"I heard the matter mentioned at the dinner table. Mr. Pulvertaft said that Mr. Erskine had passed on to him the news that there was some superstition about. 'D'you know its nature, Fogarty?' Mr. Pulvertaft said, and I replied that it was to do with the marks of Our Lord's stigmata being noticed on the feet and hands of a child.”

“And what did anyone say then?”

“ ‘Well, what’s the secret of it, Fogarty?’ Mr. Pulvertaft said, and I passed on to him the opinion of Miss Fogarty and myself: that the markings were inflicted at the time of birth. They had all of them reached that conclusion also: Mrs. Pulvertaft and Miss Emily and Miss Charlotte and Miss Adelaide, even Master George Arthur, no doubt, although he was not present then. As soon as ever they heard the news, they had come to that assumption. Same with Mr. Erskine.”

I stared, astonished, at the butler. I could not believe what he was telling me—that all these people had independently dismissed, so calmly and so finally, what the people who were closer to the event took to be a miracle. I had known, from the manner in which Fogarty spoke after his introduction of the subject, that he was in some way dubious. But I had concluded that he doubted the existence of the marks, that he doubted the reliability of the priest. I had never seen Father Horan, so did not know what kind of man he was even in appearance, or what age. Fogarty had told me he’d never seen him, either, but from what he gathered through the maids the priest was of advanced years.

Fogarty said, “My sister and I only decided that that was the truth of it after Cready and Brigid had gone on about the thing for a long time: how the priest was giving out sermons on it, how the bishop had come on a special journey, and how a letter had been sent to Rome. Our first view was that the old priest had been presented with the child after he’d had a good couple of glasses. And then oiled up again and shown the child a second time. He’s half blind, I’ve heard it said, and if enough people raved over marks that didn’t exist, sure wouldn’t he agree instead of admitting he was drunk and couldn’t see properly? But as soon as Miss Fogarty and myself heard that the bishop had stirred his stumps and a letter had gone to Rome we realized the affair was wearing a different pair of shoes. They’re as wily as cockroaches, these old priests, and there isn’t one among them who’d run a chance of showing himself up by giving out sermons and summoning his bishop. He’d have let the matter rest, he’d have kept it local if he was flummoxed. ‘No doubt at all,’ Miss Fogarty said. ‘They’ve put marks on the baby.’ ”

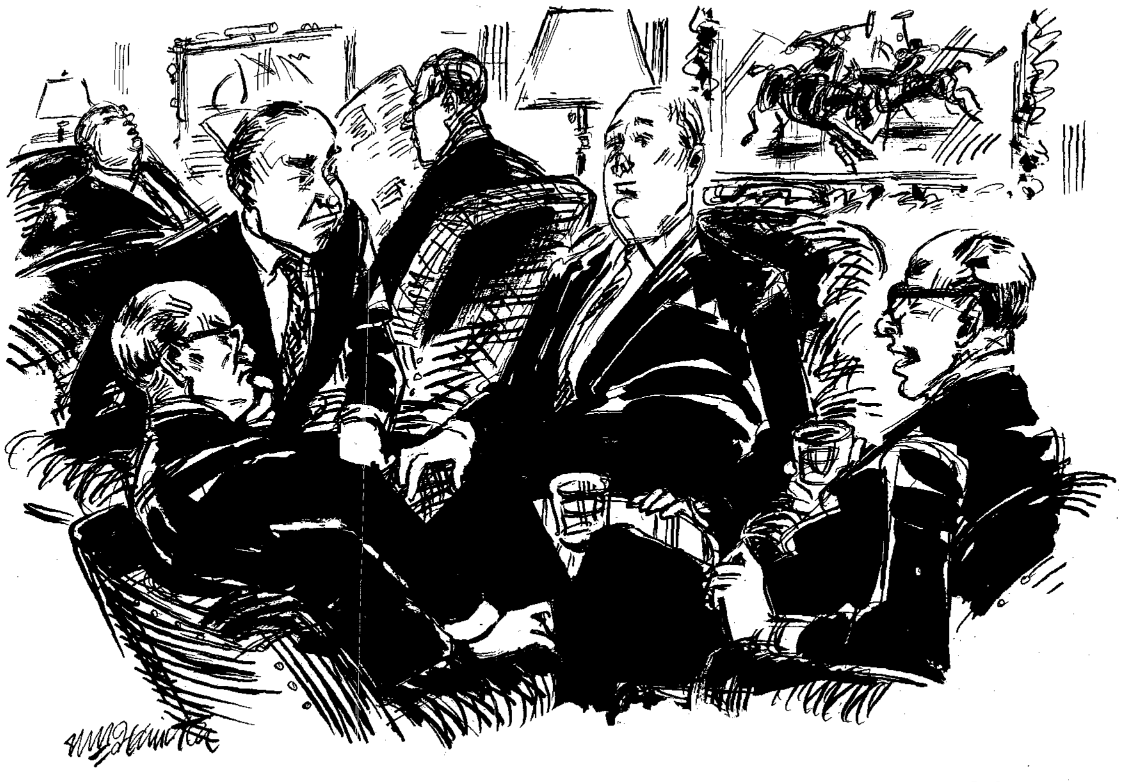
I couldn’t eat. I shivered even though I was warm from the fire. I found it difficult to speak, but in the end I said, “But why on earth would this cruel and blasphemous thing be done? Surely it could have been real, truly there, as stigmata have occurred in the past?”

“I would doubt that, Miss. And hunger would give cruelty and blasphemy a different look. That’s all I’d say. Seven other children have been buried in that family, and the two sets of grandparents. There was only the father and the mother with the baby left. ‘Sure, didn’t they see the way things was turning?’ was how Miss Fogarty put it. ‘Didn’t they see an R.I.P. all ready for them, and wouldn’t they be a holy family with the baby the way they’d made it, and wouldn’t they be sure of preservation because of it?’ ”

In his dark butler’s clothes, the excitement that enlivened his small face lending him a faintly sinister look, Fogarty smiled at me. The smile was grisly; I did not forgive it, and from that moment I liked the butler as little as I liked his sister. His smile, revealing sharp, discolored teeth, was related to the tragedy of a peasant family that had been almost extinguished, as, one by one, lamps are in a house at night. It was related to the desperation of survival, to an act so barbarous that one could not pass it by.

“A nine days’ wonder,” Fogarty said. “I’d say it wasn’t a bad thing the child was buried. Imagine walking round with a lie like that on you for all your mortal days.”

He took the tray and went away. I heard him in the lavatory off the nursery landing, flushing the food I hadn’t eaten down the w.c. so that he wouldn’t have to listen to his sister’s abuse of me. I sat until the fire sank low, without the heart to put more coal on it even though the coal was there. I kept seeing that faceless couple and their just born child, the woman exhausted, in pain, tormented by hunger, with no milk to give her baby. Had they touched the tiny feet and hands with a hot coal? Had they torn the skin open, as Christ’s had been on the Cross? Had either of them in that moment been even faintly sane? I saw the old priest, gazing in



“It’s all gone to hell. Sandy’s been acquired, Herb disappeared in a hostile takeover, Ted went into Chapter 11 to duck lawsuits, and now Eddie’s operation is changing its name.”

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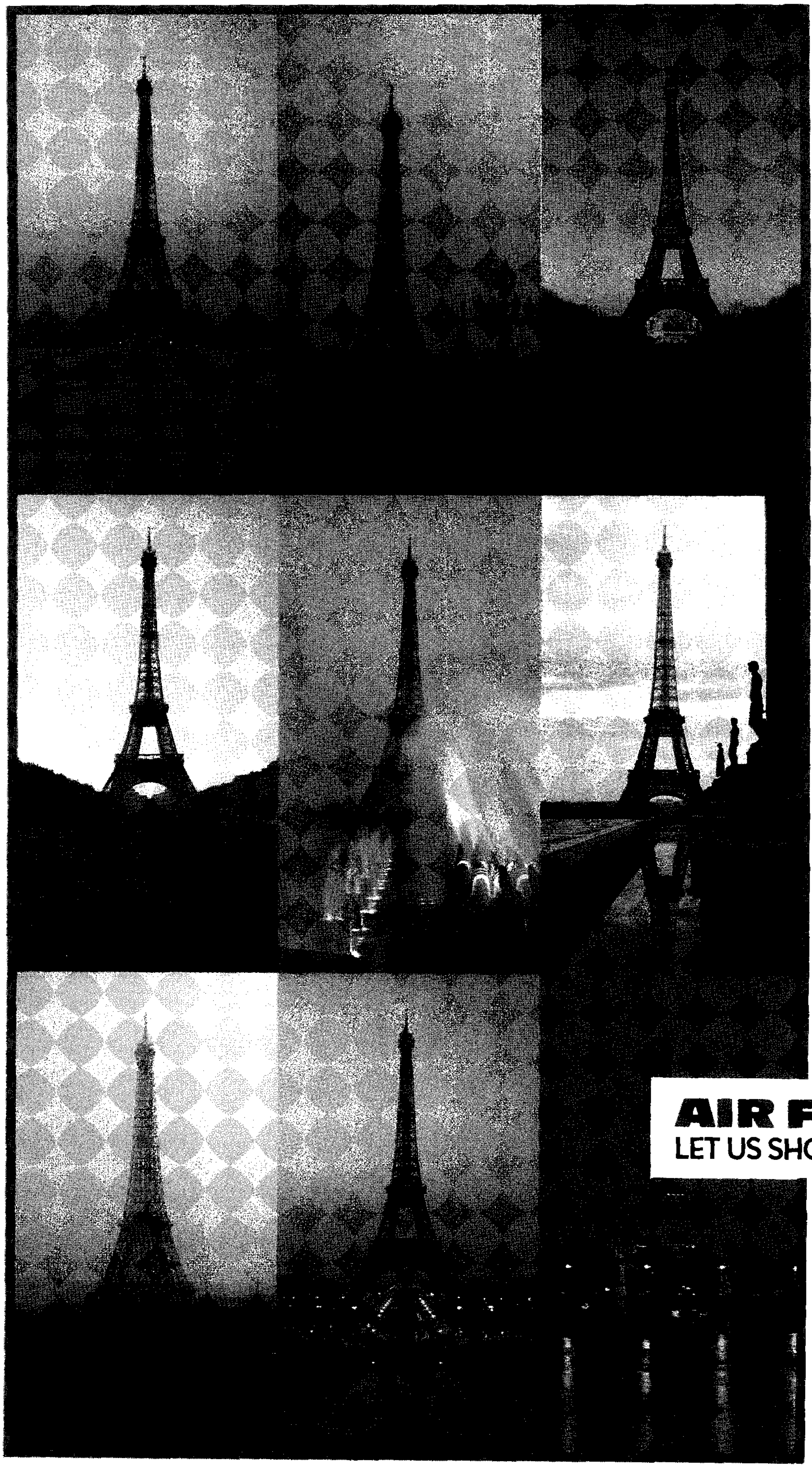

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AIR FRANCE

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wonder at what they later showed him. I saw the Pulvertafts in their dining room, accepting what had occurred as part of their existence in this house. Must not life go on lest all life cease? A confusion ran wildly in my head, a jumble without a pattern, all sense befogged. In a civilized manner, nobody protested at the cacophony in the drawing room when the piano was played, and nobody spoke to me of the stigmata because the subject was too terrible for conversation.

I wept before I went to bed. I wept again when I lay there, hating more than ever the place I am in, where people are driven back to savagery.

"THE men have not arrived this morning," Erskine reports. "I suspected they might not from their demeanor last evening. They attach some omen to this death."

"But surely to heavens they see the whole thing was a fraud?"

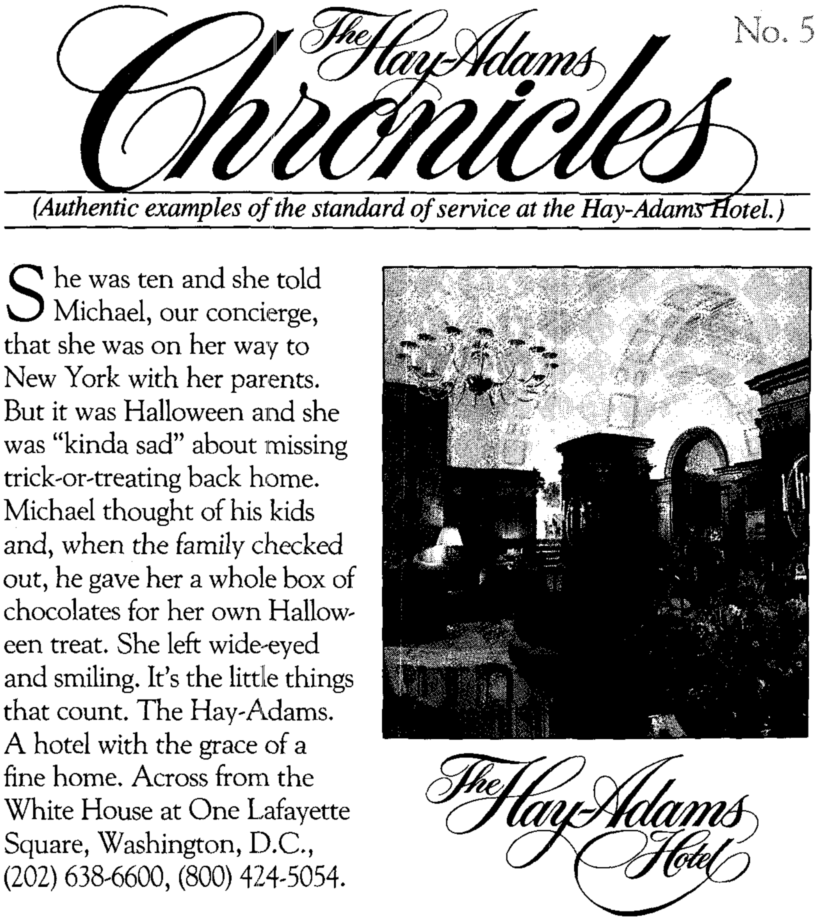
"They do not think so, sir. Any more than they believe that the worship of the Virgin Mary is a fraud perpetrated by the priests. Or that the Body and the Blood is. Fraud is grist to their mill."

Mr. Pulvertaft thanks Erskine for reporting the development to him. The men will return to their senses in time, the estate manager assures him. What has happened is only a little thing. Hunger is the master.

EMILY packs for her travels, and vows she will not forget the lake, or the shadows and echoes of the monks. In Bath and Florence, in Vienna and Paris she will keep faith with her special corner, where the spirit of a gentler age lingers.

MRS. PULVERTAFT dreams that the Reverend Poole ascends to the pulpit with a bath towel over his shoulder. From this day forth we must all carry bath towels wherever we go, and the feet of Jesus must be dried as well as washed. "And the woman anointed the feet," proclaims the Reverend Poole, "and Jesus thanked her and blessed her and went upon his way." But Mrs. Pulvertaft is unhappy because she does not know which of the men is Jesus. They work with shovels on the estate road, and when she asks them they tell her, in a most unlikely manner, to go away.

ALONE in front of the drawing-room piano, Adelaide sits stiffly upright, not wishing to play because


The Hay-Adams Chronicles No. 5
(Authentic examples of the standard of service at the Hay-Adams Hotel.)

She was ten and she told Michael, our concierge, that she was on her way to New York with her parents. But it was Halloween and she was "kinda sad" about missing trick-or-treating back home. Michael thought of his kids and, when the family checked out, he gave her a whole box of chocolates for her own Halloween treat. She left wide-eyed and smiling. It's the little things that count. The Hay-Adams. A hotel with the grace of a fine home. Across from the White House at One Lafayette Square, Washington, D.C., (202) 638-6600, (800) 424-5054.

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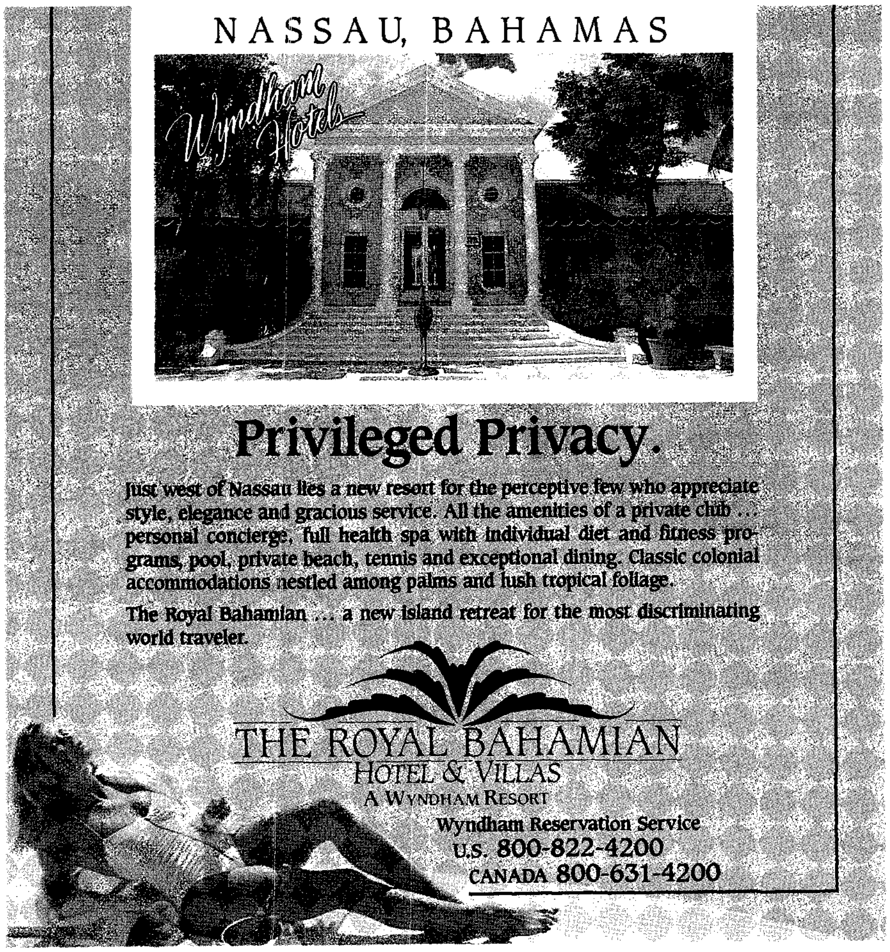
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she is not in the mood. Again, only minutes ago, Captain Roche has not noticed her. He did not notice her at lunch; he did not address a single word to her, he evaded her glance as if he could not bear to catch it. Charlotte thinks him dull; she has said so, yet she never spurns his attentions. And he isn't dull. His handsome face, surmounting his sturdily handsome body, twinkles with vigor and with life. He has done so much, and when he talks about the places he has been he is so interesting she could listen to him for ages.

Adelaide's spectacles have misted. She takes them off and wipes them with her handkerchief. She must not go red when he comes again, or when his name is mentioned. Going red will give away her secret, and Emily and Charlotte will guess and feel sorry for her, which she could not bear.

“VERY well,” Charlotte says by the sundial in the fuchsia garden.

Captain Roche blinks his eyes in an ecstasy of delight, and Charlotte thinks that yes, it probably will be nice knowing devotion like this forever.

“HEDDOE'S gone broody,” Fogarty reports in the kitchen.

“Not sickness in the house! One thing you could say about Larvey, she was never sick for an hour.”

“I think Heddoe'll maybe leave.” Fogarty speaks with satisfaction. The governess might leave because she finds it too much that such a thing should happen to a baby, and that her employers do not remark on it because they expect no better of these people. Erskine might be knocked from his horse by the men in a fit of anger because the death has not been honored in the house or by the family. Erskine might lie dead himself on the day of the governess's departure, and the two events, combining, would cause these Pulvertafts of Ipswich to see the error of their ways and return to their native land.

The china rattles on the tea trays that the maids carry to the draining board, and Fogarty lights the lamps that he has arrayed on the table, as he does every afternoon at this time in winter. He inspects each flame before satisfying himself that the trimming of the wick is precisely right, then one after another places the glasses in their brass supports and finally adjusts each light.

The maids unburden the trays at the

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sink, Miss Fogarty places a damp cloth around a fruitcake and lays aside sandwiches and scones, later to be eaten in the kitchen. Then the maids take the lamps that are ready and begin another journey through the house.

IN the nursery Miss Heddoe reads from the history book Miss Larvey had used before her: " 'In this manner the monasteries were lawfully dissolved, for the King believed they harbored vile and treacherous plots and were the breeding grounds for future disaffection. The King was privy, through counsellors and advisers, to the vengeance that was daily planned, but was wise and bode his time.' "

George Arthur does not listen. He is thinking about the savages of the South Sea islands who eat their enemies. He has always thought it was their babies they ate, and wonders if he has misunderstood something Miss Larvey said on the subject. He wonders, then, if Emily could possibly be right in what she says about the discomfort of the regimental life. It is true that he enjoys being close to the fire, and likes the coziness of the nursery in the evenings; and it is true that he doesn't much care for rough material next to his skin. He knows that in spite of what Emily says officers like Captain Roche would not be made to drink putrid water, and that flies can't kill you, but the real thing is that he is expected to stay here because he is the only son, because somebody will have to look after the place when his father isn't able to anymore. "Duty," Emily says, and it is that in the end which will steal from him his dream of military glory. Itchy and uneasy, like the bite of an insect, this duty already nags him.

JANUARY 12, 1848

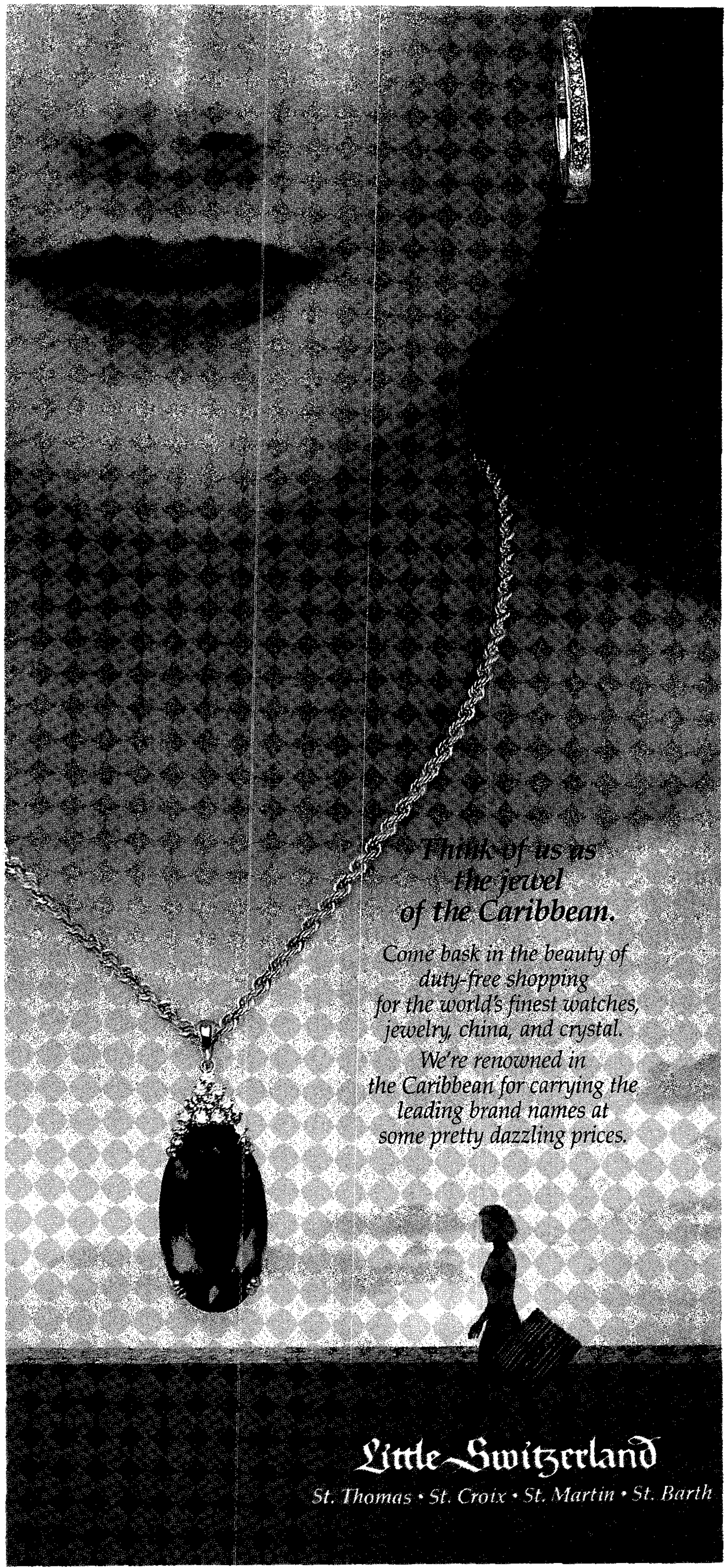
Today it snowed. The fall began after breakfast and continued until it was almost dark. Great drifts have piled up in the garden, and from my window the scene is beautiful. George Arthur has a cold and so remained in bed; he was too feverish for lessons.

JANUARY 18, 1848

The snow is high on the ground. In the garden we break the ice on pools and urns so that the birds may drink. Scraps are thrown out of the scullery doors for them.

FEBRUARY 4, 1848

It is five months since I arrived



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here, and all that I have learned is distressing. There is nothing that is not so. Last night I could not sleep again. I lay there thinking of the starvation, of the faces of the silent women when they come to the gate lodge for food. There is a yellow-grayness in the flesh of their faces; they are themselves like obedient animals. Their babies die when they feed them grass and roots; in their arms at the gate lodge the babies who survive are silent also, too weak to cry until the sustenance they receive revives them. Last night I lay thinking of the men who are turned away from the work on the road because they have not the strength that is necessary. I thought of the darkness in the cottages, of dawn bringing with it the glaring eyes of death. I thought of the graves again clawed open, the earth still loose, another carcass pushed onto the rotting heap. I thought of an infant tortured with Our Saviour's wounds.

The famine fever descends like a rain of further retribution, and I wonder—for I cannot help it—what in His name these people have done to displease God so. It is true they have not been an easy people to govern; they have not abided by the laws the rest of us must observe; their superstitious worship is a sin. But God is a forgiving God. I pray to understand his will.

February 5, 1848

Charlotte Pulvertaft is not to be married until her sister's return, so the engagement will of necessity be lengthy. "Will you still be with us for the wedding?" Fogarty impertinently inquired last night, for he knows the age of George Arthur, and unless I am dismissed I must of course still be here. The work continues on the road, it having been abandoned during the period of snow.

March 6, 1848

A singular thing has happened. Walking alone in the grounds, I was hailed by Mr. Erskine from his horse. I paused, and watched while he dismounted. I thought he had some message for me from the house, but in this I was wrong. Mr. Erskine walked beside me, his horse trailing obediently behind. He spoke of the sunshine we were enjoying, and of the estate road. Beyond saluting me at church on Sundays he has never before paid me any attention whatsoever. My surprise must have shown in my face, for he laughed at something that was displayed there. "I have always liked you, Miss Heddoe," he said, to my astonishment.

I reddened, as any girl would, and felt extremely awkward. I made no attempt at a reply.

"And have you settled, Miss Heddoe?" he next inquired. "Do you care for it here?"

No one has asked me that before: why should they? My inclination was to smile and with vague politeness to nod. I did so, for to have said that I did not care for this place would have seemed ill-mannered and offensive. Mr. Erskine, after all, is part of it.

"Well, that is good." He paused and then resumed, "If ever on your walks, Miss Heddoe, you pass near my house you would be welcome to stroll about the garden."

I thanked him.

"It is the house at the southernmost point of the estate. The only large house there is, nearly hidden in summer by sycamore trees."

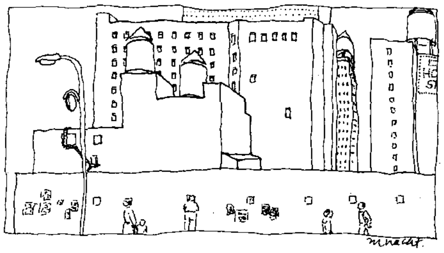
"That is very kind of you, Mr. Erskine."

"I reclaimed the little garden, as the estate was reclaimed."

"I see."

The subject of conversation changed. We spoke again of the time of year and the progress that was being achieved on the estate road. Mr. Erskine told me something of his history—how a military career had been cut short before it had properly begun. In return, and because the subjects seemed related, I passed on the ambition George Arthur had had in this direction. "He is reconciled now," I said, and soon after that the estate manager and I parted company, he riding back along the way we'd walked, I turning toward the house.

THE estate road is completed on June 9, 1848. Soon after that a letter arrives for Mr. Pulvertaft from the Distress Board, thanking him for supplying so many months of work for the impoverished men. Since the beginning of the year, the families of the area—some of them tenants of Mr. Pulvertaft, some not—have been moving away to the harbor towns, to fill the exile ships bound for America. At least, Fogarty overhears Mr. Pulvertaft remark in the dining room, there is somewhere for them to go.



IN August of that year there is champagne at Charlotte's wedding. Guests arrive from miles around. Emily, returned from her travels, is a bridesmaid.

At the celebrations, which take place in the hall and the drawing room and the dining room and spill over into the garden, Fogarty watches Miss Heddoe, even though he is constantly busy. She wears a dress he has not seen before, in light-blue material, with lace at the collar and the wrists, and little pearl buttons. Wherever she is, she is in the company of George Arthur in his sailor suit. They whisper together and seem, as always nowadays, to be the best of friends. Occasionally Miss Heddoe chides him because an observation he has made oversteps the mark or is delivered indiscreetly. When Mr. Erskine arrives he goes straight to where they are.

September 24, 1848

I have been here a year. The potatoes are not good this year, but at least the crop has not failed completely, as hitherto. I have not given Mr. Erskine his answer, but he is kind and displays no impatience. I am very silly in the matter, I know I am, but sometimes I lie awake at night and pretend I am already his wife. I repeat the name and title; I say it aloud. I think of the house, hidden among the sycamores. I think of sitting with him in church, in the pew behind the Pulvertafts, not at the side with the Fogartys.

September 25, 1848

A Mr. Ogilvie comes regularly to take tea, and often strolls with Emily to the ruined abbey. Emily has made some drawings of it, which show it as it used to be. "Well?" Mr. Erskine said quietly this afternoon, riding up when I was out on my walk. But I begged, again, for more time to consider.

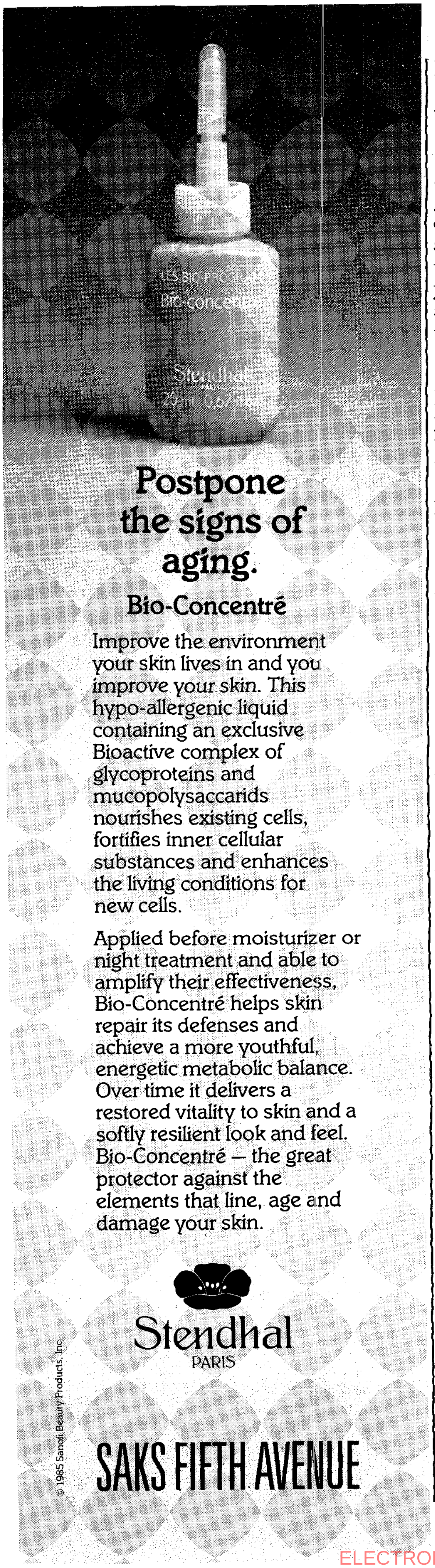
November 1, 1848

All Saints' Day. Fogarty frightened me tonight. He leaned against the mantelpiece and said, "I would advise you not to take the step you are considering, Miss."

"What step, Fogarty?"

"To marry Mr. Erskine."

I was flabbergasted at this. I felt myself coloring and stammered when



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I spoke, asking him what he meant.

"I mean only what I say, Miss. I would say to you not to marry him."

"Are you drunk, Fogarty?"

"No, Miss. I am not drunk. Or if I am it is only slight. You have been going through in your mind whether or not to marry Mr. Erskine. A while ago you said you could never settle in this troubled place. You said that to yourself, Miss. You could not become, as the saying goes, more Irish than the Irish."

"Fogarty—"

"I thought you would go. When I told you about the child I thought you would pack your bags. There is wickedness here. I thought you sensed it, Miss."

"I cannot have you speaking to me like this, Fogarty."

"Because I am a servant? Well, you are right, of course. In the evenings, Miss, I have always indulged myself with port: that has always been my way. I have enjoyed our conversations, but I am disappointed now."

"You have been reading my diary."

"I have, Miss. I have been reading your diary and your letters, and I have been observing you. Since they came here I have observed the Pulvertafts of Ipswich also, and Mr. Erskine, who has done such wonders all around. I have watched his big square head going about its business; I have listened when I could."

"You had no right to read what was private. If I mentioned this to Mr. Pulvertaft—"

"If you did, Miss, my sister and I would be sent packing. Mr. Pulvertaft is a fair and decent man, and it is only just that disloyal servants should be dismissed. But you would have it on your conscience. I had hoped we might keep a secret between us."

"I have no wish to share secrets with you, Fogarty."

"A blind eye was turned, Miss, you know that. The hunger was a plague; what use a few spoonfuls of soup, and a road that leads nowhere and only insults the pride of the men who built it? The hunger might have been halted, Miss, you know that. The people were allowed to die: you said that to yourself. A man and his wife were driven to commit a barbarous act of cruelty: blasphemy you called it, Miss."

"What I called it is my own affair. I should be grateful, Fogarty, if you left me now."

"If the estate had continued in its honest decline, if these Pulvertafts had not arrived, the people outside the walls would have travelled here from miles around. They would have eaten the wild raspberries and the apples from the trees, the peaches that still thrived on the brick-lined walls, the grapes and plums and greengages, the blackberries and mulberries. They would have fished the lake and snared the rabbits on Bright Purple Hill. There is pheasant and woodcock grown tame in the old man's time. There was his little herd of cows they might have had. I am not putting forth an argument, Miss; I am not a humanitarian; I am only telling you."

"You are taking liberties, Fogarty. If you do not go now I will most certainly mention this."

"That was the picture, Miss, that might have been. Instead we had to hear of Charlotte's marrying and of Emily's travelling, and of George Arthur's brave decision to follow in the footsteps of his father. Adelaide sulks in the drawing room and is jealous of her sisters. Mrs. Pulvertaft, good soul, lies harmlessly down in the afternoon, and you have put it well in calling her husband a fair and decent man."

"I did not call him that."

"You thought it long before I said it."

"You are drunker than you think, Fogarty."

"No, Miss. I am not. The wickedness here is not intentional, Miss. Well, you know about the wickedness, for you have acutely sensed it. So did Mr. Pulvertaft at first, so did his wife. Charlotte did not, nor Adelaide, nor did the boy. Emily sensed it until a while ago. Emily would linger down by the old abbey, knowing that the men who lie dead there have never been dispossessed by all the visitors and the strangers there have been since. But now the old abbey is a lady's folly, a pretty ruin that pleases and amuses. Well, of course, you know all this."

"I know nothing of the sort. I would ask you to leave me now."

"You have thought it would be better for the boy to have his military life, to perish for Queen and Empire, and so extinguish this line. Listening to talk of the boy's romance, you have thought that would not be bad. So many perish anyway, all about us."

"That is a wicked thing to say," I cried, made furious by this. "And it is quite untrue."

"It is wicked, Miss, but not untrue. It is wicked because it comes from

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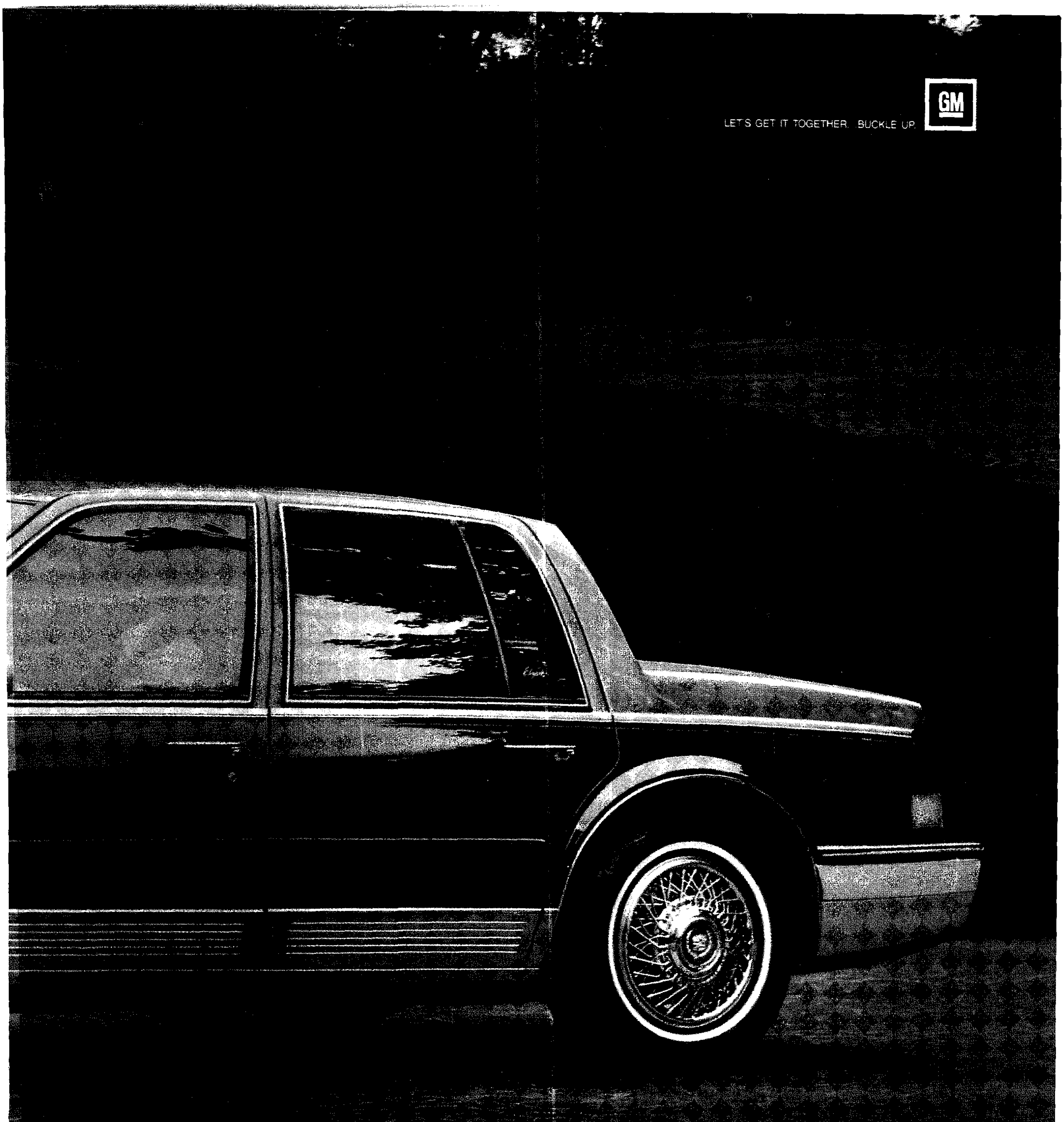

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wickedness, you know that. Your sharp, fresh eye has needled all that out."

"I do not know those things." My voice was quieter now—even, and empty of emotion. "I would ask you to leave this room at once."

But Fogarty went on talking until I thought in the end he must surely be insane. He spoke again of Charlotte's marriage to Captain Roche, of Emily and Adelaide, of George Arthur taking the place of his father. He spoke again of the hungry passing without hindrance through the gates of the estate, to feed off what its trees and bushes offered. He spoke of his sister and himself left after the old man's death, he glad to see the decay continue, his sister persuaded that they must always remain.

"The past would have withered away, Miss. Instead of which it is the future that's withering now."

Did he mean the hunger and the endless death, the exile ships of those who had survived? I did not ask him. He frightened me more than ever, standing there, his eyes as dead as ice. He was no humanitarian, he repeated, he was no scholar. All he said came from a feeling he had, a servant's feeling that he'd always had in this house during the years the old man had let everything decline. Poor Protestants as they were, he and his sister belonged neither outside the estate gates with the people who had starved nor with a family as renowned as the Pulvertafts. They were servants in their very bones.

"You have felt you have no place either, Miss. You can see more clearly for that."

"Please go, Fogarty."

He told me of a dream he'd had the night before or last week, I was too upset to note which. The descendants of the people who had been hungry were in the dream, and the son of George Arthur Pulvertaft was shot in the hall of the house, and no Pulvertaft lived in the place again. The road that had been laid in charity was overgrown through neglect, and the gardens were as they had been at the time of old Hugh Pulvertaft, their beauty strangled as they returned to wildness. Fogarty's voice quivered as his rigmarole ridiculously rambled on. An institution for corrected girls the house became, without carpets on the floors. The bones of the dogs that generations of Pulvertafts had buried in the grounds were dug up by the corrected girls when they were ordered by a mother superior to make vegetable beds. They threw the bones about, pretending to be frightened by them, pretending they were the bones of people.

"I don't wish to hear your dreams, Fogarty."

"I have told you only the one, Miss. It is a single dream I had. The house of the estate manager was burned to the ground, and people burned with it. The stone walls of the estate were broken down: pulled apart in places by the ivy that was let grow. In a continuation of the dream I was standing here talking to you like I'm talking now. I said to you not to perpetuate what has troubled you."

He took my tray from me and went away. A moment later I heard him in the lavatory, flushing away the food I had not eaten.

"NOT a bad soul," Miss Fogarty remarks, "when you come to know her."

"Her father was a solicitor's clerk."

"Oh, granted there's not a pennyworth of background to the creature. But I'd hardly say she wasn't good enough for Erskine."

Fogarty does not comment.

His sister resumes. "I would expect to be invited to the house for late tea. I would expect her to say, 'Why not walk over on Wednesday, Miss Fogarty, if you have a fancy for it?' I would expect the both of us to walk over for cards with the Erskines of an evening."

"She has pulled herself up by marrying him. She is hardly going to drop down again by playing cards with servants."

"Friends," corrects Miss Fogarty. "I would prefer to say friends."

"When a bit of time goes by, they'll dine with the Pulvertafts, she and Erskine. You'll cook the food at the range; I'll serve it at the table."

"Oh, I hardly believe that'll be the order of it."

Fogarty considers it unwise to pursue his argument and so is silent. Anna Maria Heddoe, he thinks, who was outraged when two guileful peasants tried on a trick. Well, he did his best. It is she, not he, who is the scholar and humanitarian. It is she, not he, who came from England and was distressed. She has wept into her pillow, she has been sick at heart. Stranger and visitor, she has written in her diary the news from Ireland. Stranger and visitor, she has learned to live with things.—WILLIAM TREVOR

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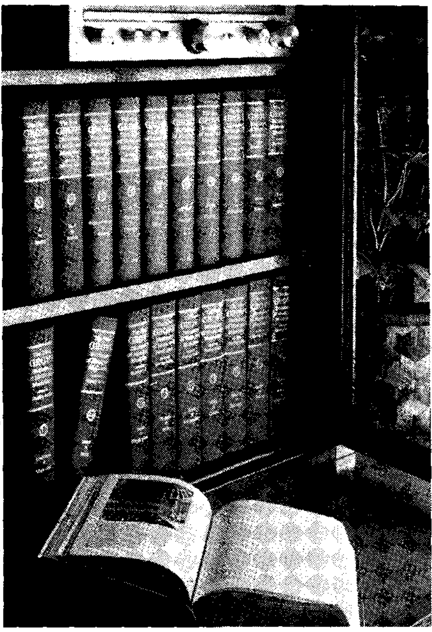

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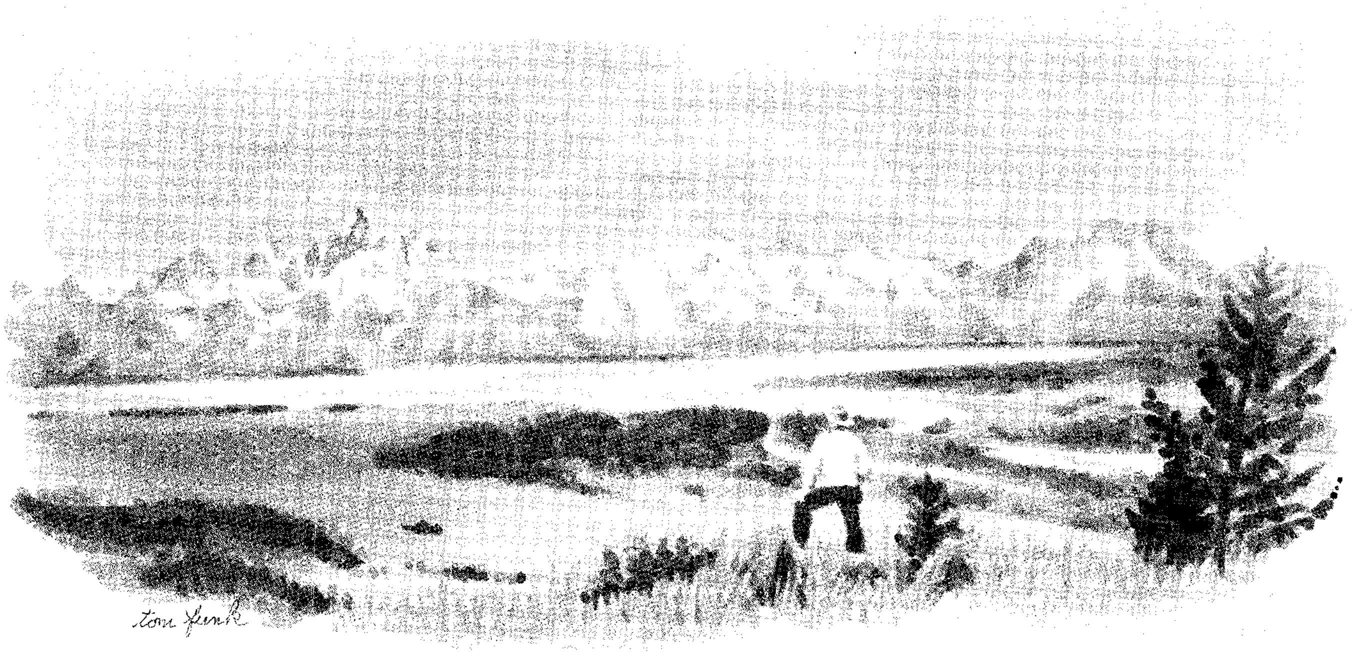
RISING FROM THE PLAINS—III



A GEOLOGIC map is a textbook on one sheet of paper. In its cryptic manner—its codes of color and sign—it reflects (or should reflect) all the important research that has been done on any geologic topic within its boundaries. From broad formational measurements down to patterns in the fabric of the rock, a map should serve as an epitome of what is known and not known about a region, up to date. Regional maps have traditionally been presented state by state, and the dates they are up to vary: Nevada 1978, New York 1970, New Jersey 1910. On a geologic map, as on any scientific publication, the name of the person primarily responsible appears first. The job involves so many years and such a prodigious bibliography that the completion of a state geologic map can be regarded as the work of a lifetime, and David Love is only the second person in the history of American geology who has served as senior author of a state map twice (Wyoming 1955, Wyoming 1985). Geology is a descriptive, interpretive science, and conflict is commonplace among its practitioners. Where two or more geologists have come to divergent conclusions, Love has had to go out and rehearse their field work, in order to decide what to show on the map. People tend to become ornery when the validity of their assertions is challenged, and figuratively some of his colleagues have reached for their holsters, which may have been a mistake, as the buttons fell off their shirts and they felt a little breeze.

The 1955 Wyoming map set a standard for state geologic maps in the detail of its coverage, in its fossil-dating, in its delivery of the essence of the region—a standard set anew in the 1985 edition. In the words of Malcolm McKenna, of the American Museum of Natural History, “Most maps are patched together from various papers and reports. Dave has looked at all the rock. It’s all in one mind. Most geologic maps are maps of time, not rocks. They will say something like ‘undifferentiated Jurassic’ and omit saying what the rocks are. There is little of that on Dave’s map. Mapping is below the salt now. Yet you can’t look at satellite photos for everything. You’ve got to have high-resolution basic mapping. You have to keep your hand in with the real stuff. When the solid foundations aren’t there, geologists are talking complete mush. Dave is making sure the foundation is there. He does not write about geology from a distance. He does not sit in high councils figuring out how the earth works. He is field-oriented. Some geologists think field work is wheeling their machines out into the yard. Dave has his hand on the pulse. He knows geology from having found it out himself. He has set an example of the way geology is done—one hell of an example. To compete with Dave, you’d have to do a lot of walking.”

Love once picked up a mail-order catalogue and saw an item described as “Thousand Mile Socks.” He sent for them skeptically but later discovered that there was truth in the catalogue’s claim. They were indeed thousand-mile socks. He had rapidly worn them out, but that was beside the point.

Years ago, almost anybody going into geology could look forward to walking some tens of thousands of miles and seriously studying a comparable number of outcrops. Geology, by definition, was something you did in the field. You sifted fine dirt for fossils the eye could barely see. You chiselled into lithified mud to remove the legs of dinosaurs. You established time-stratigraphic relationships as you moved from rock to rock. You developed a sense of structure from, among other things, your own mapping of strikes and dips. In the vernacular of geology, your nose was on the outcrop. Through experience with structure, you reached for the implied tectonics. Gradually, as you gathered a piece here, a piece there, the pieces framed a story. Feeling a segment of the earth, you were touching a body so great in its dimensions that you were something less than humble if you did not look upon your conclusions as tentative. Like many geologists, Love became fond of the Hindu fable of the blind men and the elephant (six blind men feel different parts of an elephant and come to six very different opinions of what it is), because the poem in a few short verses allegorized for him the history and the practice of his science. "We are blind men feeling the elephant," he would say, almost ritually, as a way of reminding anyone that the crust is so extensive and complicated—and contains so little evidence of most events in earth history—that every relevant outcrop must be experienced before a regional outline can so much as be suggested, let alone a global picture.

In recent years, the number of ways to feel the elephant has importantly increased. While the science has assimilated such instruments as the scanning transmission electron microscope, the inductively coupled plasma spectrophotometer, and the ^{39}Ar/^{40}Ar laser microprobe—not to mention devices like Vibroseis that thump the earth to reflect deep structures through data reported by seismic waves—the percentage of geologists has steadily diminished who go out in the summer and deal with rock, and the number of people has commensurately risen who work the year around in fluorescent light with their noses on printouts. This is the age of the analog geologist, who, like a watch with a pair of hands, now requires a defining word. For David Love, the defining word is "field." Whereas all geologists were once like him, they are no longer, and his division of the science is field geology. He is the quintessential field geologist—the person with the rock hammer and the Brunton compass to whom weather is just one more garment to wear with his thousand-mile socks, the geologist who carries his two-hundred-megabyte hard disk between his ears. There are young people following in his steps, people who still go out to scuff their boots and fray their jeans, but they have become greatly outnumbered by their contemporaries who feed facts and fragments of the earth into laboratory machines—activity that field people describe as black-box geology. Inevitably, some touches of tension have appeared between these worlds:

"Who is the new structural geologist?"

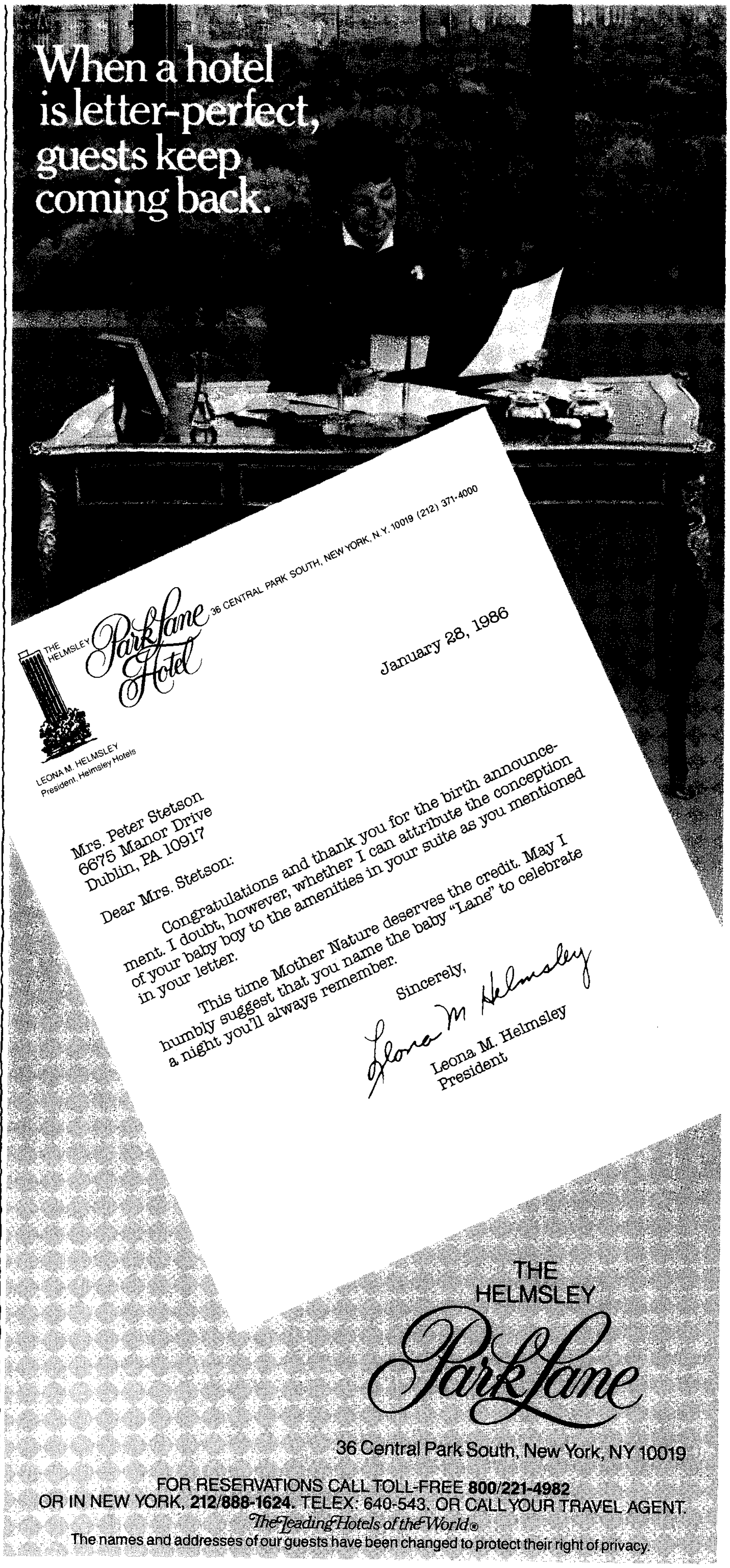
"Dorkney."

"Is he a field-oriented person?"

"He's a geophysicist, but he's a good guy."

"That would be difficult."

Black-box geologists—also referred to as office geologists and laboratory geologists—have been known to say that field work is an escape mechanism by which their colleagues avoid serious



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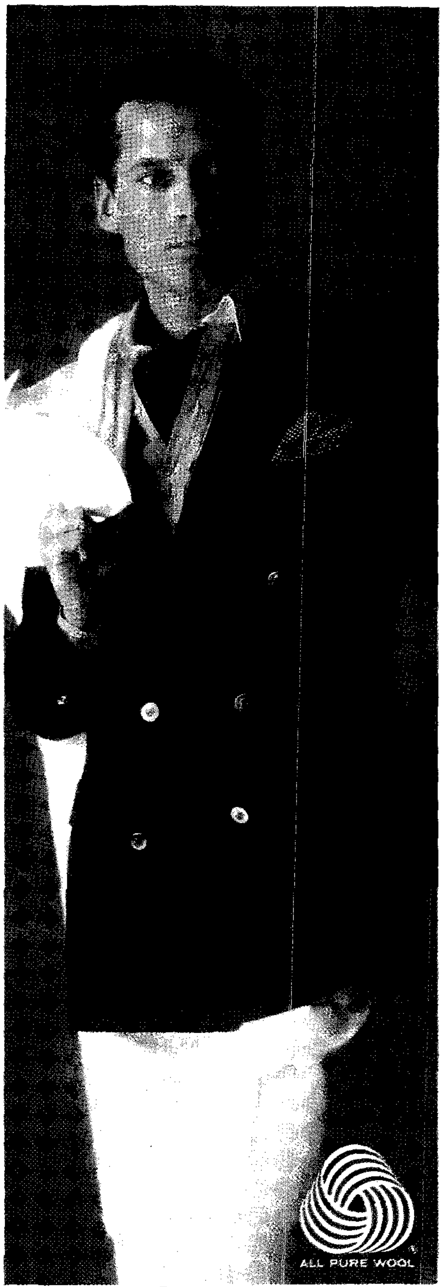

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scholarship. Their remarks may rarely be that overt, but the continuing relevance of field geology is not—to say the least—universally acknowledged. Some laboratory geologists, on the other hand, are nothing less than eloquent in expressing their symbiosis with people of wide experience out in the terrain. "I spend most of my time working on computers and waving my arms," a geophysicist once said to me, adding that he required the help of someone's field knowledge as a check, and without it would be in difficulty. "Without such people there would be no such thing as a geological enterprise," he went on. "Every box of samples that comes into the lab should include a worn-out pair of field boots. There's a group of senior geologists who have met on the outcrops and share a large body of knowledge. They paste together different perceptions of the world by visiting each other's areas. When I meet them, I chat them up like the guys at the corner store, because what I do is conceptual and idealized, and I'd like to know that it relates to what they have seen. These people are generally above fifty. Their kind is being diminished, which is a major intellectual crime. It has to do with the nature of science and what we're doing. Reality is not something you capture on a blackboard."

Such sentiments notwithstanding, within university geology departments black-box people tend to outvote field people on questions of curriculum and directions of research, and to outperform them in pursuit of funds. "The black-box era has been caused by the availability of money for esoteric types of work," Love remarked one day. "The Department of Defense, the National Science Foundation, and so forth have had money to spend on—let's say—unusual quests. The experience you get from collecting rocks in the field is lost to the lab geologist. For example, there's a boom in remote-sensing techniques—in satellite imagery. From that, you get a megapicture without going into the field. But it's two-dimensional. To get the third dimension—to study what's underground—they consult another sacred cow, which is geophysics. They can make a lot of these interpretations in the office. They can go off the mark easily, because for field relationships they often rely on data collected years ago. They use samples from museums, or samples collected by somebody else—perhaps out of context. I'm afraid I'm rather harsh about it, but we see misinterpretations, because of lack of knowledge of field relationships. Many of the megathinkers are doing their interpretations on the basis of second- and third-hand information. The name of the game now is 'modelling.' A lot of it I can't see for sour owl shit. How can you write or talk authoritatively about something if you haven't seen it? It isn't adequate to trust that the other guy is correct. You should be able to evaluate things in your own right. Laboratory geology is where the money is, though. The money is in the black box. I think eventually it will get out. You can't blame the kids for doing this kind of office research when they're financed. I don't want to do it myself. Putting the geologic scene into a broad perspective is for me more satisfying. I want to know what's over the next hill."

He was saying some of this in the Mt. Leidy Highlands one day when we were sitting on an outcrop at ninety-two hundred feet and looking at a two-hundred-and-seventy-degree view that ran across the pinnacled Absarokas to a mountain of lava of Pleistocene age and then on up the ridgeline of the Continental Divide to the glaciers and summits of the Wind River Range, thirty-eight feet higher than the Tetons. The skyline sloped gently thereafter, flattened, and became the subsummit surface of Miocene age, the level of maximum burial. There followed, across the southern horizon, the whole breadth of the Gros Ventre Mountains, with afternoon light on bright salmon cliffs of Nugget sandstone, at least four hundred feet high. The eye moved west over other summits and ultimately came to rest on the full front of the Tetons. We looked at it all for a considerable time in silence. Love said he liked this place because he could see so much from it, and had stopped here many times across the decades, to lean against a piñon pine and sort through the country, like an astronomer with the whole sky above him sorting through the stars. He also said, reflectively, "I guess I've been on every summit I can see from here."

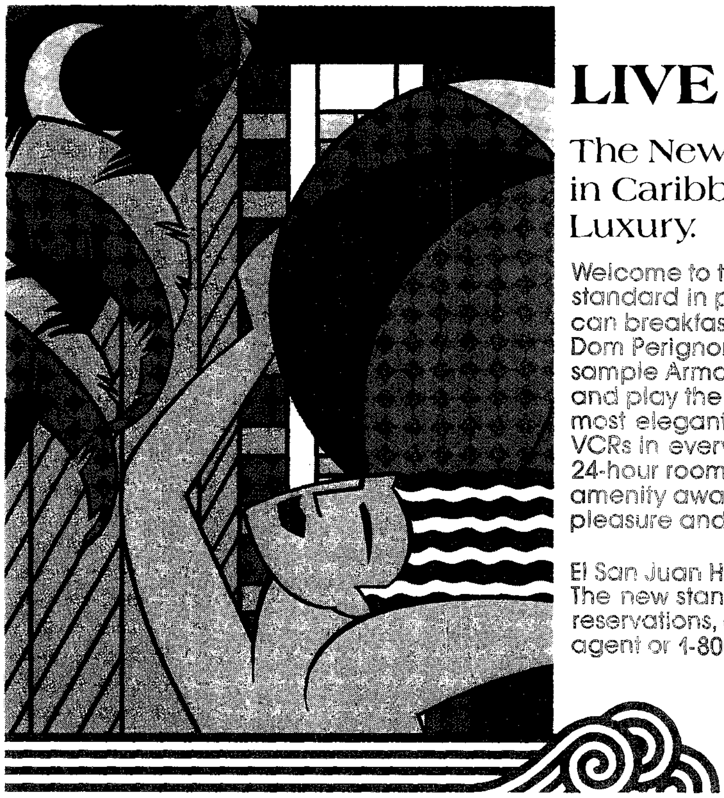
Below us was Dry Cottonwood Creek. It ran southeast several miles, and then turned through a tight bend to head west toward the Tetons. We could see other streams almost identical in configuration, like a collection of shepherd's crooks. "The land tilted east, and then south, before it tilted west," Love said. "This is the tilting block that stops at the foot of the Tetons. The barbed streams are evidence that the hinge is east of us here. The hinge is probably the Continental Divide. We can learn a lot from streams. They're so sensitive. They respond to the slightest amount of tilting. I think this is underestimated." Pointing down to some sandstone ledges along the bank of Dry Cottonwood Creek, he said that Indians had frequently camped there because long ago the stream was so full of trout you could reach in under the ledges and catch them with your hand. He asked if I knew why the water was so clear. "There's no shale upstream," he said. "No fines to contaminate it. If you look at a stream, you can see in the sediments the whole history of a watershed. It's as plain as the lines on the palm of your hand."

On the way up to the lookoff, we had stopped at a spring, where I buried my face in watercress and simultaneously drank and ate. Love said that F. V. Hayden, the first reconnaissance geologist in Wyoming Territory, also happened to be a medical doctor, and he went around dropping watercress in springs and streams to prevent scurvy from becoming the manifest destiny of emigrants. Hayden, who taught at the University of Pennsylvania, led one of the several groups that in 1879 combined to become the United States Geological Survey. When he came into the country in the late eighteen-fifties, he was so galvanized by seeing the composition of the earth in clear unvegetated view that he regularly went off on his own, moved hurriedly from outcrop to outcrop, and filled canvas bags with samples. This puzzled the Sioux. Wondering what he could be collecting, they watched him, discussed him, and finally attacked him. Seizing his canvas bags, they shook out the contents. Rocks fell on the ground. In that instant, Professor Hayden was accorded the special status that all benevolent people reserve for the mentally disadvantaged. In their own words, the Sioux named him He Who Picks Up Rocks Running, and to all hostilities thereafter Hayden remained immune.

I remarked at the spring that Love was having nothing to drink.

He said, "If I drink, I'll be thirsty all afternoon."

And now, on the high outcrop,



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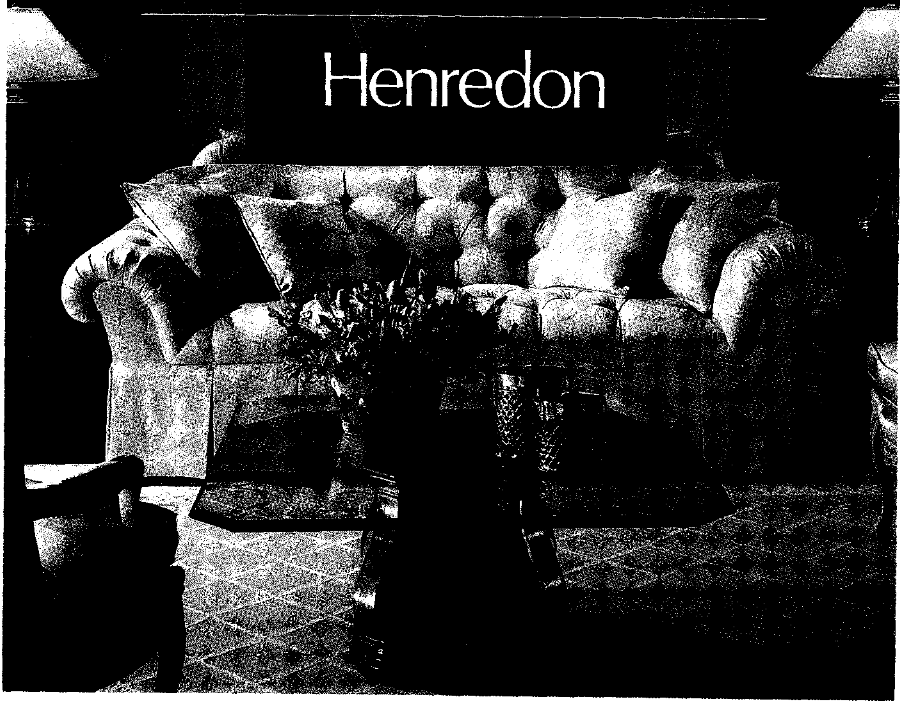

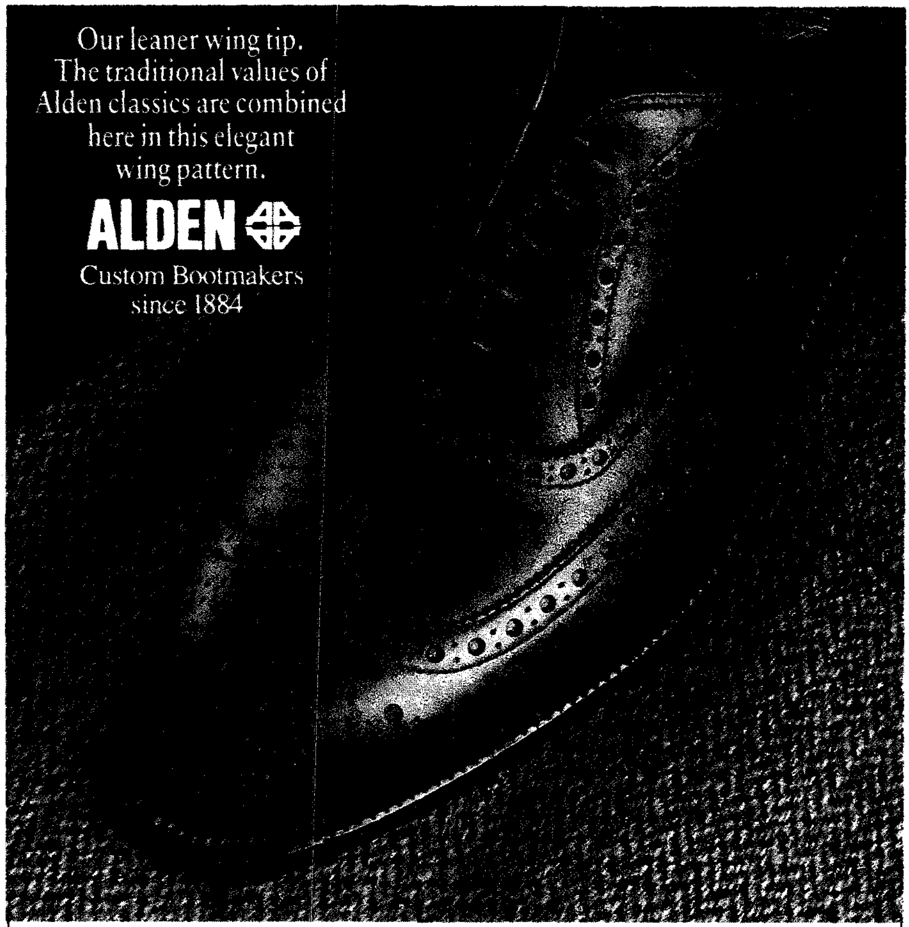

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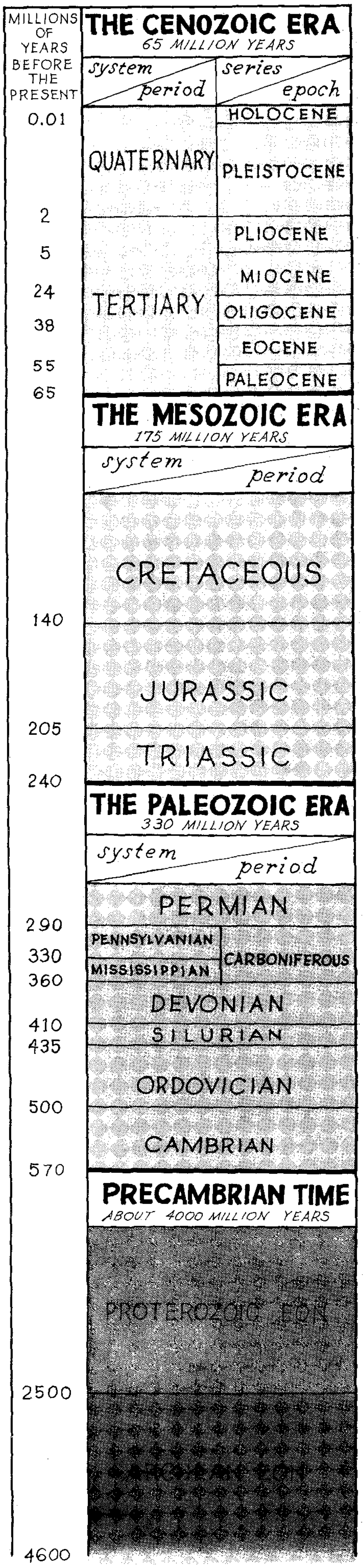
turning again from the Eocene volcanic Absarokas to the Wind River Range (the supreme expression in Wyoming of the Laramide Orogeny) and on to the newly risen Tetons (by far the youngest range in the Rockies), I mentioned the belief of some geologists that of all places in the world the Rocky Mountains will be the last to be deciphered in terms of the theory of plate tectonics.

"I don't think I would necessarily agree," Love said. "I think it is one of the more difficult ones, yes. I've thought a lot about it. At this stage, I'm uncomfortable with a direct tie-in. Until we have a detailed chronology of all the mountains, how can we plug them into a megapicture of plate tectonics? I don't want to give a premature birth to anything."

Plate-tectonic theorists pondering the Rockies have been more than a little inconvenienced by the great distances that separate the mountains from the nearest plate boundaries, where mountains theoretically are built. The question to which all other questions lead is, What could have hit the continent with force enough to drive the overthrust and cause the foreland mountains to rise? In the absence of a colliding continent—playing the role that Europe and Africa are said to have played in the making of the Appalachians—theorists have lately turned to the concept of exotic terrains: island arcs like Japan slamming up against the North American mainland one after another, accreting what are now the far western states, and erecting in the course of these collisions the evidential mountains. Whatever the truth in that may be, a tectonic coincidence very much worth noting is that the development of the western mountain ranges begins at the same time as the opening of the Atlantic Ocean. In the middle Mesozoic, as the Atlantic opens, the North American lithosphere, like a great rug, begins to slide west, abutting, for the most part, the Pacific Plate. A rug sliding across a room will crumple up against the far wall.

"We're about a thousand miles from the nearest plate boundary," Love was saying. "We should not tie in the landscape here with events that have taken place along the coast. This doesn't neutralize or dispose of the theory of plate tectonics, but applied here it's incongruous—it's kind of like a rabbit screwing a horse. There is no evidence of plates grinding against each other here. The thrust sheets are probably symptoms of plate-tectonic activity fifty million years ago, but the chief problem is that tectonism is not adequately placed in a time framework here. Almost everybody now agrees that there is tremendous significance to plate tectonics—also that the concept is valid. Most people don't argue about that anymore. Our arguments come in the details. We should dissect all these mountain ranges before we get diarrhea of the pen trying to clue them in to plate theory. There's nothing wrong with ideas, with working hypotheses, but unsubstantiated glittering generalities are a waste of time. Most of the megathinkers are basing sweeping interpretations on pretty inadequate data. There are swarms of papers being written by people who have been looking at state and federal and worldwide geologic maps and coming to sweeping conclusions on how mountains were formed and what the forces involved were. Until we know the anatomy of each mountain range, how are we going to say what came up when—or if they all came up in one great spasm? You can't assume they're all the same. In order to know the anatomy of each mountain range, you have to know details of sedimentary history. To know the details of sedimentary history, you have to know stratigraphy. I didn't know until recently that stratigraphy is dead. Many schools don't teach it anymore. To me, that's writing the story without knowing the alphabet. The geologic literature is a graveyard of skeletons who worked the structure of mountain ranges without knowing the stratigraphy. In Jackson Hole in the late Miocene, you had a lake that collected six thousand feet of sediment, half of which was limestone that was chemically precipitated. There had to be a source. It came from broad exposures of Madison limestone in the ancestral Teton–Gros Ventre uplift, chemically dissolved and then precipitated with cool-climate fossils. Therefore, that lake lay under a cool, humid climate. First, a basin had to be created in which the material was deposited—a basin ultimately thirteen thousand feet deep to accommodate all the lake and river sediments we find there, which puts it two miles below sea level at a time when the region is supposedly uplifting. All this is basic to structure, and the structure is basic to tectonics. The Owl Creek Mountains and the Uinta Mountains trend east-west. Why? Why are their axes ninety degrees from what you would expect if the tectonic force came from the west? You can do a torsion experiment with a rubber sheet and get folds in various directions—you can get east-west uplifts in the rubber sheet—but I would not say that is conclusive. You have mountains foundering. You have thrusting in the Laramide and sinking forty to fifty million years later, causing parts of basins to tilt this way and that like broken pieces of piecrust. The Granite Mountains were once as high as the Wind Rivers. Why did they go down? How did they go down? I don't think we're ready yet to put together a real megapicture. The 1985 geologic map of Wyoming consists of eighty-five-per-cent new mapping since 1955. The amount remapped shows how much new information was acquired in thirty years. The Big Picture is not static. It will always include new ideas, new tectonics, new stratigraphy. This information is an essential part of the megathinking of the plate-tectonics people, and twenty-five, fifty, a hundred years from now it will be very different."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THE MESOZOIC ERA
175 MILLION YEARS
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CAMBRIAN
570
PRECAMBRIAN TIME
ABOUT 4000 MILLION YEARS
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WEST of Rawlins on Interstate 80, Love and I in the Bronco came into a region a good deal flatter than most of Iowa, with so little relief that there were no roadcuts for more than fifty miles. Among dry lakebeds dimpling the Separation Flats, our altitude was seven thousand feet, yet the distant horizon was close to the curve of the earth. In this unroughened milieu, we passed a sign informing us that we were crossing the Continental Divide. So level is the land there that the divide is somewhat moot. Cartographers seem to have difficulty determining where it is. Its location will vary from map to map. Moreover, it frays, separates, and, like an eye in old rope, surrounds a couple of million acres that do not drain either to the Atlantic or the Pacific—adding ambiguity to the word "divide."

With respect to underlying strata, we were running along the crest of an arch between two sedimentary basins, although nothing on the surface suggested that this was so, for the basins were completely filled. The flats to our left were the Washakie Basin, to our right the Great Divide Basin—each like a bowl brimming over with Eocene alluvial soup. Younger deposits—maybe a mile's thickness—had long since been washed or blown away, leaving a fifty-million-year-old surface

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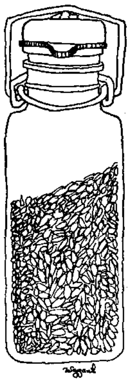
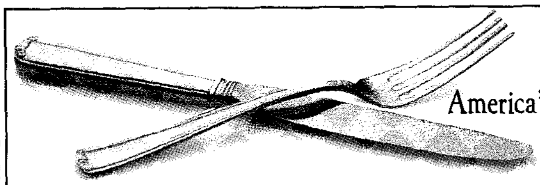
on which anything modern might fall.

A shepherd on horseback stood out against the sky, more so than his sheep. Even from a distance, he looked cold and uncomfortable. On this robust May afternoon, gray clouds, moving fast, were beginning to throw down hail. Love turned off the interstate, and the vehicle bucked south for a couple of miles in drab brown ruts that suddenly turned bright, almost white, as the ground jumped forward in time roughly fifty million years. This patch of thirty or forty acres was all that remained locally of a volcanic-ash fall that had covered large parts of Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, and Nebraska and had reached as far as Texas. Potassium-argon dating has established the event at six hundred thousand years before the present—far along in Pleistocene time, and an extremely recent date in the history of the world when you reflect that the age of the earth is eight thousand times the age of that ash fall, just as the United States of America is eight thousand times as old as something that happened in the middle of last week. The ash—consisting of very small shards of glass—had travelled about two hundred miles downwind from its volcanic source. Two hundred miles downwind from Mt. St. Helens, in the state of Washington, the amount of ash that has accumulated as a result of Mt. St. Helens' recent eruptions is three inches. The ash here at the Continental Divide was sixty feet thick. A hundred and more miles northwest are remnants of the same fallout, suggesting the dimensions of the great regional blanket of six hundred thousand years ago, now almost wholly lost to erosion. Love said cryptically, "We have to assume it fell on saint and sinner alike." It had not been milled around by streams. It was a pure ash, distinctly wind-borne, containing no sand, no clay. He said that some woolly-mammoth bones had been found not far away, and with them as a minor exception this ash marked the only firm Pleistocene date in an area of twenty thousand square miles. After settling, it had not consolidated—as volcanic ash sometimes will, forming welded tuff. (The Vesuvian air-fall ash that settled on Pompeii also flew too high to weld. Rising rapidly like smoke, it actually pooled up against the stratosphere. Pliny said it looked like a flat-topped Italian pine. The geological term for such an event is Plinian eruption.) A couple of hundred miles northwest of us were the paint pots and fumaroles, the geysers and calderas of Yellowstone. Love said that this Lava Creek ash represented one of the great outpourings in Yellowstone history. The hail now was pelting us. It collected like roe on the brim of his Stetson. Love seemed to regard it as a form of light rain, as something that would not last even for six hundred thousand nanoseconds and was therefore beneath notice.



Most volcanoes and related phenomena—most manifestations of the sort represented by the surface history of Yellowstone—are lined up along boundaries of the twenty-odd plates that collectively compose the earth's outer shell. The plates, which are something like a sixtieth of the earth's radius, slide around on a layer of the mantle hot enough to be lubricious. Where plates spread apart (the Red Sea, the mid-Atlantic), fresh magma wells up to fill the gap. Where plates slide by one another (San Francisco, Jericho), the ground is torn and walls collapse. Where plates collide (Denali, Aconcagua, Kanchenjunga), impressive mountains form. In collision, one plate usually slides beneath the other, plunging—in the so-called subduction zone—as much as seven hundred miles. The material carried down there tends to melt, and to rise as magma, reaching the surface in volcanic form, as in the Cascade Range, the Andes, the Aleutians, and Japan. Yellowstone, with all its magmatic products and bubbling sulphurs, attracts special attention in the light of this story, because Yellowstone is eight hundred miles from the nearest plate boundary.

When the theory of plate tectonics coalesced in the nineteen-sixties, it erased numerous enigmas of long pedigree in the science, and drew together in a single narrative aspects of geology that almost no one had guessed were related. In their excitement, geologists found themselves revelling in the novelty that the whole earth suddenly made sense. Plate tectonics seemed to account for everything from earthquakes to volcanic eruptions, from the great deeps of the oceans to the great altitudes of mountains. Like any practical theory, though, it asked as well as answered questions—and not a few of the questions were inconvenient to the theory. Many had to do with volcanism. For example, why was the island of Hawaii pouring out lava in the dead center of the Pacific Plate? Similarly, if volcanoes were the products of subduction zones, where was the nearest subduction zone to the Tibesti Mountains of Saharan Chad? The Tibesti massif—a couple of thousand kilometres from the leading edge of the African Plate—consists of shield volcanoes like Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. Where was the closest subduction zone to the chain of peaks that culminates in Mt. Cameroon, a stratovolcano fifteen hundred miles from the nearest plate boundary of any kind? Moreover, some of the fine old conundrums of geology—problems that antedated the plate-tectonics revolution—remained standing in its aftermath. What could explain the Canadian Shield? The South American Shield? The South African Shield? How could so much Precambrian rock lie close to sea level and not have been buried in a thousand million years? What, in recent time, had lifted the platform of the Rockies, causing their exhumation? Why were Love and I, there on the platform, not at sea level? What had lifted the Colorado Plateau, subjecting it to incision by canyon-cutting rivers? What explained flood basalts? Plate tectonics seemed to have no relevance to them. With plate theory, you would think you could predict the sedimentary history of continents, but you couldn't. Why were continental basins—the Michigan Basin, the Illinois Basin, the Williston Basin—several kilometres deep? If you expect a shieldlike situation as the ultimate scene, what could explain these anomalous deep basins? Oil people wanted to know most of all. They asked plate theorists, "What does plate tectonics tell us about these basins?" The answer was "Nothing." Why were the granites of New Hampshire relatively young, and therefore anachronistic in the Appalachian story? What explained great crustal swells, like random blisters on the ocean floor, rising high above the abyssal plains? What could explain Bermuda—a mountain summit seventeen thousand six hundred and fifty-nine feet above the Hatteras Abyssal Plain? What created the Marshall Islands, the Gilbert Islands, the Line Islands, the Tuamotu Archipelago—where corals veneer the peaks of twenty-thousand-foot mountains that tend to run in chains? Like Yellowstone, like Bermuda, like Hawaii, like Mt. Cameroon, they lie great distances from



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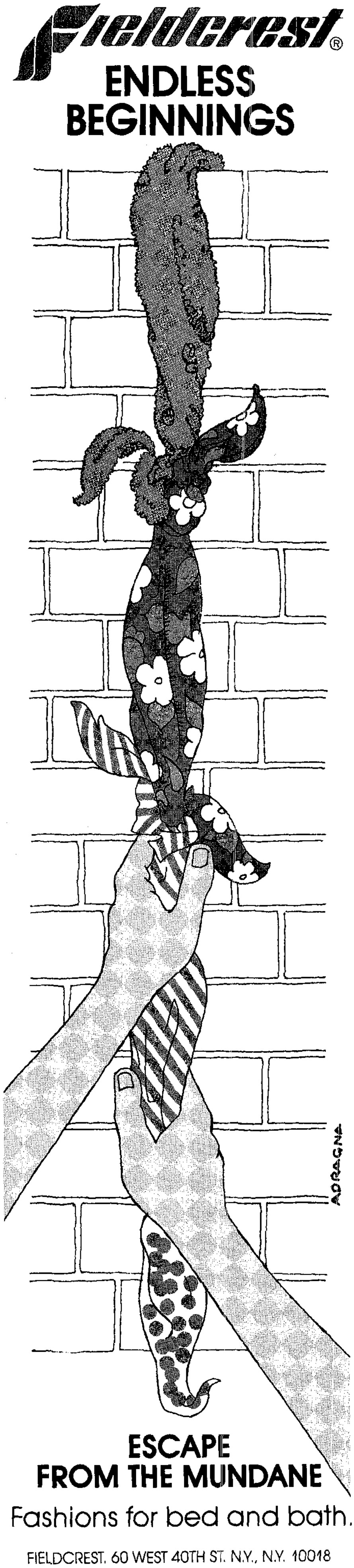
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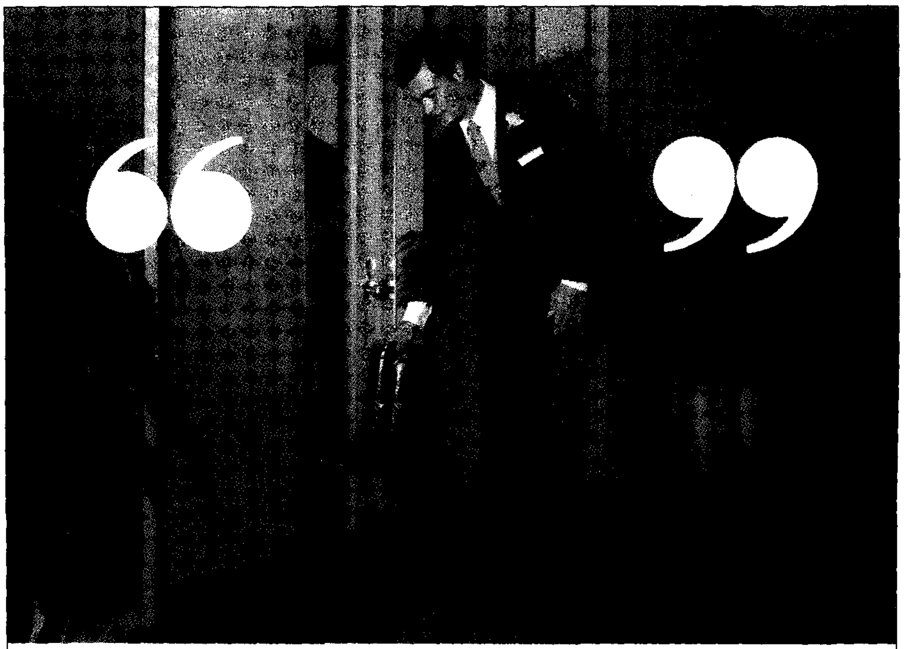
Yellowstone draws its name from rich golden splashes of chemically altered volcanic rock. The place smokes and spits—the effects of proximate magma. On a geologic map of North America, Yellowstone appears at the eastern end of a bright streak of volcanic debris, coming off it like a contrail, extending across Idaho. With distance from Yellowstone, rock on that track is progressively older, descending age by age to the Columbia River flood basalts, which emerged from the ground like melted iron in early Miocene time, spread out across three hundred thousand square kilometres (in some places two and three miles deep), filled the Columbia Valley, and pooled against the North Cascades. By comparing the dates of the rock, one could be led to conclude that the geologic phenomenon now called Yellowstone has somehow been moving east at a rate of two and a half centimetres a year. As it happens, that is the rate at which, according to plate-tectonic theorists, North America is moving in exactly the opposite direction. In increasing numbers, geologists have come to believe that in a deep geophysical sense Yellowstone is not what is moving. They believe that the great heat that has expressed itself in so many ways on the topographic surface of the modern park derives from a source in the mantle far below the hull of North America. They believe that as North America slides over this fixed locus of thermal energy the rising heat is so intense that it penetrates the plate.

The geologic term for such a place is "hot spot." The earth seems to have about forty of them—most older, and many less productive, than Yellowstone. Despite its position under thick continental crust, the Yellowstone hot spot has driven to the surface an amount of magma that is about equal to the over-all production of Hawaii, which has written a clear signature on the Pacific floor. Hawaii is the world's most preserved and trackable hot spot. You can see its geologic history on an ordinary map if the map shows even the rudiments of what lies below the sea. The Pacific Plate is moving northwest. It dives into the Japan Trench, the Aleutian Trench, and regurgitates the volcanic islands that lie on the far side. The plate used to move in a direction closer to true north, but forty-two million years ago it shifted course. Any hot spot now active under the Pacific Plate will produce islands or other crustal effects that appear to be moving in the opposite direction—southeast. Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa—the shield volcanoes that from seafloor to summit are the highest mountains on earth—stand close to the southeasterly tip of the Hawaiian Islands. The extremely eruptive Kilauea is making the tip. The islands become lower, quieter, older—the farther they lie northwest. Islands older still—defeated by erosion—now stand below the waves. These engulfed ancestors of Hawaii form a clear track in the Pacific crust for more than five thousand miles. When their age reaches forty-two million years, their direction bends north. Above the bend, they are known as the Emperor Seamounts. Ever older, they continue to the juncture of the Kuril and Aleutian Trenches, into which they disappear. The oldest of the Emperor Seamounts is Cretaceous in age. Mauna Loa, of course, is modern. Under the ocean forty miles southeast of Mauna Loa is Loihi, a mountain of new basalt, which has already risen about twelve thousand feet and should make it to the surface in Holocene time.

The ages of the Emperor Seamounts and the familial Hawaiian islands create the illusion that Hawaii is propagating southeast at a rate of nine centimetres a year, while the message from plate tectonics is, of course, that the Pacific Plate is what is moving. The speeds and directions of the plates have been established by a number of corroborant observations. Offsets in faults like the San Andreas have been measured as expressions of time. Places in California that were once side by side and are now four hundred miles apart are also separated by eleven million years. A great deal of ocean-crustal rock has been dredged up and radioactively dated. The ages have been divided by distance from the spreading center to determine the rate at which the rock has moved. Methods are being refined for annual measurements of plate motions by satellite triangulation. Hot spots provide one more way of calculating plate velocities, for hot spots are to the drift of plates as stars to navigation.

Conversely, it is possible to use established tectonic velocities to chart the tracks of hot spots with respect to the overriding plates. Given just one position and one date (the present will do), it is possible to say where, under the world, a hot spot would have been at any time across a dozen epochs. W. Jason Morgan, a geophysicist at Princeton, has sketched out many such tracks and reported them in various publications. Morgan can fairly be described as an office geologist who spends his working year indoors, and he is a figure of first importance in the history of the science. In 1968, at the age of thirty-two, he published one of the last of the primal papers that, taken together, constituted the plate-tectonics revolution. Morgan had been trained as a physicist, and his Ph.D. thesis was an application of celestial mechanics in a search for fluctuations in the gravitational constant. Only as a postdoctoral fellow was he drawn into geology, and assigned to deal with data on gravity anomalies in the Puerto Rico Trench. Fortuitously, he was assigned as well an office that he shared for two years with Fred Vine, a young English geologist who, with his Cambridge colleague Drummond Matthews, had discovered the bilateral symmetry of the spreading ocean floor. This insight was fundamental to the revolutionary theory then developing, and sharing that office with Fred Vine drew Morgan into the subject—as he puts it—"with a bang." A paper written by H. W. Menard caused him to begin musing on his own about great faults and fracture zones, and how they might relate to theorems on the geometry of spheres. No one had any idea how the world's great faults—like, say, the San Andreas and Queen Charlotte Faults—might relate to one another in a system, let alone how the system might figure in a much larger story. Morgan looked up the work of field geologists to learn the orientations of great faults, and found remarkable consistencies across thousands of miles. He tested them—and ocean rises and trenches as well—against the laws of geometry for the motions of rigid segments of a sphere. At the 1967 meeting of the American Geophysical Union, he was scheduled to deliver a paper on the Puerto Rico Trench. When the day came, he got up and said he was not going to deal with that topic. Instead, reading a paper he called "Rises, Trenches, Great Faults, and Crustal Blocks," he revealed to the geological profession the existence of plate tectonics. What he was saying was compressed in his title. He was saying that the plates are rigid—that they do not internally deform—and he was identifying rises,



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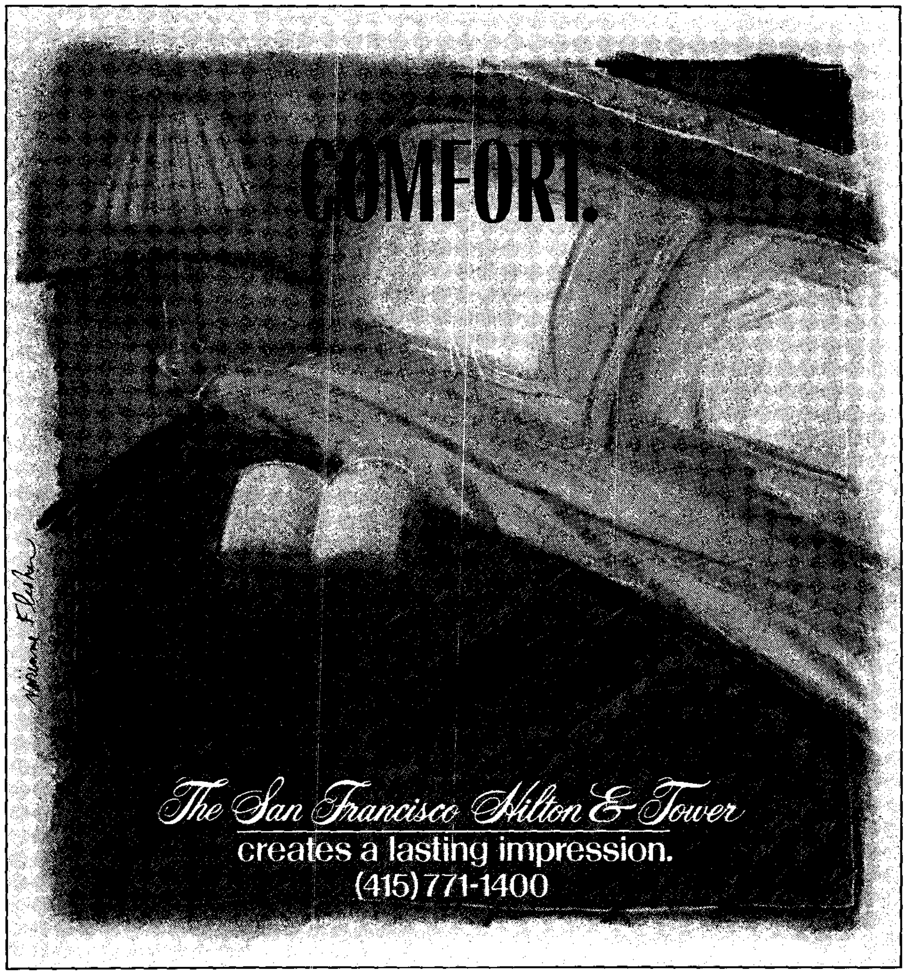
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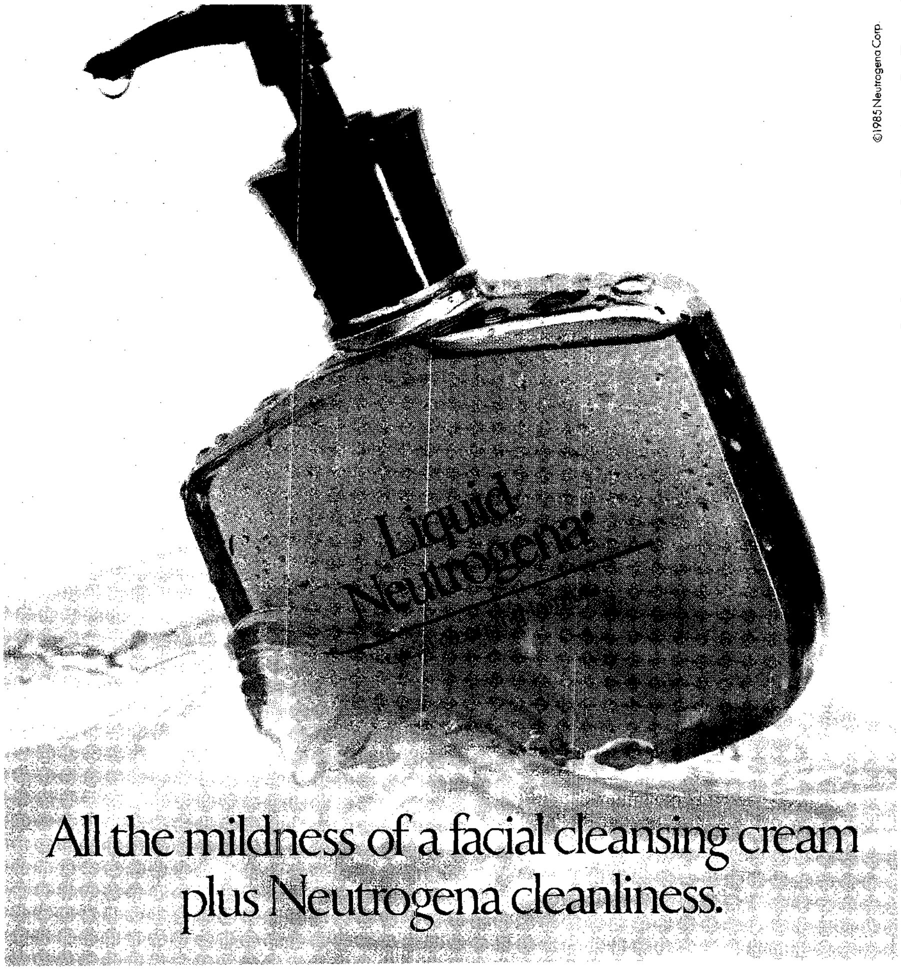
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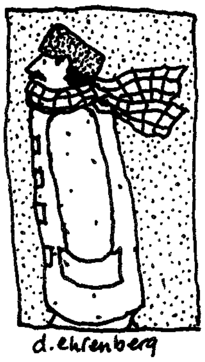
trenches, and great faults as the three kinds of plate boundaries. Subsequently, he worked out plate motions: the variations of direction and speed that have resulted in exceptional scenery. I once heard a friend of Morgan's ask him what he thought he could possibly do, if anything, as an encore to all that. Morgan is shy, and speaks softly, in accents that faintly echo a youth in Savannah, Georgia. "I don't know," he answered, with a shrug and a smile. "Prove it wrong, I guess."

Instead, he developed an interest in hot spots and the thermal plumes that are thought to connect their obscure roots in the mantle with their surface manifestations—a theory that would harvest many of the questions raised or bypassed by plate tectonics, and similarly collect in one story numerous disparate phenomena.

In 1937, an oceanographic vessel called Great Meteor, using a newly invented depth finder, discovered under the North Atlantic a massif that stood seventeen thousand feet above the neighboring abyssal plains. It was fifteen hundred miles west of Casablanca. No one in those days could begin to guess at the origins of such a thing. They could only describe it, and name it Great Meteor Seamount. Today, Jason Morgan, with other hot-spot theorists, is prepared not only to suggest its general origin but to indicate what part of the world has lain above it at any point in time across two hundred million years. Roughly that long ago, they place Great Meteor under the district of Keewaytin, in the Northwest Territories of Canada, about halfway between Port Radium and Repulse Bay. That the present Great Meteor Seamount was created by a hot spot seems evident from the size and configuration of its base, which is a thousand kilometres wide and closely matches the domal base of Hawaii and numerous other hot spots. If a submarine swell is of that size, there is not much else it can be. That it was once, theoretically, somewhere between Port Radium and Repulse Bay is a matter of tracing and dating small circles on the sphere traversed by moving plates.

Keewaytin is in the center of the Canadian Shield. If the shield once had younger sediments on it, a hot spot underneath it would have lifted it up and cleaned it off, creating the enigma of the Canadian Shield. Morgan believes that various hot spots positioned in various eras under shield rock are what have kept it generally free of latter-day deposits. Stubborn fragments of the Paleozoic here and there on the shield suggest that this is so, as does the relatively modest number of meteorite craters. If the shield rock had been sitting there uncovered since Precambrian time, its surface could be expected to be more widely pockmarked, not unlike the plains of the moon.

Later in the Jurassic, the Great Meteor Hot Spot was under the west side of Hudson Bay, and in the early Cretaceous under Moose Factory, Ontario. All this is postulated not on any direct field evidence but simply on a charted extrapolation from an ocean dome nearly four thousand miles away. As time comes forward, however, the calculations place the hot spot—with its huge volumes of magma—under New Hampshire a hundred and twenty million years ago. The radioactively derived age of a good deal of granite in the White Mountains, so puzzlingly "anachronistic" in Appalachian history, is a hundred and twenty million years.



East of the North American continental shelf, lined up like bell jars on the Sohm Abyssal Plain, are the New England Seamounts. Their average height is eleven thousand feet. They are very well dated, and their ages decrease with distance east. Their positions and their ages—ninety-five million years, ninety million years, eighty-five million years—coincide with Morgan's mathematical biography of the Great Meteor Hot Spot.

A development that has greatly improved the precision of these measurements is argon-argon dating. A stream of neutrons in a nuclear reactor bombards a rock sample and causes a known fraction of its atoms of potassium to change into argon-39. Also in the sample are atoms of the isotope argon-40, which are unaffected by the bombardment and are the result of the natural decay of potassium through geologic time. The rate of decay is known and constant. The higher the proportion of argon-40, the older the rock. A mass spectrometer measures these ratios to establish a date. The older procedure known as potassium-argon dating—hitherto the best way of determining the age of something more than a few tens of thousands of years old—is done in two steps, requiring two samples. First, a chemical process determines how much potassium is present. Then a mass spectrometer looks at the second sample to see how much potassium has altered radioactively to become its daughter argon. The procedure suffers from the effects of weathering, which occur not only on the surface of rock but from grain to grain within. Argon slips away from weathered material, thus changing its over-all ratio to potassium and making any date determined by this method all the more approximate. Argon-argon dating is accomplished in the microscopic core of a single grain, beyond even the faintest disturbances of weather. The newer method is significantly more consistent and accurate than the older one. Results have shown—notably among the New England Seamounts—that where many potassium-argon dates fall into general approximation with Morgan's calculations, the dates derived by argon-argon follow the track exactly.

Eighty million years ago, in the Campanian age of late Cretaceous time, Great Meteor would have underlain the American-African plate boundary, the Mid-Atlantic Ridge. Since then, Great Meteor has cut a gentle curve southward through the African Plate. From late Cretaceous, Paleocene, and Eocene time, the path is as well defined as it is on the American side. After the Eocene, the hot spot made the big seamount that bears its name. Then it began to go cold, to evanesce, to fade like a shooting star.

Shooting star. Almost everyone who describes hot spots is tempted to reverse reality and go for illusion at the expense of fact—that is, to narrate the apparent travels of hot spots as if they were in motion leaving trails like shooting stars, instead of telling the actual story of slow crustal drift over the fixed positions of thermal plumes. Myself included. With words, it is much easier to move a hot spot than it is to move a continent. Here, for example, is the story of another of the world's hot spots told in terms of its illusory motion. With the flood basalts of Serra Geral, in southern Brazil, a hot spot is said to have begun in late Jurassic time. It moved east under Brazil for several million years and then crossed over to Africa, which at that time was not much separated from South America. It lifted mountains in

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Angola, and then, doubling back, headed southwest under the ocean to form the Walvis Ridge, a line of seamounts whose ages agree exactly with plate calculations for the hot spot, which stands in the ocean at present as Tristan da Cunha.

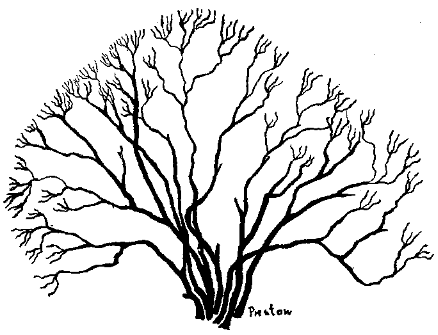
From the Serra Geral to the present island, the Tristan da Cunha hot-spot track is so well defined and dated that, as Morgan says, "it really ties down Africa." Not to mention South America.

An automatic inference from the theory is that hot spots perforating the same plates at the same times must make parallel tracks. On the floor of the Pacific, the tracks of the Line Islands, the Tuamotu Archipelago, the Marshalls, and the Gilberts parallel the track of Hawaii and the Emperor Seamounts. In the Atlantic, the Canary Islands have traced a curve parallel to Madeira's. Both are hot spots, and have left tracks that conform to Great Meteor. The Cape Verde Islands are a hot spot. A hundred and seventy million years ago, it was under New Hampshire, on a track nearly coincident with the later track of Great Meteor. The most voluminous intrusions of granite in the White Mountains are dated around a hundred and seventy million years. When Charles Darwin, on the Beagle, put in at the Cape Verde Islands, he had with him Charles Lyell's recently published "Principles of Geology," which was to become the nineteenth century's foundation textbook in the science. Darwin discovered with great pleasure "the wonderful superiority of Lyell's manner of treating geology, compared with that of any other author whose works I had with me or ever afterwards read." Had Lyell told him that the Cape Verde Islands had also been on a voyage—that in a deep geophysical sense they had come from New England—Darwin might have thrown the book overboard.

Even on the best-defined tracks, not everything falls patly into place. There is some granite in New Hampshire that is two hundred million years old—still too young to be part of the Appalachian orogenic story but too old to be explained in terms of the two passing hot spots that left other granites. Possibly the two-hundred-million-year-old rock has something to do with magmas that came up at that time as the crust tore apart to admit the Atlantic. When Great Meteor arrived at the edge of the Canadian Shield, under the present site of Montreal, it presumably made the Monteregian hills, for one of which the city is named. The Monteregian hills are volcanic, but their potassium-argon age disagrees by twenty million years with the date when, by all other calculations, Montreal was over the hot spot—an exception that probes the theory. Morgan attributes the inconsistency to "random things you can't explain" and mentions the possibility of faulty dating. He also says, quite equably, "If the Monteregian hills really don't fit the model, you have to come up with another model."

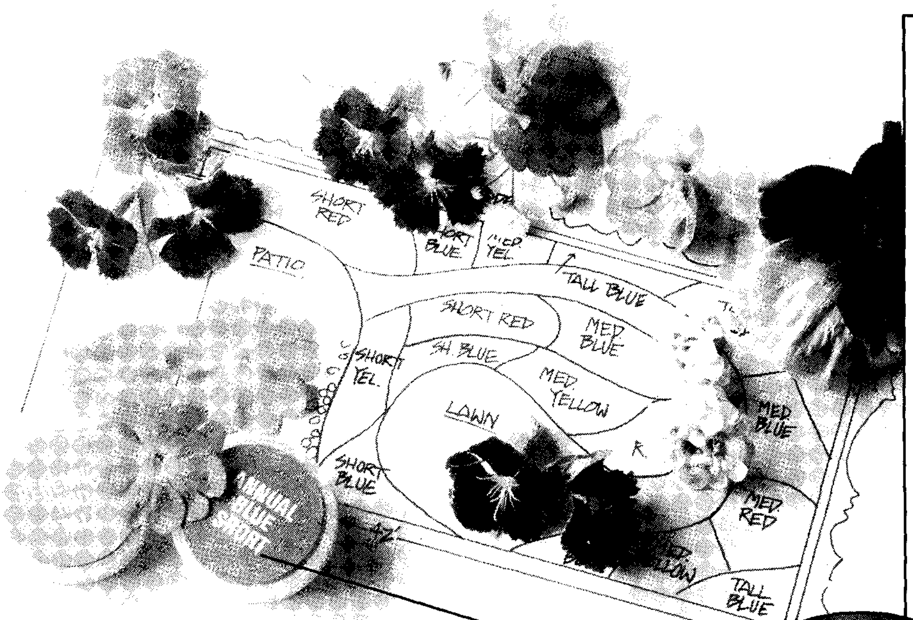
The hot-spot hypothesis was put forward in the early nineteen-sixties by J. Tuzo Wilson, of the University of Toronto, as a consequence of a stopover in Hawaii and one look at the islands. The situation seemed obvious. James Hutton, on whose eighteenth-century "Theory of the Earth" the science of geology has been built, understood in a general way that great heat from deep sources stirs the actions of the earth ("There has been exerted an extreme degree of heat below the strata formed at the bottom of the sea"), but no one to this day knows exactly how it works. Heat rising from hot spots apparently lubricates the asthenosphere—the layer on which the plates slide. According to theory, the plates would stop moving if the hot spots were not there. Why the hot spots are there in the first place is a question that seeks its own Hutton. For the moment, all Jason Morgan can offer is another shrug and smile. "I don't know," he says. "It must have something to do with the way heat gets out of the lower mantle."

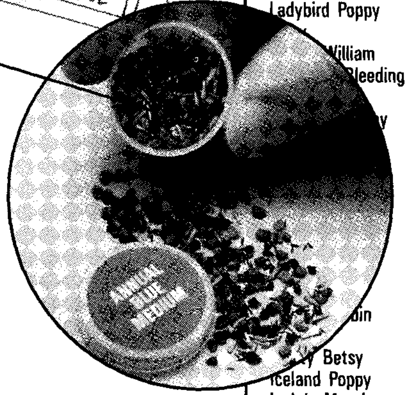
From very deep in the mantle (and perhaps all the way from the core) the heat is thought to rise in a concentrated column, and for this reason is alternatively called a plume. Its surface features are not proof in themselves that they are the product of some plant-stem phenomenon that is (or was) standing in the mantle far below. The chemistry of hot-spot lavas suggests that the rock is coming from below the asthenosphere, but there is no direct evidence of fixed hot spots in the mantle. They exist on inference alone. There is no way to sample the mantle. It can only be sensed—with vibrational waves, with viscosity computations, with thermodynamic calculations of what minerals do at different temperatures and pressures. Sound waves move slowly in soft rock, and some modes of the sound can be stopped completely where the rock is molten. The speed and patterns of seismic waves tell the story of the rock. Seismology is not quite sophisticated enough to look through the earth and count hot spots, but it approaches that capability, and when it gets there hot spots should appear on the screen like downspouts in a summer storm. If they don't, that may be the end of the second-greatest story in the youthful explorations of geological geophysics.



Hot spots seem to be active for roughly a hundred million years. Some of their effects on overriding plates last, of course, longer than they do. If they begin under continents, their initial manifestations at the surface are likely to be flood basalts. Hot-spot tracks have gone forth not only from the flood basalts of the Columbia River and the Serra Geral but in India from the flood basalts of the Deccan Plateau, in South Africa from the flood basalts of the Great Karroo, in East Africa from the flood basalts of the Ethiopian Plateau, in Russia from the flood basalts of the Siberian platform. Flood basalts are what the term implies—geologically fast, and voluminous in their declaration of the presence of a hot spot. In Oregon and Washington, in the middle Miocene, two hundred and fifty thousand cubic kilometres flowed out within three million years. Having achieved the surface in this form, the plume begins to make its track as the plate above slides by, just as Yellowstone, starting off from the flood basalts of Oregon and Washington, stretched out the pathway that has become the Snake River Plain.

An event of the brevity and magnitude of a great basalt flood is an obvious shock to the surface world. "We don't know what flood basalts do to the atmosphere," Morgan remarked one day in 1985, showing me a chronology he had been making of the great flood basalts that not only filled every valley "like water" and killed every creature in areas as large as a million square kilometres but also may have spread around the world lethal





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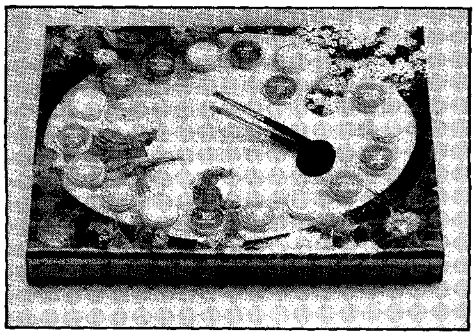

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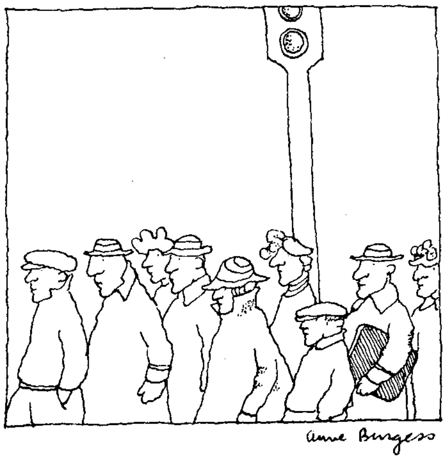
effects through the sky. Morgan's time chart of flood basalts matched almost exactly the cycles of death that are currently prominent in the dialogue of mass-extinction theorists, including the flood basalts of the Deccan Plateau, which are contemporaneous with the death of the dinosaurs—the event that is known as the Cretaceous Extinction.

The perforations made by hot spots may be analogous to the perforations in sheets of postage stamps. Plume tracks might weaken the plates through which they pass so that tens of millions of years later the plates would break apart along those lines. Madeira, for example, first drew the line where Greenland broke away from Canada. The Kerguelen Hot Spot, in the Indian Ocean, may have helped India break away from Antarctica. The Crozet Hot Spot, also in the Indian Ocean, seems to have helped Madagascar get away from Africa. In the interior of Gondwanaland, the southern supercontinent of three hundred million years ago, a hot spot punched out the line that is now the north coast of Brazil. The same line is the Gold Coast and Ivory Coast of Africa. The hot spot now stands in the Atlantic as the island St. Helena.

The oldest rocks in Iceland are at the eastern and western extremes of the island, because Iceland is a hot spot whose track comes down from the northwest and at present intersects the Mid-Atlantic Ridge where Europe and America diverge. Iceland, for the time being, is spreading with the Atlantic. A hundred million years ago, the Mt. Etna Hot Spot was under the Ukraine, and seems to have cleaned off the Ukrainian Shield. A hot spot has made Ascension Island, on the South American Plate beside the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, fourteen hundred miles east of Brazil. It spent a hundred and ten million years under Africa after starting off from the Bahamas in early Jurassic time, when the transatlantic crossing was instantaneous, because there was no Atlantic. The high-standing Bahamas—eighteen thousand feet above the Hatteras Abyssal Plain—are defined as a carbonate platform, its wide shallow seas underlain by limestones and corals. Morgan says, "I would hope that if you drilled through them you would end up with basalt." The Labrador Hot Spot is thought to be "blind"—a hot spot that has not found a way to drive a plume to the surface but has nonetheless raised the terrain. This would account for the otherwise unaccountable altitudes of Labrador, not to mention more cleansing of the Canadian Shield. The Guiana Shield is also thought to lie above a blind hot spot, which has lifted the country and produced, among other things, the world's highest falls—a plume of water twenty times the height of Niagara.

Bermuda is the last edifice of a faint but evident hot spot, which underlies the ocean crust east of the present islands. The domal swell of the seafloor is classic—like Hawaii's, a thousand kilometres wide. (Under continents, upwelled masses analogous to the Bermudian and Hawaiian swells can be shown by satellite measurements of gravity anomalies.) Bermuda has not been active for thirty million years, but its track can be extrapolated westward in conformity with the track of Great Meteor and the well-established motions of the North American Plate. Seen in its former contexts, Bermuda proves to be a good bit less interesting for where it is now than for where it has been. If you could somehow look into the side of the American continent from Georgia to Virginia, you would see a great suite of Cretaceous strata dipping north and south, descending like a rooftop from an apex at Cape Fear. Something lifted up that arch, and, as one can readily discern from the stratigraphy and structure, whatever did the lifting did it in Paleocene time. Since the Paleocene, the North American Plate has moved the exact distance from Bermuda to Cape Fear.

Bermuda came through there like a train coming out of a tunnel. Or so it would appear. In the Campanian age of late Cretaceous time, when Great Meteor was in mid-Atlantic, Bermuda was under the Great Smoky Mountains. The Appalachian system consists of parallel bands of kindred geology sinuously winding from Newfoundland to Alabama, where they disappear under the sediments of the Gulf Coastal Plain. Why this long ropy package would stand high in two places and sink low in others is not explained by plate tectonics. It can be explained by hot spots. Great Meteor and Cape Verde seem to have lifted New England's high mountains, Bermuda the Smokies. Uplift accelerates erosion. The rock of the Permian period—the last chapter in the Appalachian mountain-building story—has been removed everywhere in eastern America except in West Virginia and nearby parts of Ohio and Pennsylvania, halfway between the hot-spot tracks, halfway between New Hampshire and North Carolina. Because plate motions have shifted over time, the tracks of all hot spots, ancient and modern, form a palimpsest on the face of the earth. Untouched areas between lines often prove to be continental basins—the Michigan Basin, the Illinois Basin, the Mississippi Embayment, the Williston Basin—while the rims of the basins are structural arches lined up on the tracks of the hot spots. Morgan thinks the large continental basins may have been created when hot spots elevated the edges. The Great Meteor track runs between the Hudson Bay Basin and the Michigan Basin. A Paleozoic hot spot seems to have made the Kankakee Arch, which separates the Michigan and Illinois Basins. The Bermuda track runs between the Illinois Basin and the Mississippi Embayment. "Every basin gets missed," comments Morgan, with his hand on a map. "I don't think that's a coincidence."



Bermuda made the Nashville Dome. It lifted the Ozark Plateau, in middle Cretaceous time. "How much erodes off the top when a hot spot lifts something up depends on the durability of what's there," Morgan goes on. "If it's coastal mush, or Mississippi River mush, it goes quickly and in great volume. If it's quartzite, it resists. The resistant stuff stands up higher." Much of a hot spot's energy is expended in thinning the plate above it. Where the plate is already thin, most of the energy will appear at the surface in outpourings such as lava flows. When a plume has to come up through thick old craton, it makes kimberlites, carbonatites, gas-rich blowouts. The plumes may express themselves as diatremes, the extremely focussed volcanic events that bring diamonds out of the mantle and ex-

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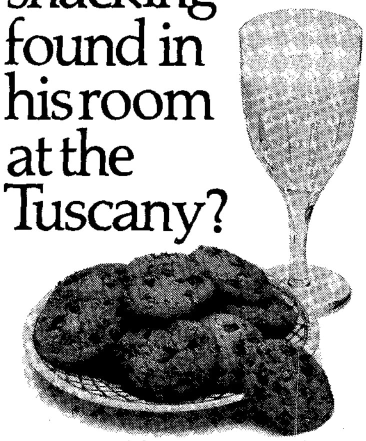

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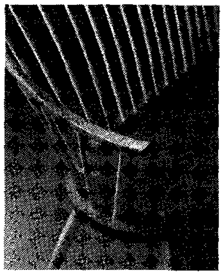

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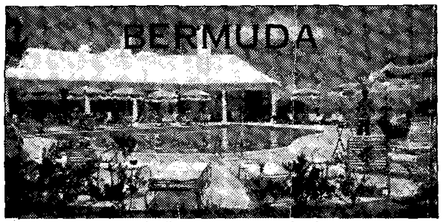

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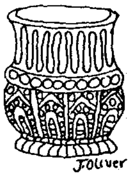
plode them into the air at Mach 2. The conduits are so narrow they are called pipes, and the rock left inside them after the explosion is kimberlite. When Bermuda was under Kansas, it sent up the Riley County kimberlites. For many years, these diamond pipes were described as crypto-volcanic structures, meaning that nobody knew what they were. Later, they were thought to be meteorite strikes. In 1975, in Riley County, a hole was drilled with a tungsten-carbide bit that could smoothly cut its way through anything but diamonds. It went down sixty feet, where all penetration ceased. The bit was pulled. It was grooved and scarred. There are "meteor impacts" along the Bermuda track in Tennessee, southern Kentucky, and Missouri. Morgan thinks they are diatremes, or, as he puts it, "hot-spot blasts." They lie in a matrix of Paleozoic rock. If in fact they are meteor impacts, the hot spot would have lifted up the country and caused the erosion that exposed them to view. In Morgan's summation, "the thing works for me either way."



When Bermuda was under Wyoming, in Neocomian time, the Rockies did not exist, but the magmas of the Idaho batholith had recently come in, a short distance up the track. When Bermuda was under the state of Washington, the state of Washington was blue ocean. If the track is followed back to two hundred million years, Bermuda seems to have been under Yakutat, Alaska. Hearing most of this for the first time at a colloquium in Princeton, a graduate student said, "This is like playing chess without the rules."

During the past twenty million years, the region that we like to call the Old West is thought to have been passing over not one but two hot spots, which have done much to affect the appearance of the whole terrain. The other one is less intense than Yellowstone, and is at present centered under Raton, New Mexico. Volcanoes are at the surface there. The Raton plume has lifted the Texas panhandle, the southern Colorado high plains. Its *easternmost* lava flow is in western Oklahoma. Its track, parallel to Yellowstone's, includes the Jemez Caldera, above Los Alamos, and may have begun in the Pacific. To the question "What lifted the Colorado Plateau, the Great Plains, and the Rocky Mountain platform?" the answer given by this theory is "The plumes of Raton and Yellowstone." As Utah and Nevada crossed the hot spots, the plumes are thought to have initiated the extensional faulting that has separated the sites of Reno and Salt Lake City by sixty miles in eight million years, breaking the earth into fault blocks and creating the physiographic province of the Basin and Range. Work done in the rock-dating laboratory of Richard Armstrong, a geochemist and geochronologist at the University of British Columbia, shows that Basin and Range faulting began at the western extreme of the region and moved eastward at a general rate of twenty-eight miles per million years—a frame commensurate in time and space with the continent's progress over the hot spots now positioned under Yellowstone and Raton. The Tetons began to rise eight million years ago and are clearly not products of the Laramide Orogeny. They are a result of extensional faulting, and conform to hot-spot theory as the easternmost expression of the Basin and Range. The Colorado Plateau lies between the two hot-spot tracks, and Morgan believes that their combined influence is what lifted it, setting up the hydraulic energy that has etched out the canyonlands. How the plateau avoided the rifting and extension that went on all around it—why it, too, did not break into blocks—is a question that leaves him baffled. That the two hot spots, at any rate, are progressively lifting the country is a point reinforced by a remarkable observation: a line drawn between them is the Continental Divide.

Inevitably, it has been suggested that someday North America may split apart along the Yellowstone perforations of the Snake River Plain. "That gives me a caution," says David Love. "I think there are some problems there. I have a feeling that the hot-spot ideas have been somewhat enlarged beyond the facts. The term itself probably means different things to different people. To me, a hot spot is an area of abnormally high temperature gradients, so high that it can be interpreted as having an igneous mush down below. In the Snake River Plain, the volcanics do get older east to west—in a broad sense, yes. But when you get down to details you get down to discrepancies. We don't know all the ages we should, on the various sets of volcanics. We need to learn them, and plot them up in geographic and time perspective. We will—but to my satisfaction we have not, yet. I would like to see a lot more regional information. In northwest Wyoming, volcanism began in the early Eocene, fifty-two million years ago. You got the Absaroka volcanic centers. Volcanic debris from them was spread by water and wind across the Wind River Basin, the Green River Basin. Then what happened? Everything went blah. The Yellowstone-Absaroka hot spot abruptly terminated at the end of Eocene time. Where the hell did that hot spot go? Twenty-five to thirty million years later, it was reactivated in the same place. What was that plume doing for all those millions of years? How do you reactivate a plume? We need answers to this sort of thing, and we don't have them. If the plume theory is correct, you've *got* to answer those questions."

THE hail over the interstate turned to snow, and we passed a Consolidated Freightways tandem trailer lying off the shoulder with twenty-six wheels in the air—apparently overturned (a day or two before) by the wind. Abruptly, the weather changed, and we climbed the Rock Springs Uplift under blue-and-white marble skies. As we moved on to Green River and Evanston—across lake deposits and badlands, and up the western overthrust—the sun was with us to the end of Wyoming. On the state line was a flock of seagulls, in the slow lane, unperturbed, emblematically announcing Utah—these birds that saved the Mormons. Mormon traffic, heading on home, did not seem intent on returning the favor.

If Wyoming can be said to have been acupunctured for energy, nowhere was this so variously evident as in the southwestern quadrant of the state, from the new coalfields near Rock Springs to the new oil fields of the Overthrust Belt, not to mention experimental attempts to extract petroleum from Eocene lacustrine shale, which—in that corner of Wyoming and adjacent parts of Colorado and Utah—contains more oil than all the rock of Saudi Arabia. More than the Union Pacific was after such provender now. "We are at the mercy of the East Coast and West Coast establishments," Love said. "It's been called energy colonization." And while we traversed the region, with scene after scene returning us to this theme, his reactions were not always predictable. There were moments that emphasized the scientist in him, others that brought

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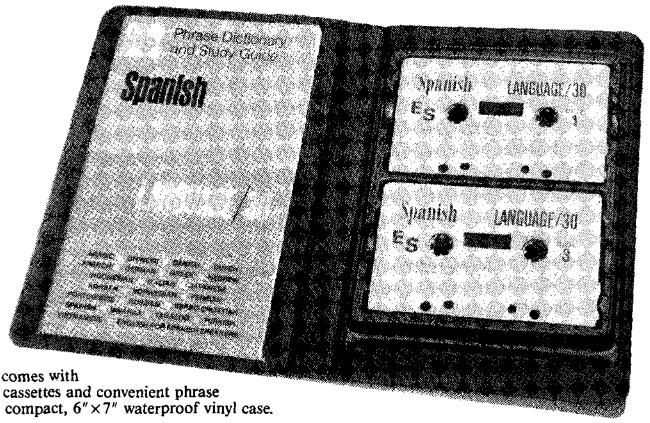

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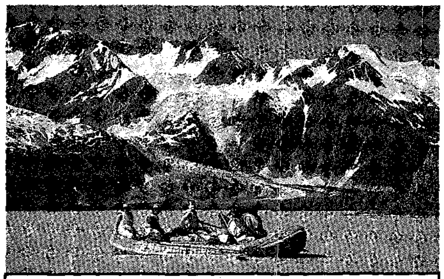

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out the fly-at-it-folks discoverer of resources, and others that brought forth a vigorous environmentalist, conserving his native ground, fulminating in the face of effronteries to humanity and the earth. Love is a prospector in the name of the people, who looks for the wealth in exploitable rock. He is also a pure scientist, who will follow his instincts wherever they lead. And he is a frequent public lecturer who turns over every honorarium he receives to organizations like the Teton Science School and *High Country News*, whose charter is to understand the environment in order to defend it. Thus, he carries within himself the whole spectrum of tensions that have accompanied the rise of the environmental movement. He carries within himself some of the central paradoxes of his time. Among environmentalists, he seems to me to be a good deal less lopsided than many, although beset by contradictory interests, like the society he serves. He cares passionately about Wyoming. It may be acupunctured for energy, but it is still Wyoming, and only words and images, in their inevitable concentration, can effectively clutter its space: a space so great that you can stand on a hilltop and see not only what Jim Bridger saw but also—through dimming tracts of time—what no one saw.

The Rock Springs Uplift, like the Rawlins Uplift, is a minor product of the Laramide Revolution, a hump in the terrain which did not keep rising as mountains. There was "red dog"—red clinker beds—in low cuts beside the road. When a patch of coal is ignited by lightning or by spontaneous combustion, it will oxidize the rock above it, turning it red. The sight of clinker is a sign of coal. Love said that this clinker was radioactive. Like coal, it was adept at picking up leached uranium. As the cuts became higher, we could see in the way they had been blasted the types of rock they contained. Where the cuts were nearly vertical, the rock was competent sandstone. Where the backslope angle was low, you knew you were looking at shale. Cuts that went up from the road through sandstone, then shale, then more sandstone, had the profiles of flying buttresses, firmly rising to their catch points, where they came to the natural ground. The shallower the slope, the softer the rock. The shallowest were streaked with coal.

At Point of Rocks, a hamlet from the stagecoach era, was a long roadcut forty metres high, exposing the massive sands of a big-river delta, built out from rising Rockies at the start of the Laramide Orogeny into the retreating sea. We left the interstate there and went north on a five-mile road with no outlet, which followed the flank of the Rock Springs Uplift and soon curved into a sweeping view: east over pastel buttes into the sheep country of the Great Divide Basin, and north to the white Wind Rivers over Steamboat Mountain and the Leucite Hills (magmatic flows and intrusions, of Pleistocene time), across sixty miles of barchan dunes, and, in the foreground—in isolation in the desert—the tallest building in Wyoming. This was Jim Bridger, a coal-fired steam electric plant, built in the middle nineteen-seventies, with a generating capacity of two million kilowatts—four times what is needed to meet the demands of Wyoming. Twenty-four stories high, the big building was more than twice as tall as the Federal Center in Cheyenne, which is higher than Wyoming's capitol dome. Rising beside the generating plant were four freestanding columnar chimneys so tall that they were obscured in cumulus from the cooling towers, which swirled and billowed and from time to time parted to reveal the summits of the chimneys, five hundred feet in the air. "This place is smoking the hell out of the country," Love said. "The wind blows a plume of corruption. In cold weather, sulphuric acid precipitates as a yellow cloud. It's not so good for people, or for vegetation. Whenever I think of this plant, I feel sadness and frustration. We could have got baseline data on air and water quality before the plant was built, and we muffed it." He blames himself, although at that time he had arsenic poisoning from springwater in the backcountry and was sick for many months.

The idea behind Jim Bridger was to ship energy out of Wyoming in wires instead of railway gondolas. Ballerina towers, with electric drapery on their outstretched arms, ran from point to point to the end of perspective, relieving pressure on the Oregon-Idaho grid. The coal was in the Fort Union formation—in a sense, the bottom layer of modern time. Locally, it was the basal rock of the Cenozoic, the first formation after the Cretaceous Extinction—when the big animals were gone, but not their woods and vegetal swamps. Wyoming had drifted a few hundred miles farther north than it is now, and around the low swamplands were rising forests of oak, elm, and pine. The terrain was near sea level. Mountains had begun to stir—Uintas, Wind Rivers, Owl Creeks, Medicine Bows—and off their young slopes they shed the Fort Union, its muds burying the compiled vegetation, cutting off oxygen, preserving the carbon. As the mountains themselves became buried, the fallen vegetation in the thickening basins was ever more covered as well, to depths and pressures that caused it to become a soft and flaky sub-bituminous low-rent grade of coal, a nonetheless combustible low-sulphur coal. With the Exhumation of the Rockies, nature, in the form of wind and water, worked its way down toward this coal. By the middle nineteen-seventies, nature had removed a mile of overburden, and had only sixty feet to go. At that point, something called the Marion 8200, an eight-million-pound landship also known as a walking dragline, took over the job.

The machine was so big it had to be assembled on the site—a procedure that required fourteen months. Now working within a mile or two of the generating plant, it could swing its four-chord deep-section boom and touch any spot in six acres, its bucket biting, typically, a hundred tons of rock, and dumping it to one side. The 8200 had dug a box canyon, its walls of solid coal about thirty feet thick. The inside of the machine was painted Navy gray, and had non-skid deck surfaces, thick steel bulkheads, handrails, and oval doors that looked watertight. They led from compartment to compartment, and eventually into the air-conditioned sanctum of Centralized Power Control, where, lined up in ranks, were electric motors. The foremost irony of this machine was that it was far too large and powerful to operate on diesel engines. Although the chassis was nine stories high, it could not begin to contain enough diesels to make the machine work. Only electric motors are compact enough. Out the back of the machine, like the tail of a four-thousand-ton rat, ran a huge black cable, through gully and gulch, over hill and draw, to the generating plant—whose No. 1 customer was the big machine.

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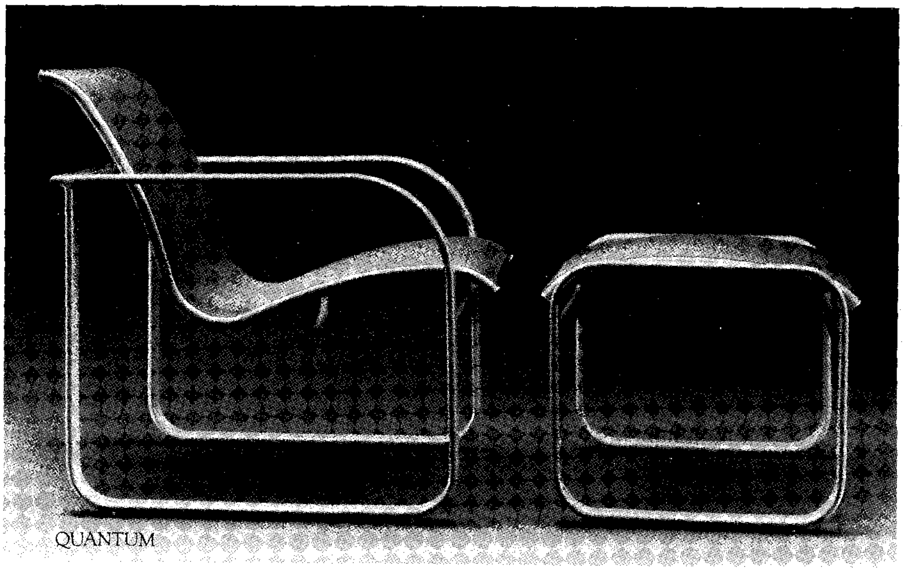

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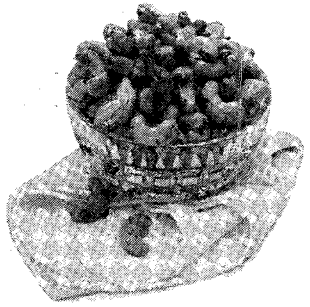

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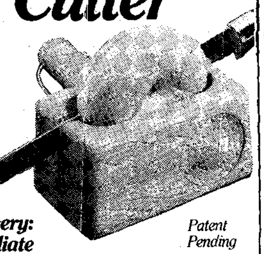

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lurched backward seven feet, so traumatically compressing the dirt it landed on that smoke squirted out the sides and the ground became instant slate. This machine—with its crowned splines, its precise driveline mating, its shop-lapped helical gears, its ball-swivel mounting of the boom-point sheaves, its anti-tightline devices and walking-shoe position indicators—had unsurprisingly attracted the attention of Russian engineers, who came in a large committee to see Jim Bridger, because they were about to build twenty-five similar generating stations in one relatively concentrated area of Siberia, which, they confided, closely resembled Sweetwater County, Wyoming.

This strip mine, no less than an erupting volcano, was a point in the world where geologic time and human time had intersected. Ordinarily, the close relationship between the two is masked: human time, full of beepers and board meetings, sirens and Senate caucuses, all happening in microtemporal units that physicists call shakes and jerks; geologic time, with its forty-six hundred million years, delivering a message that living creatures prefer to return unopened to the sender. In this place, though, geology had come up out of its depths to join the present world, and, as Love would put it, all hell had broken loose. "How people look at it depends on whose ox is being gored," he said. "If you're in a brownout, you think it's great. If you're downwind, you don't. Wyoming's ox is being gored."

When the Bridger operation was under construction, hundreds of tents and trailers lined most of the five miles of the spur road to the site—an "impact" that ultimately shifted to Rock Springs, thirty miles away, and Superior, and other small towns in the region. Populations doubled during the coal rush, which was close in time to the booms in trona mining and oil. Even after the booms had settled down, twenty-eight per cent of the people of Wyoming were living in mobile homes. During the construction of Jim Bridger, Rock Springs, especially, became a heavy-duty town, attracting people with no strong attachments elsewhere who came into the country in pickups painted with flames. With its bar fights and prostitutes, it was wild frontier territory, or seemed so to almost everyone but David Love. "Fights were once fights," he commented. "Now the fight starts and your friends hold you back while you throw insults." Cars were stripped of anything that would come off. Pushers arrived with every kind of substance that could stun the human brain. A McDonald's sprang up, of course, decorated with archaic rifles, with plastic cattle brands lighted from the inside, with romantic paintings of Western gunfights—horses rearing under blazing pistols on dusty streets lined with false-fronted stores. A Rock Springs policeman shot another Rock Springs policeman at point-blank range and later explained in court that he had sensed that his colleague was about to kill him. How was that again? The defendant said, "When a man has the urge to kill, you can see it in his eyes." The jury saw it that way, too. Not guilty. Some people in Sweetwater County seemed to be of the opinion that the dead policeman needed killing.

Love's son Charlie, who lives and teaches in Rock Springs, once told us that the community's underworld connections were "only at the hoodlum level." He explained, "The petty gangsters here aren't intelligent enough for the Mafia to want to contact. You can't make silk purses out of sows' ears."

The number of cowboys in Wyoming dropped from six thousand to four thousand as they rushed into town to join the boom, disregarding the needed ratio of one man per thousand head of cattle. In desperation for help at branding time, calving time, and haying time, ranchers had to go to the nearest oil rig and beg the roughnecks to moonlight.

FOR a steam-driven water-cooled power plant, this one seemed to have a remarkably absent feature. It seemed to be missing a river. The brown surrounding landscape was a craquelure of dry gulches. In one of them, though—a desiccated arroyo called Dead Man Draw—was a seventy-five-acre lake, fringed with life rings, boats, and barbecue grills. At the rate of twenty-one thousand gallons a minute, Jim Bridger was sucking water from the Green River, forty miles to the west. To cool an even drier power station, some hundreds of miles away in northeast Wyoming, a proposal had been made to pump Green River water over the Continental Divide to the Sweetwater River, which runs into the North Platte, from which the water would be pumped over a lesser divide and into the Powder River Basin. Love said, "That would destroy the whole Sweetwater regimen, destroy the Platte, and destroy the Powder River, all for coal in the Powder River Basin—a slurry pipeline or something of the sort. It's very much on the books. If they go in for the gasification of coal, they're going to need it. It's known as the trans-basin diversion of the Green River. The water has fluorine in it. Wherever it gets into the ground, it can pollute the water table in ten to fifteen years. The river also picks up sodium from trona. In the town of Green River, the sodium in the drinking water greatly exceeds E.P.A. standards. If they decide to pipe the water over the Continental Divide, water quality could be lowered in the Powder River Basin to the point of needing a desalinization plant."

We moved on toward Green River, where the most spectacular suite of roadcuts and rock exposures anywhere on Interstate 80 contained in its sediments the history of these evils. Dark mountains, spread low across the horizon, might have been a storm coming on—and in a sense they were, or had been. They were the Overthrust Belt, cumulate from the west. Looking north to the even more distant Gros Ventres and Wind Rivers, and south to the high cirques of the Uintas, we were encompassing in a wide glance about sixteen thousand square miles of land, much of it so dry, stacked flat like crumbling hardtack, that only a geologist could absorb such a scene and see in it a lake that would rank seventh in the world.

In the Eocene, when the lake existed, the appearance of North America approached its present form. The journey from New York to Paris may have been eight hundred miles shorter than it is now, but the North Atlantic was a maturing ocean. The Appalachians were much higher. There were no Great Lakes. There was no westerly rise to the Great Plains. The foreland ranges of the Rockies had pooched out from their sea-level platform, and west-running rivers were flowing around them to pool against the overthrust mountains. In California there was no Sierra, in Nevada and Utah no mountains of the Basin and Range—only moist gentle country coming in from the Pacific Coast. This Eocene time line, drawn from either end of the continent, would have converged in western Wyoming in something comparable to the Sea of Azov. A hundred and fifty miles long, a hundred miles wide, it was

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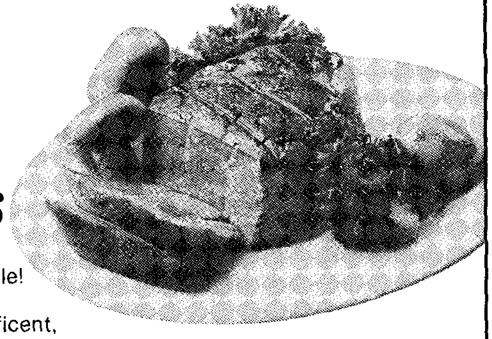

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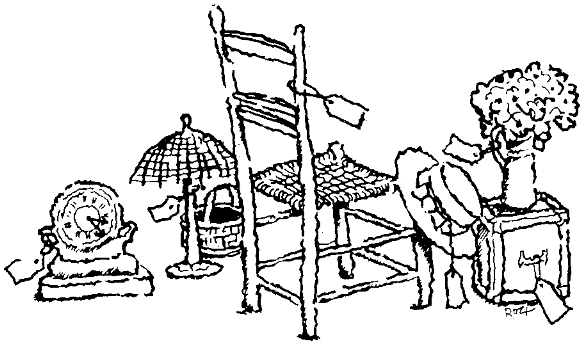

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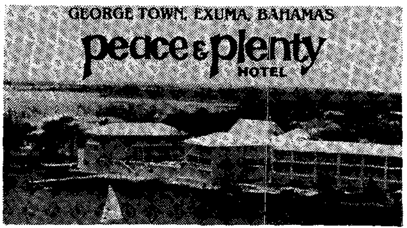

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larger by far than Erie, larger than Lake Tanganyika, larger than Great Bear. It was two hundred times Lake Maggiore. It had no name until a century ago, when a geologist called it Lake Gosiute.

Lakes are so ephemeral that they are seldom developed in the geologic record. They are places where rivers bulge, as a temporary consequence of topography. Lakes fill in, drain themselves, or just evaporate and disappear. They don't last. The Great Lakes are less than twenty thousand years old. The Great Salt Lake is less than twenty thousand years old. When Lake Gosiute took in the finishing touch of sediment that ended its life, it was eight million years old.

West of Rock Springs, we came to an escarpment known as White Mountain, standing a thousand feet above the valley of Killpecker Creek. In no tectonic sense was this a true mountain—a folded-and-faulted, volcanic, or overthrust mountain. This was just a Catskill, a Pocono, a water-sliced segment of layered flat rock, a geological piece of cake. In fact, it was the bed of Lake Gosiute, and contained almost all of the eight million years. Apparently, the initial freshwater lake eventually shrank, became bitter and saline, and intermittently may have gone dry. Later, as the climate remoistened, water again filled the basin, and the lake reached its greatest size. As we looked at White Mountain, we could see these phases. It was the dry, salt-lake interval in the middle—straw and hay pastels so pale they were nearly white—that had given the bluff its name. The streams that had opened it to view were lying at its base. Killpecker Creek (full of saltpeter) flowed into Bitter Creek, and that soon joined the Green River.

Down the road a couple of miles was a pair of tunnels—snake eyes in the lakebed. They were one of only three sets of tunnels on Interstate 80 between New York and San Francisco, but they had to be there in the nose of White Mountain, or the interstate, flexing left, would destroy the town of Green River. Tower sandstone stood on the ridgeline in castellated buttes. With each mile, they increased in number, like buildings on the outskirts of a city. Off to the left was the island from which the geologist John Wesley Powell—seven years before the battle of the Little Bighorn—set off in a flotilla of dinghies to follow the Green River into its master

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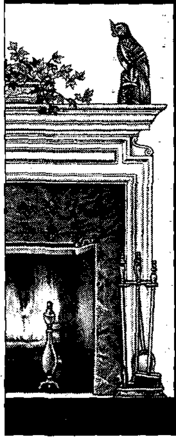

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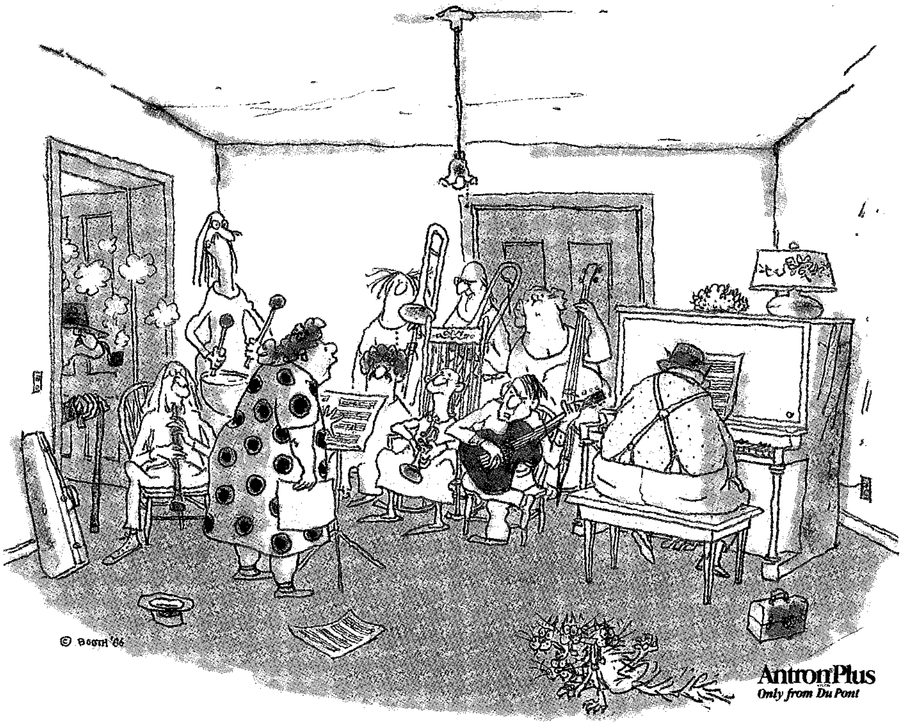
stream, and to survive the preëminent rapids of North America on the first known voyage through the Grand Canyon. A huge sandstone broch stood in brown shale above the tunnels, which penetrated the lakebed's saline phase. If the Great Salt Lake, which has been freshening in recent years, should follow the biography of Gosiute, it will swell up to the size of Huron and, as it once did, spill to the north over Red Rock Pass and pour down the Snake River Plain. Inundating much of Utah and some of Nevada, it will send the Mormons back to New York, saying, "That was the place."

We burst into the light at the western end of the tunnel among concentrated stands of lofted redoubts, a garden of buttes, and huge walls of flat strata in roadcuts and rivercuts extending a full mile. William Henry Jackson photographed this scene, in 1870, for the Hayden Survey. The buttes have been given names like Tollgate Rock, Teakettle Rock, Sugar Bowl Rock, Giant's Thumb. Love said there were Indian petroglyphs on Tollgate Rock but they were far too high to see. "You'd have to be a mountain goat to get up there," he went on, and scarce had he uttered the words when a figure white as gypsum appeared on a cone of talus at the base of the Tower sandstone, close by the petroglyphs, its head in motionless silhouette. "You can tell people just to look for that goat if they want to see where the petroglyphs are," he advised me. "They can always find the petroglyphs by looking for the goat."

About halfway up White Mountain was a layer of sandstone that happened to be phosphatic and contained uranium. Love said he knew this because he had discovered the uranium. Nonmarine phosphate, largely unknown elsewhere in the world, was one of the many legacies of this strange vanished lake. A few miles back, the uraniferous phosphatic sandstone had formed a low ridge in the path of the interstate, which cut straight through it, dosing all drivers with a few hundred milliroentgens to keep them awake.

He also remarked that the sedimentary story was reflecting a lot of tectonic history. You could see the orchestration of the mountain ranges by reading backward through the layers of sediment. For example, from the age and position of the sedimentary rock derived from the Uinta Mountains and the Wind River Range you could



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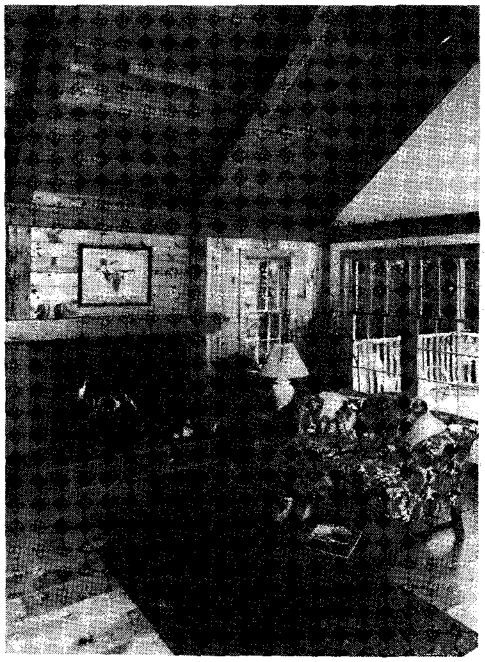

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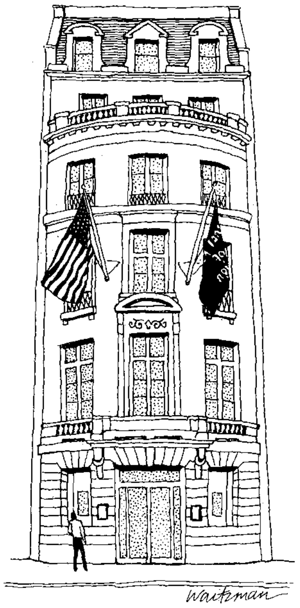
At all moments in the history of Lake Gosiute, it was replete with organic life, from the foul clouds of brine flies that obscured its salty flats to the twelve-foot crocodiles and forty-pound gars in the waters at their widest reach. For this was Wyoming in the Eocene, and in the lake at varying times were ictalurid catfish, bowfins, dogfish, bony tongues, donkey faces, stingrays, herring. The American Museum of Natural History has a whole Gosiute trout perch in the act of swallowing a herring, recording in its violence two or three seconds from forty-six million years ago. In the museum's worldwide vertebrate collection, roughly one fossil in five comes from Wyoming, and a high percentage of those are from Gosiute and neighboring lakes. Around the shores were red roses and climbing ferns, hibiscus and soapberries, balloon vines, goldenrain. The trees would generally have been recognizable as well: pines, palms, redwoods, poplars, sycamores, cypresses, maples, willows, oaks. There were water striders, plant hoppers, snout beetles, crickets. The air was full of frigate birds. Dense beds of algae matted the shallows. In all phases through the eight million years, quantities of organic material mixed with the accumulating sediments and are preserved with them today in the form of oil shale. On the far side of the Uinta Mountains was another great lake, reaching from western Colorado well into Utah. Lake Uinta, as it has come to be called, and Lake Gosiute and several smaller lakes left in their shales a potential oil reserve recently estimated at about one and a half trillion barrels. This is the world's largest deposit of hydrocarbons. It is actually nine times the amount of crude oil under Saudi Arabia, and about ten times as much oil as has so far been pumped from American rock.

Distinct in the long suite of cuts at Green River were the so-called mahogany ledges, where oil shale is particularly rich. They looked less like wood than like bluish-white slabs of thinly bedded slate. Oil shale always weathers bluish white but is dark inside, and grainy like wood. The thinner the laminae the higher the ratio of organic material. The richest of the dark oleaginous flakes—each representing the sedimentation of one year—were fifteen-thousandths of a millimetre thick. Love dropped some hydrochloric acid on the rock, and the acid beaded up like an arching cat. "It's actually kerogen," he said. "It converts to high-paraffin oil. It's not like Pennsylvania crude."

To mining engineers, oil shale had presented an as yet unsolved and completely unambiguous problem: how to remove the shale without destroying the face of the earth. So far, three principal methods had been considered. One was to strip-mine it, crush it, separate the oil, then smooth out the tailings—a process that could result in the absolute rearrangement of twenty-five thousand square miles. Another was to go underground, excavate a percentage of the rock, and refill the caverns with tailings. That was known as the "modified in situ" approach. And finally someone thought of drilling a hole, pumping in propane, and starting a fire. The heat would cause liquid oil to run out of the shale. The oil could be forced up through another well before the fire destroyed it. A burn would not, like a clinker fire, continue indefinitely. If oxygen was not fed to the flames, they would die. This was known as "true in situ" mining; and there in White Mountain, a few miles away, the federal government had been perfecting the technique. The experiments thus far had brought down the recovery cost to a million dollars a barrel. In Cheyenne one time, I saw a Peter Pan Crunchy Peanut Butter jar filled with such oil. It looked and smelled like the contents of a long unemptied spittoon.



The one-and-a-half-trillion-barrel estimate was somewhat extravagant, because it included every last drop—referring, as it did, to all shale with any content of kerogen. In the richer rock—in the shales that contained from twenty-five to sixty-five gallons of oil per ton—were no more than six hundred billion barrels. That would do. That was more petroleum in place than all the petroleum produced in the world to date. Love remarked that oil shale had been "trumpeted to the skies" but, with the energy crisis in perigee, both government and industry were losing interest and pulling out. Temporarily pulling out. Sooner or later, people were going to want that shale.

FOR Lake Gosiute to have lasted so long in a mountain setting, Love said, an amazing delicacy of crustal balance was required. As the lakebed thickened, it had to subside at an appropriate rate if it was to continue to hold water and accept sediment. Gosiute sediments average about half a mile, top to bottom. The oil is at all levels. The evaporite phase, in the middle, reports a Gosiute of dense and complex brine that was surrounded by mud flats sickeningly attended by the hum of octillion flies. Trona—sodium sesquicarbonate—precipitated out of the brine in concentrations rare in the world. It was discovered in 1938, but the boom did not begin until the sixties. We tasted some salty crystals in the rock at Green River, in beds that dipped west and pointed into the ground toward mines. Trona is an important component of ceramics and textiles, pulp and paper, iron and steel, and, most especially, glass. Love commented that more than two tons of trona had been going into the Green River every day merely from the washing of freight cars—and that was a lot of sodium. The Wyoming Department of Environmental Quality had put a stop to the practice. He said there had been a brewery in Green River that drew its water from a well drilled to trona. The beer had a head like a stomach tablet. A few miles south of us were the headwaters of the reservoir that covered Flaming Gorge. Before the federal Bureau of Reclamation built a dam there, Flaming Gorge was one of the scenic climaxes of the American West—a seven-hundred-foot canyon in arching Triassic red beds so bright they did indeed suggest flame. Afterward, not much was left but the hiss, and an eyebrow of rock above the water. The reservoir stilled fifty miles of river. Some of the high water penetrates beds of trona. When the reservoir drops, dissolved trona comes out of the rock and drips into the reservoir. When water rises again, it goes back into the rock for more trona. Love said that Lake Powell and Lake Mead—reservoirs downstream

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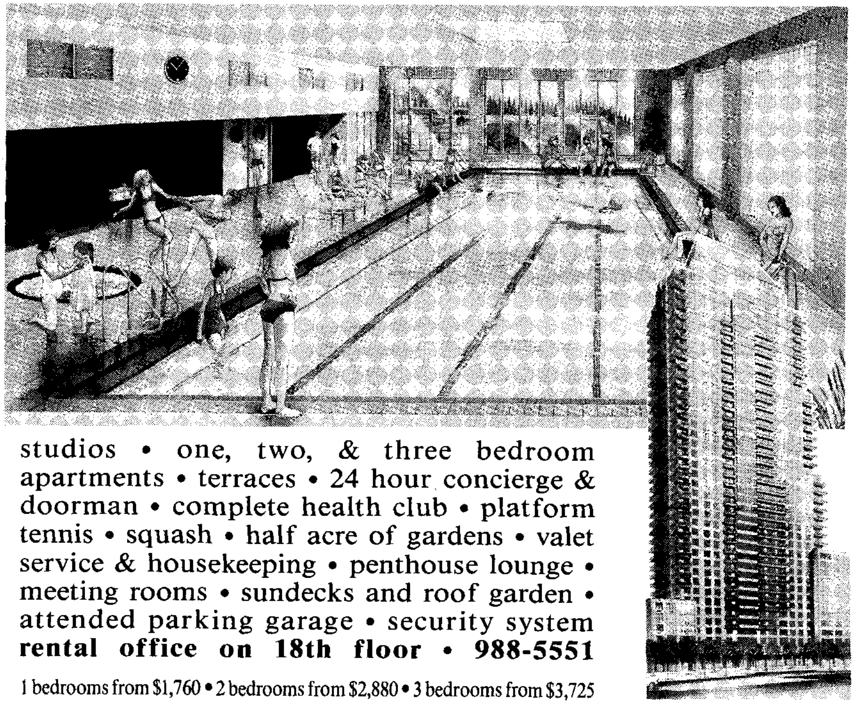

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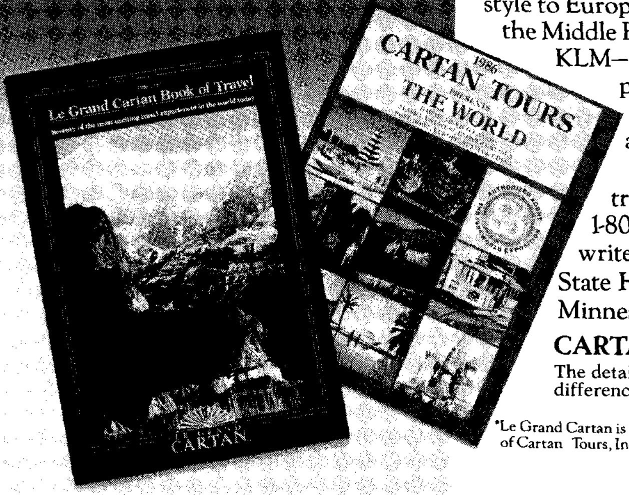

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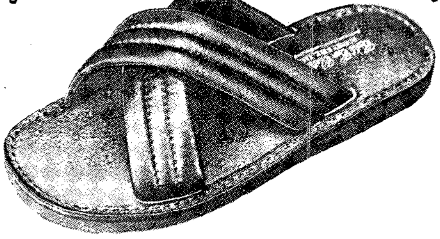

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—were turning into chemical lakes as a result. "And a lot of it winds up with the poor farmers in Mexico," he said. "We are going to have to desalinate their water." Some miles along the interstate, when we crossed the Blacks Fork River, we would see alkali deposits lying in the floodplain like dried white scum. On both sides of the road were abandoned farmhouses, abandoned barns, their darkly weathered boards warping away from empty structures out of plumb. The river precipitates and the abandoned farms were not unrelated. This was the Lyman irrigation project, Love explained—a conception of the Bureau of Reclamation, an attempt to make southwestern Wyoming competitive with Wisconsin. The Blacks Fork River was dammed in 1971, and its waters were used to soak the land. The land became whiter than a bleached femur. It still appeared to be covered with light snow. "Alkali sours the land," Love said. "The drainage here is just too poor to flush it out. Imagine the sodium those farmers drank in their water."

Meanwhile, west of Green River, a tall incongruous chimney seemed to rise up out of the range, streaming a white plume downwind. Below the chimney, but hidden by the roll of the land, was a trona refinery, and, below the refinery, a mine. I had gone down into it one winter day half a dozen months before, and I now remarked that the people there had told me that the white cloud issuing from the chimney was pure steam.

"It goes clear across the state," Love said. "That's pretty durable for steam."

He said that fluorine, among other things, was coming out of the refinery with the steam. Settling downwind, it could cause fluorosis. He thought it might be damaging forests in the Wind River Range. The afternoon sky was cloudless but not exactly clear. "The haze you see is the trona haze that goes across Wyoming," he continued. "We never used to have this. You could clearly see distant mountains on any average day."

Trona is about as hard as a fingernail, and much of it looks like maple sugar or honey-colored butter crunch. I remembered drinking coffee at a picnic table nine hundred feet below us, in a twilighted Kafkan dusty world where dynamite provoked reverberate thunders that moved from room to room and eventually clapped themselves. Chain saws with bars ten feet long sliced into the rock to define the next blast. Stickers on lunch pails said:

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"The Southeast is the stroke and hypertension belt of the United States," Love was saying. "That is blamed on sodium, including sodium in the water. We're not far behind. Perhaps we can overtake them."

By the Gros Ventre River near Crystal Creek, some years ago, Love noticed horses eating the Cloverly formation—putting their noses right on the outcrop and slurping up nodules of soft Cretaceous lime. He could guess where the horses had come from. They were from Cora, near Pinedale, at the western base of the Wind River Mountains. When the Wind Rivers came rising up during the Laramide Revolution and moved a few miles west, they completely covered the only limestone in the region. As a result, he said, it is not unusual for a college freshman who has grown up in Pinedale to require false teeth. Pinedale has one of the two or three highest records of dental decay in Wyoming. Pinedale is to caries as Savannah is to coronary thrombosis, in each case for a geological reason.

He said that somewhere in limbo on the industrial drawing board was a geothermal project that would mine the hot groundwaters of the Island Park Caldera, southwest of Yellowstone. The question uppermost in many people's minds seemed to be: What would happen to Old Faithful and other Yellowstone geysers? In New Zealand, when the government tapped the fifth-largest geyser field in the world for geothermal energy the Karapiti Blowhole shut down as promptly as if a hand had turned a valve. A geyser field in Nevada once rivalled Yellowstone's—until 1961, when geothermal well-drilling killed the Nevada geysers. Old Faithful was having trouble enough without help from the hand of man. For a century, and who knows how much longer, Old Faithful had erupted at intervals averaging seventy minutes, but in

1959 an earthquake centered nearby in Montana slowed the geyser down. Additional earthquakes in 1975 and 1983 caused Old Faithful to become so erratic that visitors complained. Constructed around the geyser is something that resembles a stadium, where crowds collect in bleachers and expect Old Faithful to be faithful: "to play," as hydrologists put it—to burst in timely fashion from its fissures, like a cuckoo clock made of water and steam. Frustrated travellers, sometimes clapping their hands in unison, seemed to be calling on the National Park Service to repair the geyser. A scientist confronted with these facts could only shrug, make observations, and formulate a law: *The volume of the complaints varies inversely with the number of miles per gallon attained by the vehicles that bring people to the park.*

Love, who has made a subspecialty of the medical effects of geology, had other matters on his mind. In public lectures and in meetings with United States senators, he asked what consideration was being given to radioactive water from geothermal wells, which would be released into the Snake River through Henrys Fork and carried a thousand miles downstream. After all, radioactive water was known from Crawfish Creek, Polecat Creek, and Huckleberry Hot Springs, not to mention the Pitchstone Plateau. On the Pitchstone Plateau were colonies of radioactive plants, and radioactive animals that had eaten the plants: gophers, mice, and squirrels with so much radium in them that their bodies could be placed on photographic paper and they would take their own pictures. A senator answered the question, saying, "No one has brought that up."

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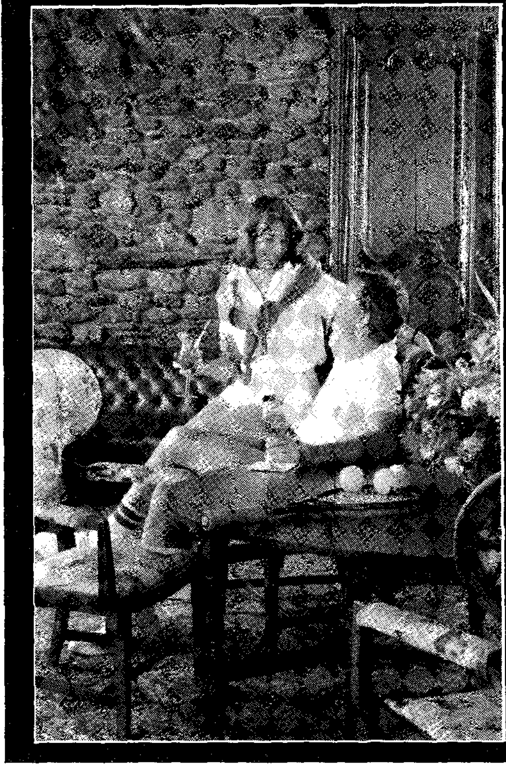

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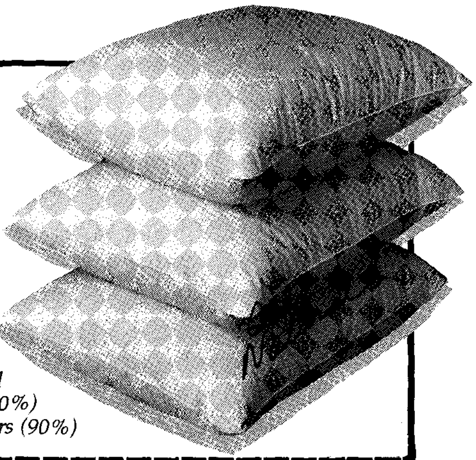

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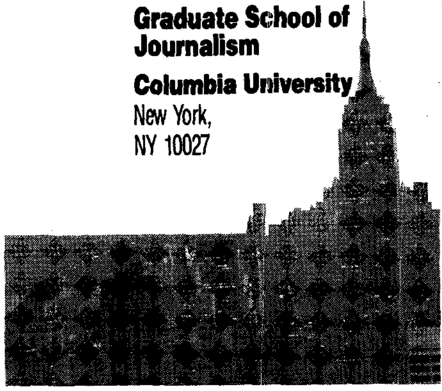

and fifty miles, from the Uinta Mountains to the Wind River Range, interspersed with badlands. The badlands were late-Eocene river muds and sands chaotically distributed on top of the filled-in lake, and now being further strewn about at the whim of cloudbursts.

In the center of the high swale were the silvery-gray remains of hundreds of cut trees, which had been dragged into the open and arranged as a fence in kidney-bean shape, all but enclosing about fifteen acres. Vaguely, they formed a double corral, with an aperture in one place only, and had apparently been used—for uncounted years—to trap antelopes. Antelopes don't climb fences, as people fond of roast pronghorn discovered centuries ago. Love's son Charlie, the professor of anthropology and geology at Western Wyoming Community College, knew of the trap and had thought out the strategies by which it was effective. His father expressed pride in Charlie for "thinking as intelligently as the aborigines." The high valley held fast an aesthetic silence—a silence reminiscent of the Basin and Range, a silence equal to the winter Yukon. About the only sign of humankind was the antelope trap. This was the Overthrust Belt as it had appeared before white people—thinking intelligently but not like the aborigines—mapped the terrain, modelled its structure, and went after what lay beneath it. There were mountain bluebells and salt sage in the valley, ground phlox and prickly pear. Love reached down and plucked up a plant and asked if I knew what it was. It looked familiar, and I said, "Wild onion."

He said, "It's death camas. It brings death quickly. It killed many pioneer children. They thought it looked like wild onion."

Suddenly, the great silence was smashed by running gunfire as two four-wheel-drive vehicles, each with a lone rider, appeared over the western rim and thundered up the valley, leaving behind them puffs of blue smoke. They disappeared to the north, still shooting. This was boom country now, however temporarily—another world of pickups painted with flames. It had been described in journals as "the hottest oil-and-gas province in North America"—a phrase in which Love found bemusement and irony, because for three-quarters of a century the hottest oil-and-gas province in North America had been lying there neglected.

"This region was written up in 1907 as containing possible oil fields," Love said. "They're 'finding' them now. That 1907 paper, by A. C. Veatch, of the U.S.G.S., was simply ignored. Until 1975, people said there was no oil in the thrust belt. Now it's the hot area. Veatch did his work in the part of the thrust belt that straddles I-80. He said oil should be there, and he said where. His paper is a classic. That it was ignored shows the myopia of oil companies, and of geologists in general. The La Barge oil field, in the Green River Basin off the edge of the thrust belt, was discovered in 1924. Twenty years later it became evident that the La Barge field was producing more oil than the structure could contain. The oil was migrating into it from the thrust belt. The evidence was there before us, and we didn't see it. We talked about it. We wondered why. Now the margins of basins have become new frontiers for oil. Anywhere that mountains have overridden a basin, there are likely to be Cretaceous and Paleocene rocks below, quite possibly with oil and gas. The Moncrief oil company drilled through nine thousand feet of granite at Arminto and into Cretaceous rocks and got the god-damnedest field you ever saw."

On I-80 to the end of Wyoming, we moved among the drilling rigs and pump jacks of some of the most productive fields you ever saw. Love said, "These rigs are not damaging the landscape very much. It isn't all or nothing. It doesn't have to be." I remembered a time when we had gazed down into the Precambrian metasediments of a taconite mine off the southern tip of the Wind River Range. It was an open pit, square, more than a mile on a side. I asked him how he felt about a thing like that, and he said, "They've only ruined one side of the mountain. Behind the pit, the range top is covered with snow. I can live with this. This is a part of the lifeblood of our nation." I recalled also that when the Beartooth Highway was built, ascending the wall of a Swiss-like valley to subsummit meadows of unique beauty, Love defended the project, saying that people who could not get around so well would be enabled to see those scenes.

Love is an unsalaried adjunct professor at the University of Wyoming,

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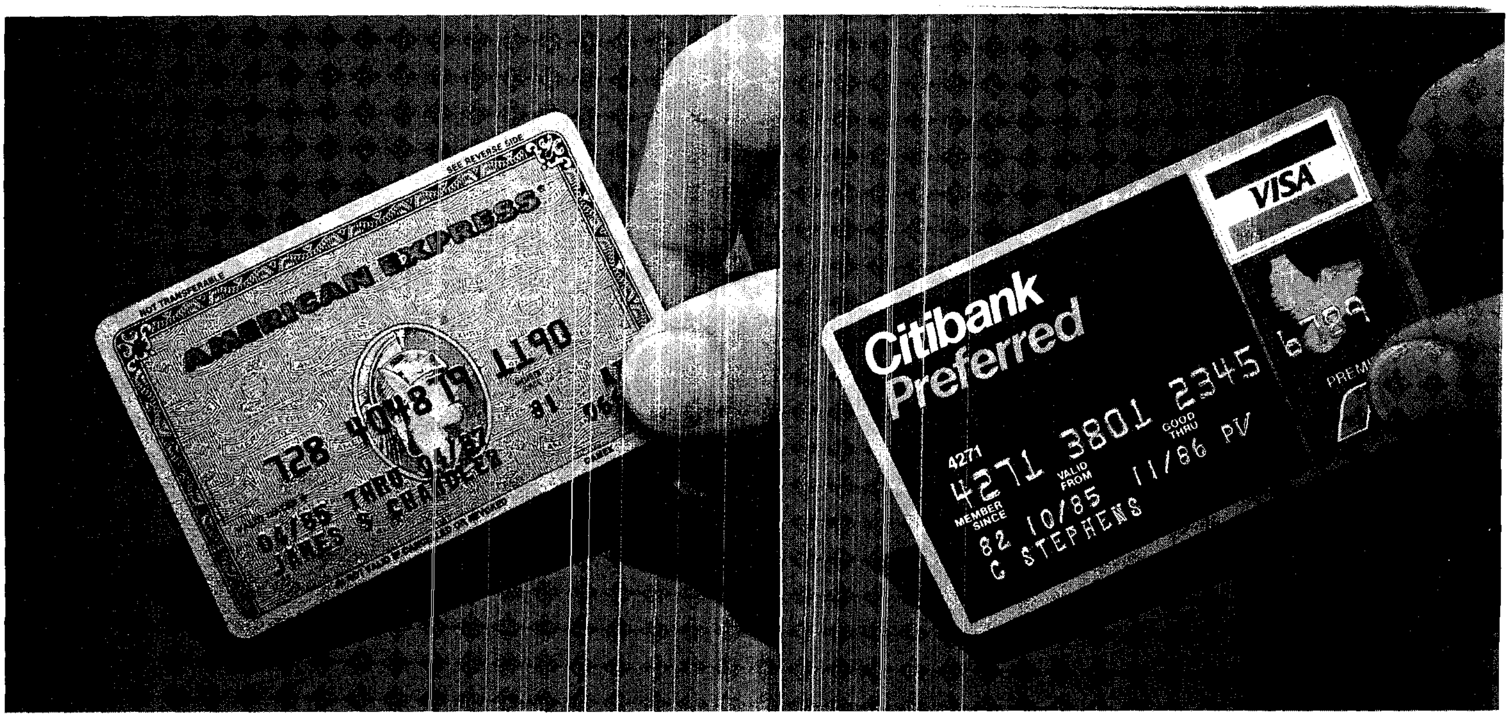

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annually supervising the work of six or eight graduate students in Laramie and in the field. The imaginations of graduate students have a tendency to go dark when the time arrives to choose a topic for a thesis. Typically, they say to him, "Everything has been done."

"Nonsense," says the adjunct professor. "I can blindfold you and have you throw a dart at the geologic map of Wyoming, and wherever it hits you'll find a subject for a thesis."

One day in Jackson Hole, in the small log cabin Love sometimes uses as a field office, I asked him if I could throw a dart at the geologic map of Wyoming. "Be my guest," he said, and I sent one flying three times, scoring my first, second, and third Ph.D.s. The second one, for me, struck closest to home. It landed by Sweetwater Creek under Nipple Mesa, a couple of miles from Sunlight Peak in the North Absaroka Wilderness—eight miles from Yellowstone Park. "You have hit the Sunlight intrusives," Love said, and somehow I expected the sound of falling coins. "The area has not been surveyed," he continued. "There's no grid. Along Sweetwater Creek are mineral springs and oil seeps. A consortium of major oil companies wants the region removed from wilderness designation." The oil fields of the Bighorn Basin march across the sageland right to the feet of the Absarokas, he said, and their presence asks a great structural question: How far does the basin reach under the mountains? Since the Absarokas are made of volcanic debris, the oil seeping out of the banks of Sweetwater Creek could not have originated in Absarokan rock. He said he thought that the oil-bearing rock of the Bighorn Basin might go under the mountains all the way to Mammoth.

I repeated the name Mammoth, trying to remember where it was, and then said, "That's on the Montana border. It's all the way across Yellowstone Park."

He said, "Yes."

In 1970, Love and his colleague J. M. Good had published a paper on this subject. After considering and rejecting a number of titles—seeking to fashion the flattest and drabbest appropriate phrase—they settled upon "Hydrocarbons in Thermal Areas, Northwestern Wyoming." Now, with regard to my dart in the map, he said, "If you are interested in geochemistry, the composition of the oil from those seeps has not been studied. Is it Paleozoic high-sulphur oil? Mesozoic low-sulphur oil? Tertiary low-sulphur oil? One needs to know the quality of the oil and the depth of the reservoir rock." His tone seemed to exclude both emotion and opinion. "If you're interested in geophysics, what kinds of seismic reflections do you get from rocks below the volcanics?" he went on. "Can they be interpreted in a way that works out the prevolcanic structures? In terms of volcanic chemistry, what kinds of alteration of these Eocene volcanic rocks have occurred because of thermal activity and migration of oil into these rocks? None of this has ever been explored. In the regional context, a geologist cannot ignore the possibilities where that dart hit. A scientist, as a scientist, does not determine what should be the public policy in terms of exploration for oil and gas."

No rock could be more volcanic than the rock of Yellowstone Gorge—rose-and-burgundy, burnt-sienna, yellowcake-yellow Yellowstone Gorge—where petroleum comes out of the walls with hot water and steam. In 1939, when the National Park Service was digging abutments for a bridge downriver from the gorge, the National Park Service struck oil. Several workers, overcome by fumes of sulphur, died. These nagging facts notwithstanding, it was conventional wisdom in geology that where you found volcanics you would not find oil. In the nineteen-sixties, Love went out for a wider look. For example, he went on horseback into the Yellowstone backcountry carrying a four-foot steel rod. Twenty miles from the trailhead, he found swamps that were something like tar pits. When he jammed the rod into a swamp, a cream-colored fluid welled up. He put it in a bottle. In a day's time, the mixture had separated, and much of it was clear amber oil. In pursuing this project, the environmentalist within him balked, the user of resources preferred the resources somewhere else, but the scientist rode on with the rod. He knew he would bring scorn upon himself, but he was not about to stifle his science for anybody's beliefs or opinions. He did lose friends, including some Friends of the Earth. He lost friends in the Wilderness Society and the Sierra Club as well. To them, the Yellow-

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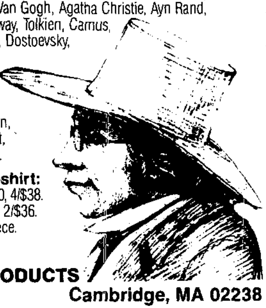

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stone oil was only the beginning of the threat he might be raising. The Designated Wilderness Areas of the United States had been selected on the assumption that they were barren of anything as vital as petroleum. "I will admit that it bothers me that I have provoked the wrath of organizations like the Sierra Club," Love remarked that day in the cabin. "My great-uncle John Muir founded the Sierra Club, and here I am, being a traitor."

PASSING through Yellowstone on one of our journeys, Love and I found ourselves in foggy mists beside a boiling spring, and on impulse he got out a scintillometer and held it over the water. The scintillometer clicked away at a hundred and fifty counts per second, indicating that the radioactivity in the spring was about three times background. Interesting—but not exactly adrenalizing to a man who had seen the thing going at five thousand and upward.

In the years that immediately followed the Second World War, the worldwide search for uranium was so feverish that geologists themselves seemed to be about three times background. Not only was the arms race getting under way—with the security of the United States thought to be enhanced by the fashioning of ever larger and ever smaller uranium bombs—but also there was promise of a panacean new deal in which this heaviest of all elements found in nature would cheaply heat homes and light cities. The rock that destroyed Hiroshima had come out of the Colorado Plateau, and it was to that region that prospectors were principally drawn.

As any geologist would tell you, metal deposits were the result of hydrothermal activity. Geochemists imagined that water circulating deep in the crust picked up whatever it encountered—gold, silver, uranium, tin, all of which would go into solution with enough heat and pressure. They imagined the metal rising with the water and precipitating near the surface. By definition, a vein of ore was the filling of a fissure near a hot spring. This theory was so correct that it tended to seal off the conversation from intrusion by other ideas.

Three geologists working in South Dakota in 1950 and 1951 found uranium in a deposit of coal. Locally, there was no hydrothermal history. Oligocene tuff—volcanic detritus blown east a great distance—overlay

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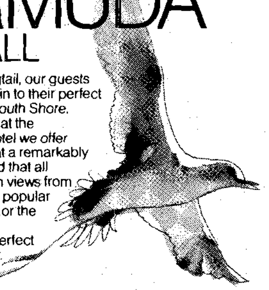

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the coal. There were people who thought that ordinary groundwater had leached the uranium out of the tuff and carried it into the coal. Love was one of the people. If such a process—contravening all accepted theory—had in fact occurred, then uranium might be found not only in hydrothermal settings but also in sedimentary basins. When Love proposed a search of Wyoming basins, hydrothermalists in the United States Geological Survey not only mocked the project but attempted to block it. So goes, sometimes, the spirit of science. The tuffs of the Oligocene were a part of the burial of the Rockies, and most had been removed during the exhumation. Love looked around for sedimentary basins where there was evidence that potential host rocks had once been covered with tuff. He had a DC-3 do surveys with an airborne scintillometer over the Powder River Basin. Some of the readings were remarkably hot—notably in the vicinity of some high-standing erosional remnants called Pumpkin Buttes. He went there in a jeep, taking with him for confirming consultation the sedimentologist Franklyn B. Van Houten, who has described himself ever after as "Dave Love's human scintillometer." Love wanted to see if there had been enough fill by Oligocene time to allow the tuff to get over the buried Bighorn Mountains and be spread across the Powder River Basin. He and Van Houten climbed to the top of North Pumpkin Butte and found volcanic pebbles from west of the Bighorns in Oligocene tuff. Then Love went down among the sandstones of the formation lying below, where, at many sites, his Halross Gamma Scintillometer gave six thousand counts per second.

In time, he and others developed the concept of roll fronts to explain what he had found. In configuration, they were something like comets, or crescent moons with trailing horns—convex in the direction in which groundwater had flowed. As Love and his colleagues worked out the chemistry, they began with the fact that sixvalent uranium is very soluble, and in oxidized water easily turns into uranyl ions. As the solution moves down the aquifer, a roll front will develop where the water finds an unusual concentration of organic matter. The organic matter goes after the oxygen. The uranium, dropping to a four-valent state, precipitates out as UO_2—the ore that is called uraninite.

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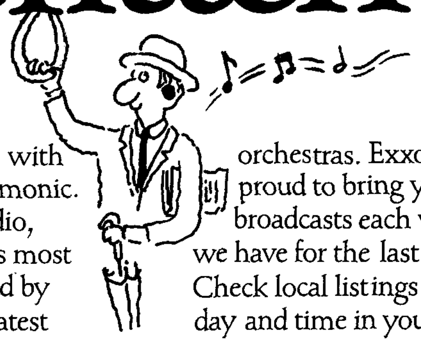

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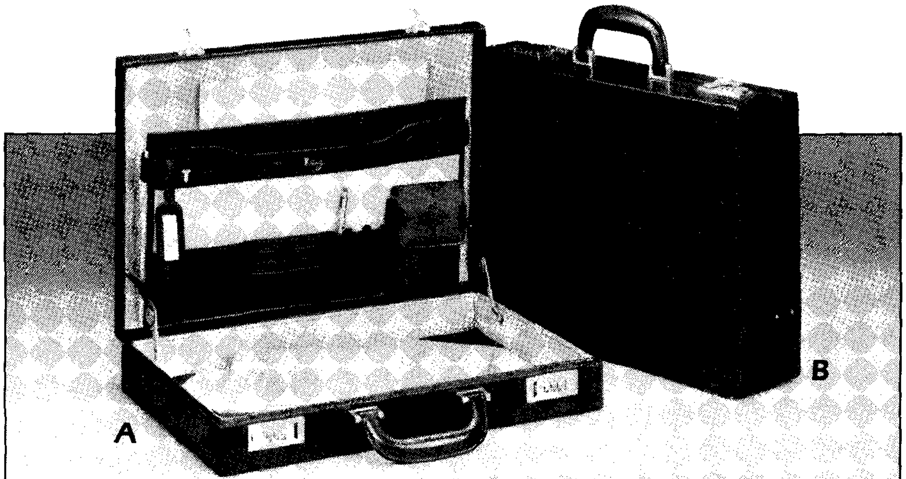

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ninite, therefore, would be to drill test holes in inclined aquifers. Wherever you found unusual concentrations of organic matter, you would move up the aquifer and drill again. If you found red oxidized sandstone, you would know that uraninite was somewhere between the two holes.

Drafting his report to the Geological Survey, Love described the "soft porous, pink or tan concretionary sandstone rolls in which the uranium was discovered," and added that "the commercial grade of some of the ore, the easy accessibility throughout the area, the soft character of the host rocks and associated strata, and the fact that strip-mining methods can be applied to all the deposits known at the present time, make the area attractive for exploitation." With those sentences he had become, in both a specific and a general sense, the discoverer of uranium in commercial quantity in Wyoming and the progenitor of the Wyoming uranium industry —facts that were not at once apparent. Within the Survey, the initial effect of Love's published report was to irritate many of his colleagues who were committed hydrothermalists and were prepared not to believe that uranium deposits could occur in any other way. They were joined in this opinion by the director of the Division of Raw Materials of the United States Atomic Energy Commission. A committee was convened in the Powder River Basin to confirm or deny the suspect discovery. All the members but one were hydrothermalists, and the committee report said, "It is true that high-grade mineral specimens of uranium ore were found, but there is nothing of any economic significance." Within weeks, mines began to open in that part of the Powder River Basin. Eventually, there were sixty-four, the largest of which was Exxon's Highland Mine. They operated for thirty-two years. They had removed fifteen million tons of uranium ore when Three Mile Island shut them down.

In 1952, after Love's report was published, the Laramie *Republican & Boomerang* proclaimed in a banner headline, "LARAMIE MAN DISCOVERS URANIUM ORE IN STATE." The announcement set off what Love described as "the first and wildest" of Wyoming's uranium booms. "Hundreds came to Laramie," he continued. "I was offered a million dollars cash and the presidency of a company to leave the U.S.G.S. At that time, my salary was $8,640.19 per year."

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The discovery predicted uranium in other sedimentary basins, and Love went on to find it. In the autumn of 1953, he and two amateurs, all working independently, found uranium in the Gas Hills—in the Wind River Basin, twelve miles from Love Ranch. By his description: "Gas Hills attracted everybody and his dog. It was Mecca for weekend prospectors. They swarmed like maggots on a carcass. There was claim-jumping. There were fistfights, shootouts. Mechanics and clothing salesmen were instant millionaires."

As it happened, he made those remarks one summery afternoon on the crest of the Gas Hills, where fifty open-pit uranium mines were roundabout us, and in the low middle ground of the view to the north were Muskrat Creek and Love Ranch. The pits were roughly circular, generally half a mile in diameter, and five hundred feet deep. Some four hundred feet of overburden had been stripped off to get down to the ore horizons. The place was an unearthly mess. War damage could not look worse, and in a sense that is what it was. "If you had to do this with a pick and shovel, it would take you quite a while," Love said. The pits were scattered across a hundred square miles.

We picked up some sooty black uraninite. It crumbled easily in the hand. I asked him if it was dangerously radioactive.

"What is 'dangerously radioactive'?" he said. "We have no real standards. We don't know. All I can say is the cancer rate here is very high. There are four synergistic elements in the Gas Hills: uranium, molybdenum, selenium, and arsenic. They are more toxic together than individually. You can't just cover the tailings and forget about it. Those things are bad for the environment. They get into groundwater, surface water. The mines are below the water table, so they're pumping water from the uranium horizon to the surface. There has been a seven-hundred-per-cent increase of uranium in Muskrat Creek at our ranch."

We could see in a sweeping glance—from the ranch southwest to Green Mountain—the whole of the route he had taken as a boy to cut pine and cedar for corral poles and fence posts. An hour before, we had looked in at the ranch, where most of those posts were still in use—gnarled and twisted, but standing and not rotted. From John Love's early years there, when

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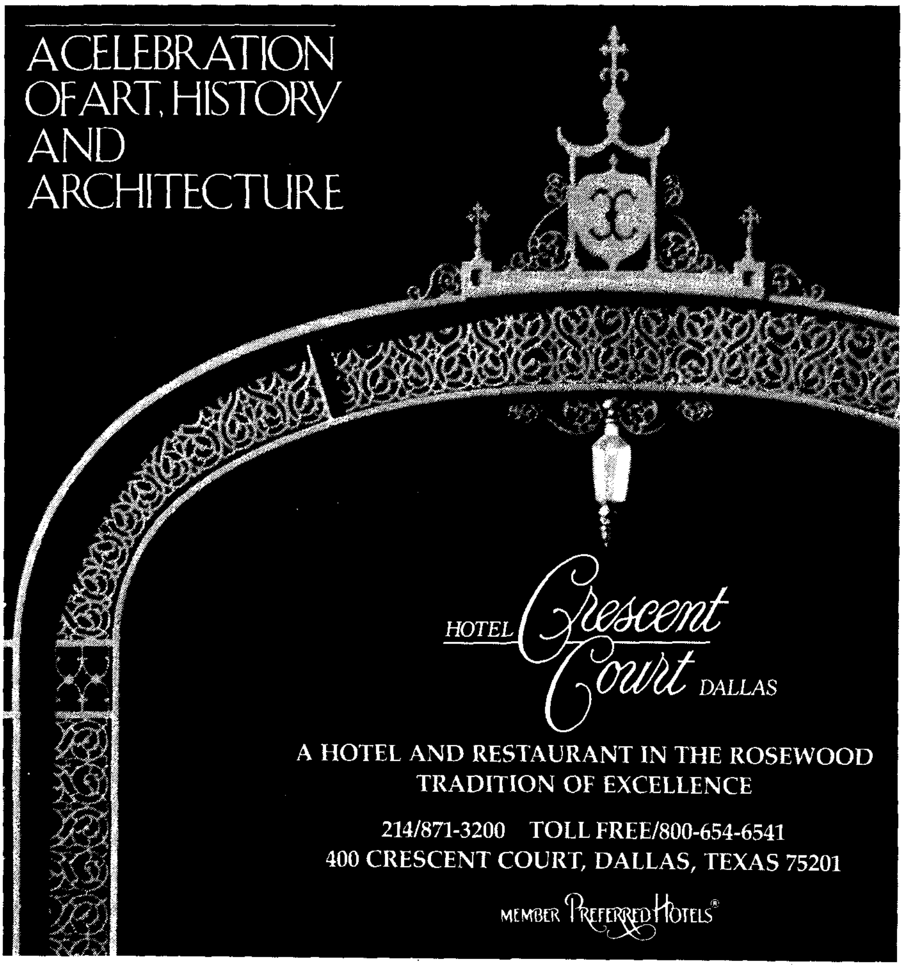
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he slept in a cutbank of the creek, the ranch had belonged only to him and his family. The land was leased now—as was most of the surrounding range—to cattle companies. In the last half mile before we reached the creek, David counted fifty Hereford bulls and remarked that the lessees seemed to be overgrazing. "The sons of bitches," he said. "That's way too many for this time of year." Noticing some uranium claim stakes, he said, "People stake illegally right over land that has been deeded nearly a century."

Over the low and widespread house, John Love's multilaminate roof was scarcely sagging. No one had lived there in nearly forty years. The bookcases and the rolltop desk had been removed by thieves, who had destroyed doorframes to get them out. The kitchen doorframe was intact, and nailed there still was the board that showed John Love's marks recording his children's height. The green-figured wallpaper that had been hung by the cowboys was long since totally gone, and much of what it had covered, but between the studs and against the pine siding were fragments of the newspapers pasted there as insulation.

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Spinach had run wild in the yard. In the blacksmith shop, the forge and the anvil were gone. Ducks flew up from the creek. There were dead English currant bushes. A Chinese elm was dead. A Russian olive was still alive. David had planted a number of these trees. There was a balm of Gilead broadleaf cottonwood he had planted when he was eleven years old. "It's going to make it for another year anyway," he said. "It's going to leaf out."

I said I wondered why the only trees anywhere were those that he and his father had planted.

"Not enough moisture," he replied. "Trees never have grown here."

"What does 'never' mean?" I asked him.

He said, "The last ten thousand years."

An antelope, barking at us, sounded like a bullfrog. Of the dozen or so ranch buildings, some were missing and some were breaking down. The

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corrals had collapsed. The bunkhouse was gone. The cottonwood-log granary was gone, but not Joe Lacey's Muskrat Saloon, which the Loves had used for storing hay. Its door was swinging in the wind. David found a plank and firmly propped the door shut. The freight wagon was there that he had used on trips for wood. It was missing its wheels, stolen as souvenirs of the Old West. We looked into a storage cellar that was covered with sod above hand-hewn eighteen-inch beams. He said that nothing ever froze in there and food stayed cold all summer. More recently, a mountain lion had lived there, but the cellar was vacant now.

In the house, while I became further absorbed by the insulation against the walls, Love walked silently from room to room.

Bizerta, Tunis, May 4—At a reception tendered him by the municipality, M. Pelletan, French Minister of Marine, in a brief speech, declared that France no longer dreamed of conquests, and that her resources would hereafter be employed to fortify her present possessions.

Cattle chips and coyote scat were everywhere on the floors. The clothes cupboards and toy cupboards in the bedroom he had shared with Allan were two feet deep in pack-rat debris.

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David came back into the space that had been his schoolroom, saying, "I can't stand this. Let's get out of here."

In the Gas Hills, as we traced with our eyes his journeys to Green Mountain, he said, "You can see it was quite a trek by wagon. Am I troubled? Yes. At places like this, we thought we were doing a great service to the nation. In hindsight, we do not know if we were performing a service or a disservice. Sometimes I think I might regret it. Yes. It's close to home."

—John McPhee

(This is the last part of a three-part article.)

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[From the Hyannis (Mass.) Barnstable Patriot]

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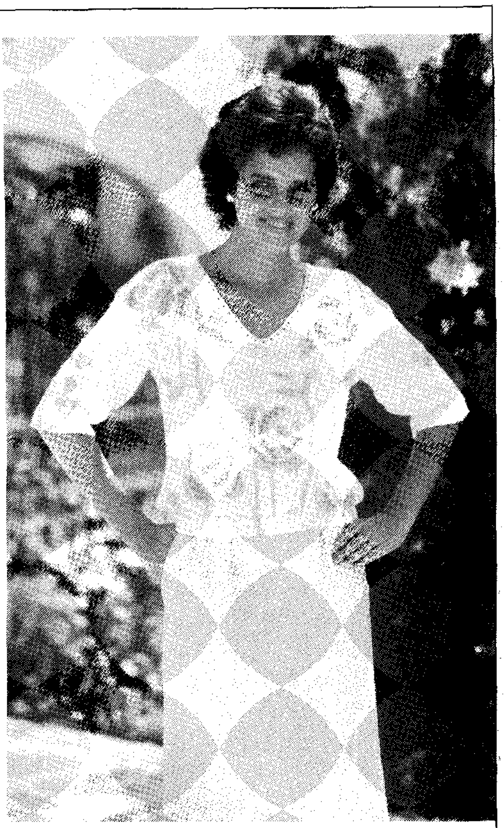

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Soul-Animating Strains

THE Sine Nomine Singers' February concert in Merkin Hall was dedicated to the memory of that elegant, subtle scholar Edward Lowinsky, who died last year. Harry Saltzman, the Singers' conductor, was a Lowinsky pupil at Berkeley. In 1971, the Singers sang for the great Josquin Festival-Conference in New York, which Lowinsky organized; at the 1976 Titian conference at Columbia they sang Lowinsky's realization of the canon that appears in Titian's "Bacchanal of the Andrians." The main work on the Merkin program was a piece of music especially dear to Lowinsky: Nicolas Gombert's Mass "Je Suis Desheritée." It was published in 1951 in the first of eleven *Corpus Mensurabilis Musicae* volumes devoted to Gombert. Reviewing it in the *Musical Quarterly*, Lowinsky praised "the inexhaustible richness and subtlety of [Gombert's] rhythm and the vitality of his melodic lines." He urged study of "one of the most genuine expressions of true contrapuntal thinking;" and of "Je Suis Desheritée" in particular he wrote, "Let it be said at once and without blushing that reading this Mass was a case of love at first sight." He called it "one of the rarest gems of sixteenth-century music," a work "of an unparalleled melodic beauty, a haunting, melancholy expression of the greatest intimacy."

Gombert was a composer and choirmaster to the Emperor Charles V. (He wrote a motet for the birth of Philip II.) Contemporaries revered him, and in later centuries he has not lacked champions. Monteverdi found Gombert's works in the ducal library at Mantua, and based his 1610 Mass on a Gombert motet. Dr. Burney discovered Gombert when scoring the various exequies composed for Josquin Desprez (one of Burney's heroes). Although he called it a "tedious task" and accorded Gombert no more than a passing reference in the second book of the famous "History," a few years later he made amends in the third book: distinguished Gombert among the composers by the dozen who flourished in the mid-sixteenth century, apologized for having mentioned him before "not with sufficient respect," and said that "in scoring more of his numerous works, I find him a great master of harmony, and a disciple worthy of his illustrious master [Josquin]." In earlier Groves—whose essays on composers often make readers eager to hear for themselves music about which New Grove authors are sometimes content to relate plain facts—J. R. Sterndale Bennett was eloquent about Gombert's "power of description" and "the wonderful manner in which the noble music blends itself with the ideas the words convey." ("Facts in themselves are meaningless and uninteresting," Lowinsky once wrote. "Caution and factuality *are* scholarly virtues, but without imagination they are like wingless birds, unable to soar aloft and command vaster views of land and sea.") Lowinsky's declaration of love set a scholarly seal on Gombert's reputation. Yet we seldom hear his music. The current Schwann catalogue lists but one recording, against some twenty devoted to Josquin.

"Fielding and I still think marriage makes a lot of sense."

On the page, Gombert's music looks dense—dense in the way that Schoenberg's "Transfigured Night" and "Pelléas and Mélisande" are, with close motivic working and few air holes: when a voice completes a phrase, it must prepare at once for the next entry. (And, as in Schoenberg, the rigorously linear thinking can lead to startling harmonies.) On the page, the skill of the facture and the rhythmic subtlety that mocks a modern editor's bar lines are readily apparent. But then one wants to hear the music sounding through space and time, carried by real, not imagined, voices. The Sine Nomine performance was loving. It was carefully tuned and balanced. It moved well. The choir, being a modern mixed-voice group (twelve women, twelve men), with a repertory spanning the ages, does not cultivate the specialist, sharp-focus timbre of the specifically early-music ensembles. One could imagine a performance of the Mass which, as it were, pressed on the ear a little more keenly, and had a tex-

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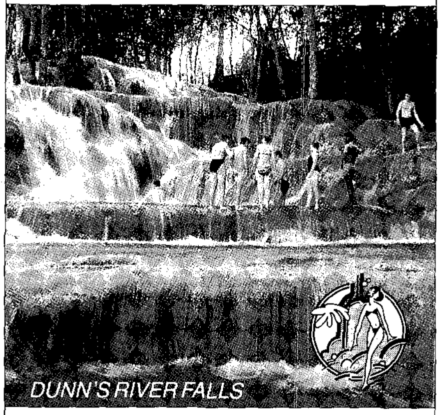

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ture in which each individual strand was more sharply apparent.

The concert began with settings—for four, three, and two voices—of the chanson that provided Gombert with his tunes: "I am cast off, for I have lost my friend. . . . Nightingale of the lovely wood, without delay go tell my friend that because of him I am tormented." The second half was chansons by Guillaume Costeley, Clément Janequin, and Orlande de Lassus (all to Ronsard poems) and by Hindemith (settings of Rilke) and Debussy (settings of Charles d'Orléans). Solo lines were taken by Alexandra Montano, a limpid, steady mezzo, the Marion of Mannes's recent "Robin et Marion." It was an evening of interesting, varied, and beautiful music.

IN Lent last year, in Corpus Christi Church, Music Before 1800 presented Alessandro Stradella's oratorio "Ester." This year, it did his more famous "San Giovanni Battista," in what was billed as its American première. The first performance was in Rome, in 1675. In a 1949 revival, in Perugia, Maria Callas sang Salome, and Cesare Siepi was Herod. The plot is that of Strauss's "Salome." If Stradella's version were to be staged, the heroine would have to sing and dance at once, for Part II begins with a lilting dance aria: "Even in the sky the pretty, twinkling stars are always dancing, but they don't outdo me." The dramatic strokes in "San Giovanni Battista" are famous. Burney, who owned a score, devoted nearly five pages of his "History" to them: "Stradella has introduced a greater variety of movement and contrivance in his oratorio, than I ever saw in any drama, sacred or secular, of the same period." When Salome, taking Herod up on the promise to give her whatever she asks for, unto the half of his kingdom, asks for the head of the Baptist, Herod in his consternation leaps right out of key—just as Strauss's Herod does when exclaiming "What, he wakes the dead!" The oratorio ends with a duet of opposed emotions—Salome in ecstasy, Herod filled with gloomy foreboding. Their music is different—hers again lilting, his based on descending scales like those of Wotan in dejection. But their texts coincide on the rhetorical question "Why, tell me why?" And with that question the music suddenly breaks off on the dominant. The effect is startling—so much so that one would suspect a final page had been lost did not all early copies of the work have this abrupt close.

"Ester" revealed a composer adept at tense dramatic exchanges—confrontations, quarrels—and vivid introspective monologues. (Haman's last one is Macbeth-like.) There are several of these in "San Giovanni Battista," too. The drama moves swiftly. In the opening scene, John bids farewell to the smiling countryside, while his disciples try to dissuade him from going to court to denounce Herod's marriage to a sister-in-law. At court, a counsellor and Salome urge Herod to lay cares of state aside. John's accusatory voice (like Monterone's in "Rigoletto") cuts across their revels; in an angry aria with cabaletta Herod orders the prophet's imprisonment. Part II is Herod's birthday party. In effusive arioso, he makes his offer to Salome. The Baptist's voice—as it were, from his prison—rings out, and Herodias tells her daughter what to ask for. Before the execution, Salome and John sing an elaborate duet.

"Ester" was continuo-accompanied. (If once there were string parts, they have not survived.) In "San Giovanni Battista," the accompaniments vary from plain continuo to double instrumental ensemble—a concertino and a concerto-grosso group, used both individually and together. In 1675, Stradella had twenty-seven players. (Corelli was probably one of the violinists.) Louise Basbas, the music director and organist of the Corpus Christi performance, had only nine. Even so, the performance lacked the tightness and dramatic urgency of last year's "Ester." There were laggard moments in arias that should dance; continuo chords were sometimes slow to strike in and impel the dialogue; the little organ that was used had a rather thick timbre. Ill fortune had deprived the enterprise of its intended Salome, Cheryl Bensman (last year's Esther), and that doubtless upset the pacing. At short notice, Mary Ann Hart, the Herodias, undertook the daughter's role as well, and she gave an intelligent, sensitive reading, truly and clearly voiced. But as Herodias she was twice as vivid: of the Queen's short solo she gave not a reading but a free, fully realized performance. Andrea von Ramm took the title role. Usually, she is a marvellously brave, arresting singer who throws her voice out into the spaces of an auditorium. On this occasion, she seemed score-bound—an oddly constrained, though technically accomplished, interpreter of the fiery, fearless prophet. Robert Kuehn, the Herod, and Michael Brown, the counsellor, sang well. The edition used was that of David Wilder Daniels, prepared as his 1963 doctoral thesis. Even if the performance was not all one might have hoped for, it was enjoyable, and it gave a clear impression of how excellently inventive a composer Stradella is. "San Giovanni," legend had it, was a work whose beauty caused two assassins, set on Stradella by the nobleman with whose mistress he had eloped, to relent and (in Burney's words) "to think that it would be a pity to take away the life of a man whose genius and abilities were the delight of all Italy." Perhaps our chamber companies should be looking at his operas. It would be good to hear his oratorio "Susanna" in Corpus Christi next Lent.

St. Ann's (formerly Holy Trinity), one of Minard Lafever's two churches in Brooklyn Heights, has become a busy and important center for music and drama. This month, among other events, Christopher Hogwood's Academy of Ancient Music and the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center play there, and the St. Ann's Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Fred Sherry, joins the Bread and Puppet troupe to present Bach's Cantata No. 4. The church, close to the Borough Hall station, is a brief, easy subway ride from Manhattan, and it offers richer architecture—with a splendor of William Bolton windows—and warmer acoustics than do the Lincoln Center halls. Last month, I attended the third concert there in a Saturday-evening new-music series. The series had been launched by three of New York's best players: the pianist Alan Feinberg, the violinist Rolf Schulte, and Mr. Sherry on cello, with a program including works by Elliott Carter and Charles Wuorinen. The second concert starred the saxophonist Earl Howard. The third brought Halsey Stevens' crisply made Trumpet Sonata (1956), with Stephen Burns the trumpeter and John Van Buskirk the pianist, and, before it, the first performance of Somei Satoh's "Hikari" ("Light"), for trumpet and piano. Mr. Burns and St. Ann's commissioned this after admiring "Journey Through Sacred Time," an anthology of Satoh compositions "enacted" in St. Ann's last year. A press release declared that Satoh's music "combines lush romanticism and beauty with a Western minimalism." Lushness

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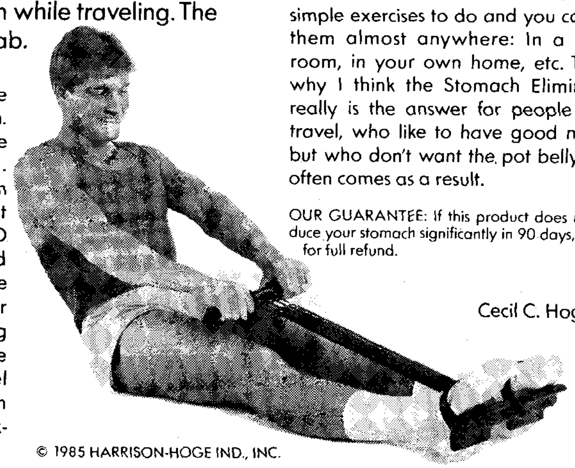

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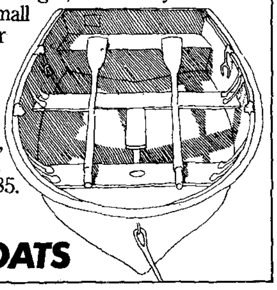

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and minimalism were apparent in "Hikari," and beauty was provided by the sound of Mr. Burns' trumpet. He is a player on whose lips the instrument becomes a voice that can not only with loud clangor excite us to arms but also sing, murmur, charm, and rival the amorous flute that in dying notes discovers the woes of hapless lovers.

Karlheinz Stockhausen is the twentieth-century composer who has brought the expressive qualities of the trumpet to the fore, with his trumpeter son Markus (who was in the audience at St. Ann's) as principal executor. The second part of the concert was a Stockhausen "suite," consisting of "Eingang und Formel," from Act II of the opera "Donnerstag;" "Aries," the trumpet solo from "Sirius;" "Taurus," "Gemini," and "Leo" from "Tierkreis;" and "Donnerstags-Abschied," the farewell fanfares at the close of "Donnerstag." This anthology was also called "Leben: A multimedia performance in progress," conceived and directed by Mr. Burns and Damon Santostefano, with choreography by Felix Blaska. What we saw was the Creation myth reënacted, with Mr. Burns and his trumpet as Adam, Jean Kopperud and her clarinet as Eve, John Rojak and his trombone as Satan, and, stationed on high, Mr. Van Buskirk at the electronic synthesizer as God, supplying a sonic background to the solo events below. To someone who in the theatre has thrilled to "Donnerstag," where the trumpeter is not Adam but Michael, an archangel who has put on mortality, this was disconcerting. Clarinet or basset horn as woman (mother, sister, goddess) and trombone as Lucifer (father, rival, tyrant) are established in Stockhausen's hierarchy; in this "Leben" the trumpet seemed to play a different role. Yet the musical enactments, if disconcerting, were also eloquent and moving—evidence of great music's being able to support more than the specific meaning a composer put on it. Maybe this was a gloss, of the kind a choreographer imposes when he uses a score to second a scenario of his own devising, different from any the composer imagined. But it was not a trivialization—as, for example, Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's reworking of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" is. It dealt with high things in a high, serious manner. In these pages, Miss Kopperud in her danced-and-played presentation of Stockhausen's "Harlekin" and Mr. Burns in his of the "Abschied" have already been ad-

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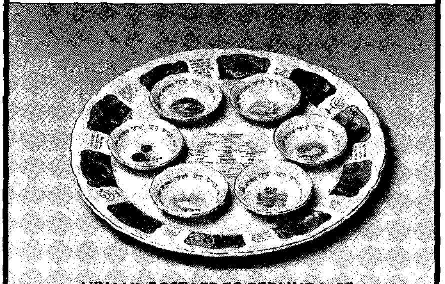

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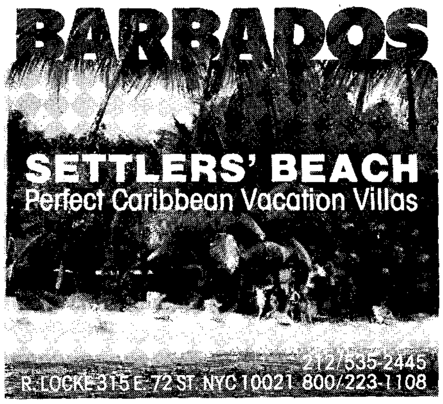

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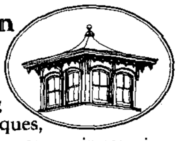

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mired; Mr. Rojak showed himself a performer of their quality. The big Stockhausen works are neglected in this country; no opera company has announced a production of "Donnerstag" or "Samstag," the two days of the seven-day "Licht" so far completed. These episodes were welcome, and I hope there will be more. Act II of "Donnerstag" contains a rapturous basset-horn-and-trumpet duet that I long to hear again, sounding through space, and not just (in the Deutsche Grammophon recording of the opera) from my loudspeakers. The church acoustics were generously responsive to the three wind instruments; the spaces seemed to come to life with sound. The costumes were by Kew O'Donnel, and the lighting was by Susan Greenbaum. Stephanie Gelsen created the synthesizer sounds.

—ANDREW PORTER

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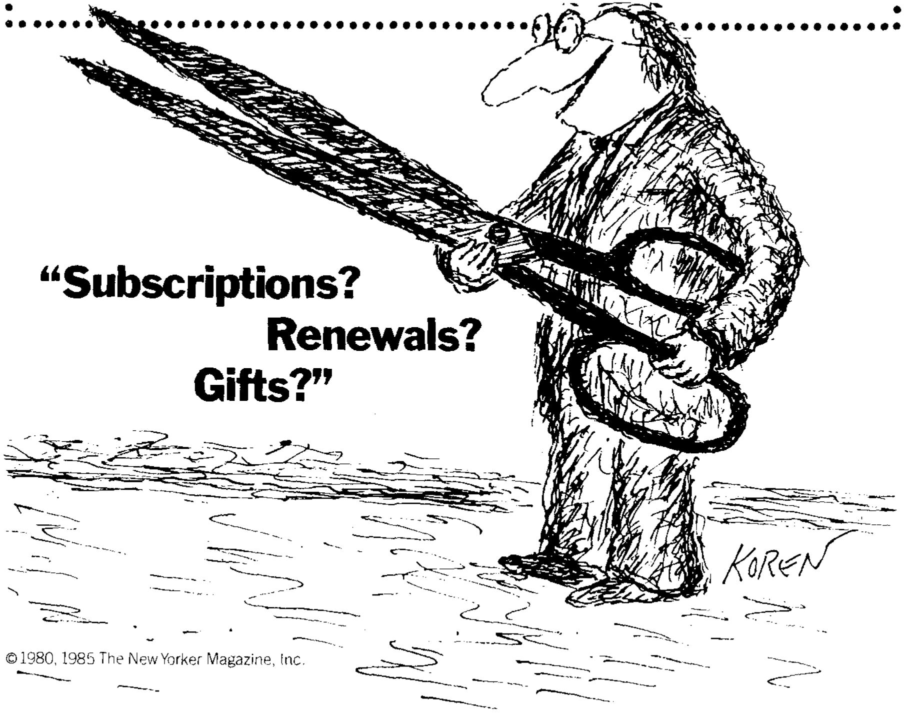
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THE THEATRE

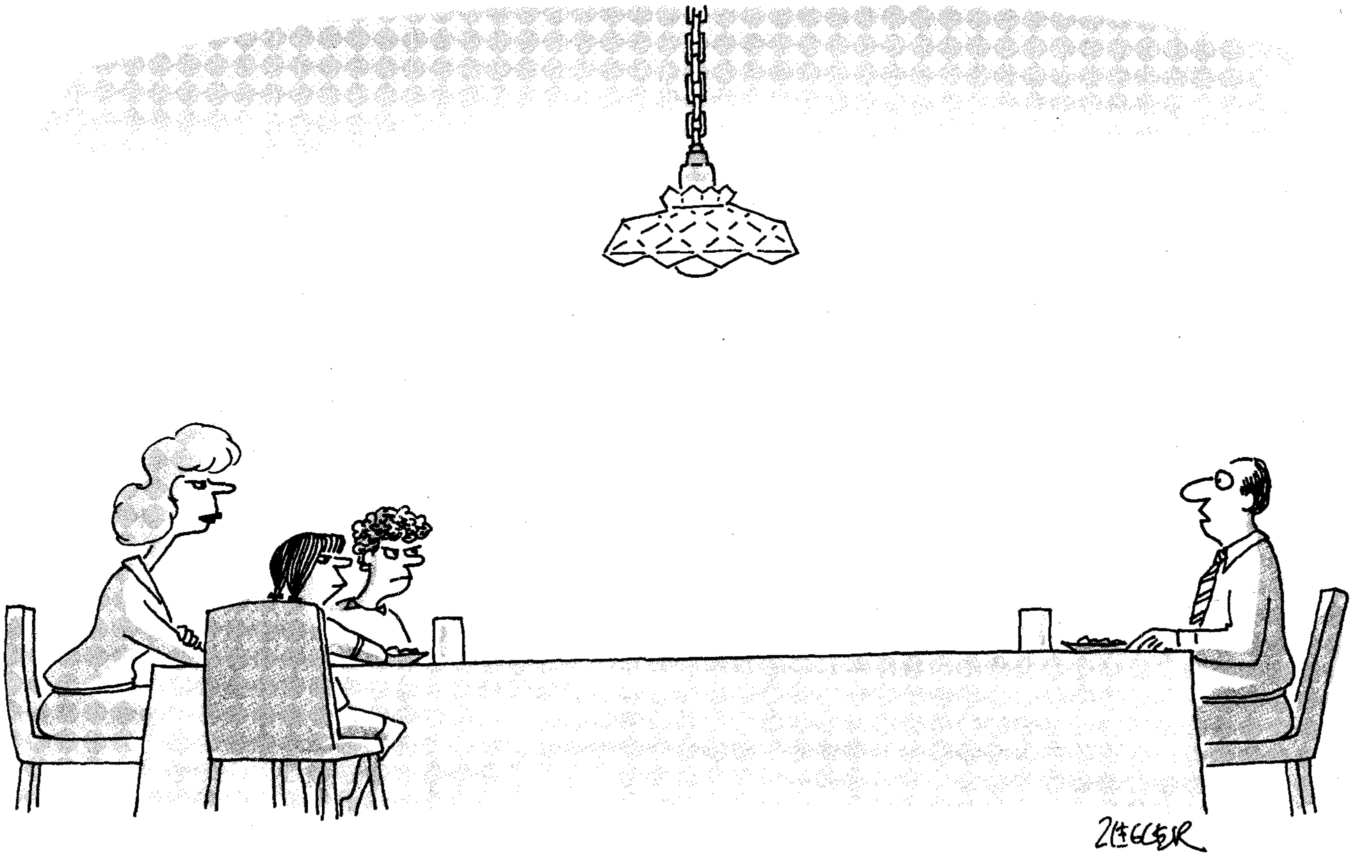
Scotch Mist

THE New York City Opera is launching a season of musical comedies at the New York State Theatre in Lincoln Center, and the first of these musicals is "Brigadoon," the 1947 classic by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe. Almost forty years ago, it was a work curiously out of touch with its times—a statement that is not intended as a rebuke and can be turned into a compliment by reducing it to the single word "timeless." It is simply the case that "Brigadoon" is a fantasy and all successful fantasies are timeless, but I have to admit that timelessness has a tendency to make me nervous. "Brigadoon" is a confection so delectable that I should feel nothing but joy in its presence, and yet, to my shame (in 1947, and in all the revivals of it that I have happened to encounter since), when the hero, Tommy Albright, feels impelled to choose between life in the harsh and cynical razzle-dazzle of New York City and life in a little Scottish village that awakens for but a single day in every century I find myself tempted to leap to my feet and cry, in the coarse language of contemporary Manhattan, "Stick with us, Tommy baby! This is where it's at!"

Thanks to the size of the State Theatre, the present production of "Brigadoon" is on a grand scale, which the scene designer, Desmond Heeley, has taken pains to make as unintimidating as possible. The Scottish Highlands in which clean-cut, virtuous Albright and his hard-drinking, skeptical companion, Jeff Douglas, have lost their way are nobly dim and, thanks to an adroit distribution of dry ice onstage, misty; when the villagers of Brigadoon rouse themselves from a century of sleep, they are dressed in an assortment of authentic-looking past-century tartans, sporrans, trews, kilts, and tam-o'-shanters, also designed by Mr. Heeley. The choreography, originally by Agnes de Mille, has been reworked by James Jamieson to fill out the vast reaches of the State Theatre's stage, and the lighting is by Duane Schuler. As director, Gerald Freedman has the supervision of two casts, which divide performances between them. The conductor is Paul Gemignani. How welcome it is to hear, for the hundredth time or perhaps the thousandth, such lovely songs as "Come to Me, Bend to Me," "Almost Like Being in Love," "There but for You Go I," and "From This Day On"! On opening night, the role of Albright was played by Richard White, who looks very handsome and sings very well, and that of Douglas by Tony Roberts, who doesn't need to sing, and who delivers his tipsy wisecracks with welcome élan. Sheryl Woods played Fiona MacLaren, the virginal Scottish lass whom Albright rashly falls in love with and decides to spend the next several millennia with, mostly asleep.

It is evident that much care has been devoted to this production of "Brigadoon," and the musical-comedy season that it inaugurates is an admirable innovation by the New York City Opera, but I would be remiss in my duty as a reviewer if I did not point out that the amplification of sound in the State Theatre is, to my ear, appallingly bad; something radical must be done to the sound apparatus (like throwing it into the Hudson) before the next production begins rehearsal.

—BRENDAN GILL



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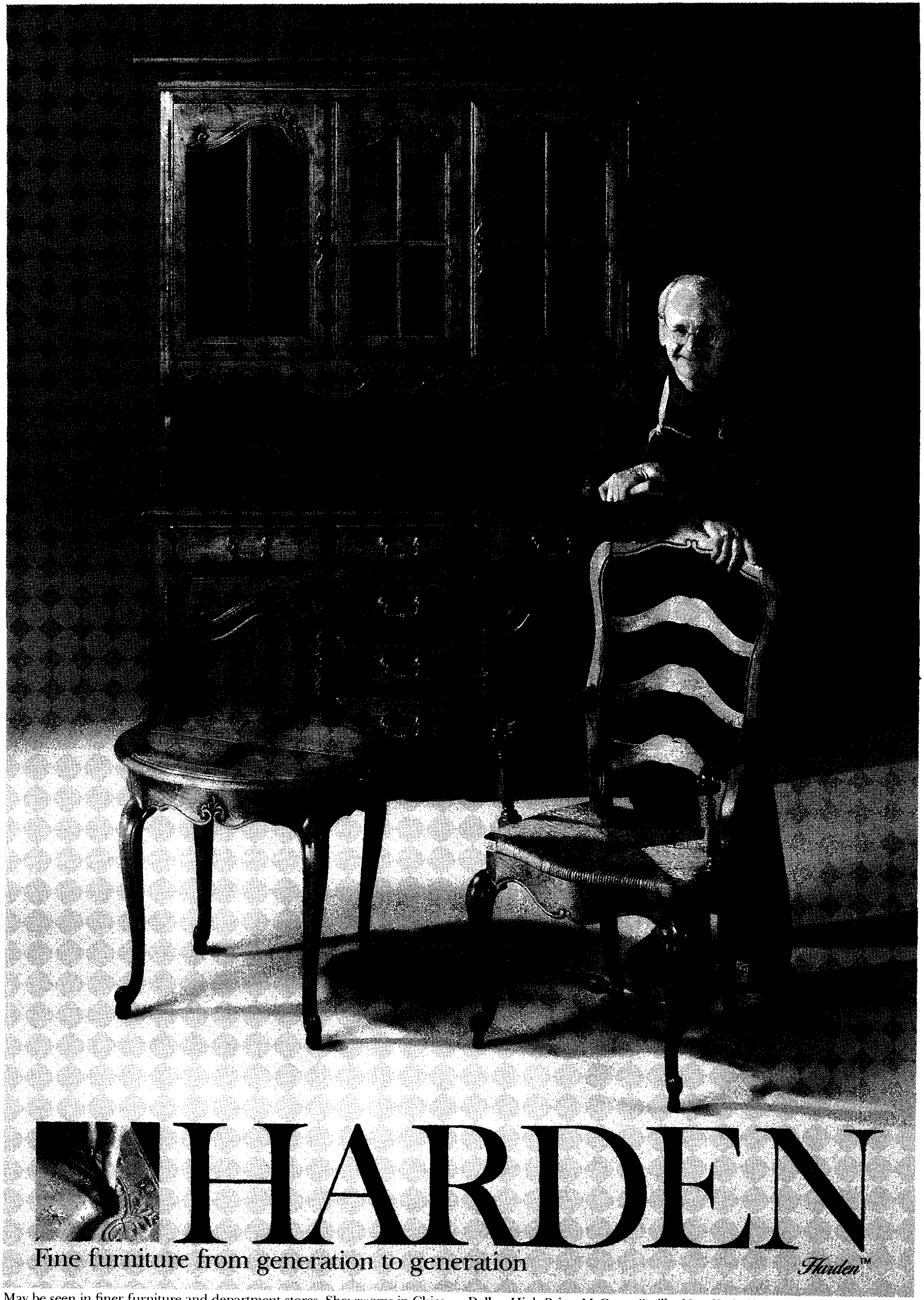
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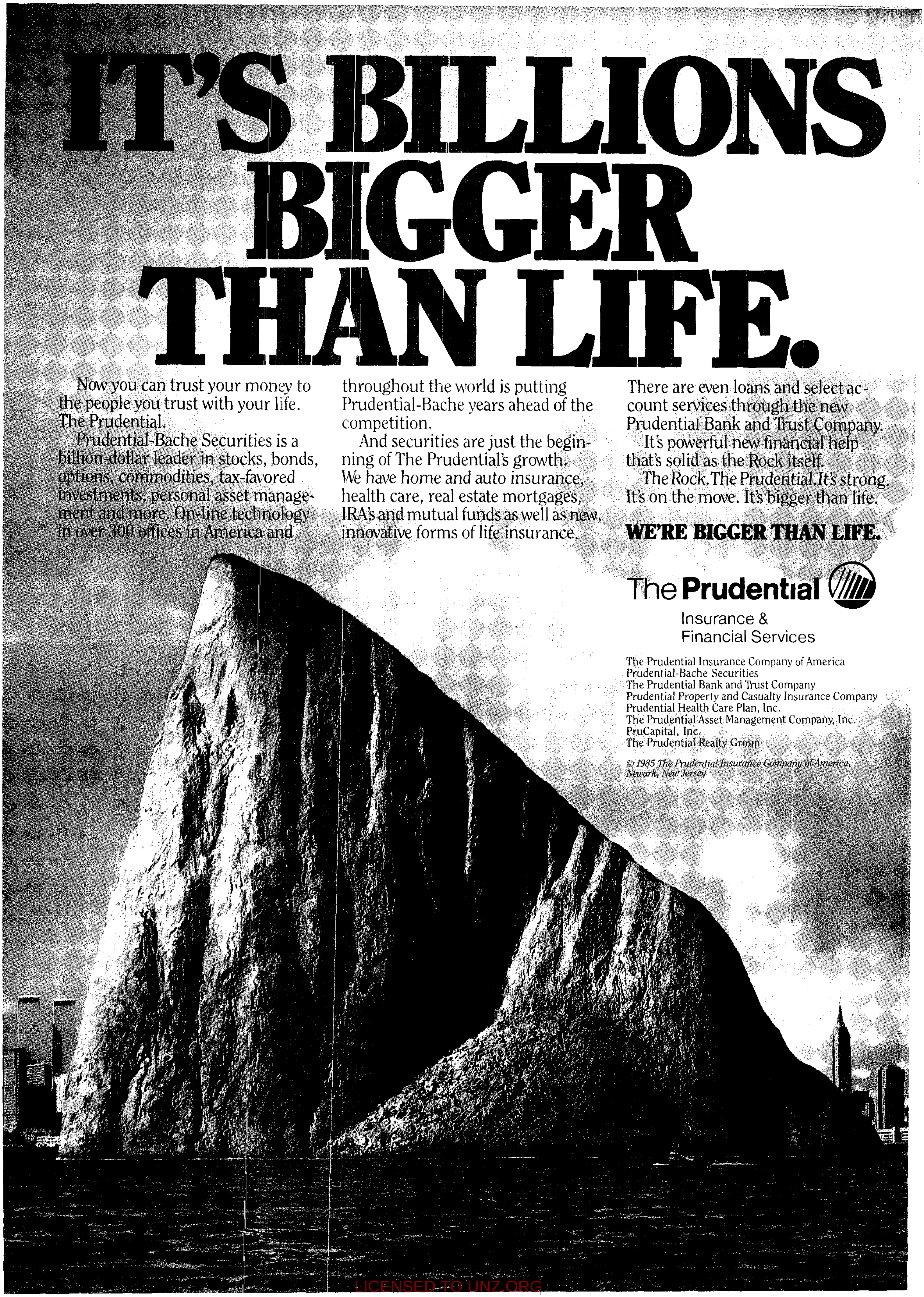

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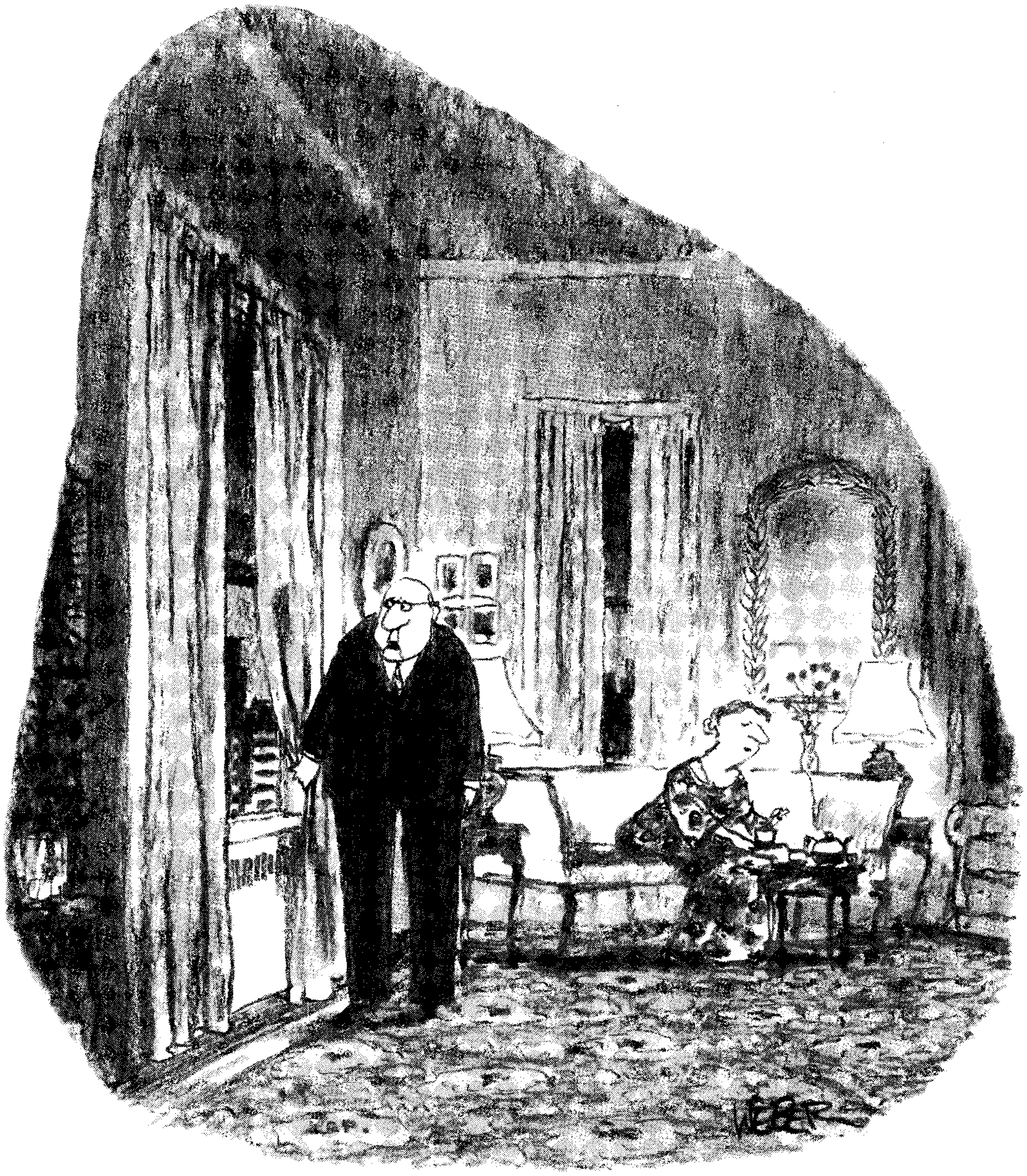
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Yes, Yes

“My Beautiful Laundrette” is the unprepossessing title of a startlingly fresh movie from England. The director, Stephen Frears, threads his way through life in South London among the surly white street gangs who live on the dole with no hope of anything better and the Pakistani immigrants who are trying to make their way upward. The movie begins in a small apartment with a Pakistani father phoning his brother to arrange a summer job for his son, whom he expects to start college in the fall, and it gradually expands until you get the sense of the Pakistanis moving in everywhere, and forming a community inside a larger slum community. As the assorted skinheads, punkers, and thugs see it, the “Pakis” were allowed into England to do the dirty work, to be *under* them, yet are getting ahead of them; and these thugs, with their remnants of colonial, master-race attitudes, take out their frustrations on the unlucky Pakistanis who cross their path. That’s the milieu of the movie; it’s intrinsically fascinating, and you wouldn’t normally see it. You’re taken into it by guides who know their way around, and you’re caught up in the texture and decay of modern big-city life. Though it’s South London, you have the feeling that this is what’s around you, too—that your blinders have been taken off. The movie defines a world and the people in it, and keeps redefining them. In the foreground is a homosexual romance between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), who grew up in this neighborhood, and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They chummed together years before, as school kids, and they become partners when Omar, having taken the summer job washing cars in his uncle’s parking garage, persuades the uncle to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette.

Omar’s mother couldn’t take the cultural dislocation of the move to London and killed herself. Papa (Roshan Seth), a member of a distinguished family that was highly respected in Pakistan, was a left-wing intellectual journalist in Bombay, and he expects Omar to become an educated man and carry on the family traditions, though he himself is now a vodka-soaked dreamer, a near-invalid too sodden to get out of bed. There’s not much left of Papa, except bright eyes and a tongue that’s still quick. Omar’s uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) has been amassing money; it’s the only way he sees for a Pakistani to win respect in London. A plump sensualist, he’s a slumlord and low-level capitalist entrepreneur, with a handful of enterprises, some of them shady. Saeed Jaffrey—he was Billy Fish, the interpreter, in “The Man Who Would Be King”—plays the uncle as a man who’s a slave to his appetites; he loves his white-Londoner mistress (Shirley Anne Field), he loves his wife and daughters, he loves the sweet, docile Omar. He wants Omar to marry his playful, smart, uncontrollable daughter, Tania. He wants everybody to be happy, and he wants to be sated with sex and oiled and massaged like a pasha.

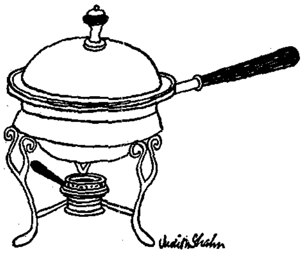
Omar, who’s eager to learn and not afraid of hard work, is soon making pickups of dope and porno videos, and, as amoral as a puppy, he steals from a



“I hate to see the evening sun go down.”

racketeer relative. That's how he and Johnny get the money to transform the run-down laundrette into a neon-decorated establishment that looks like the flashiest new disco in town. It's a slum dweller's dream of hot chic, and on the re-opening day Omar and Johnny are so exhausted and elated that they have to make love before letting the customers in. As Daniel Day Lewis (son of the poet C. Day Lewis and grandson of Sir Michael Balcon, who was the head of Ealing Studios) plays Johnny, he's morally aware in ways that Omar isn't. He doesn't enjoy being a dull-eyed, semi-fascistic loafer; he hates the hanging around doing nothing that has been his life, and he has outgrown his old street gang—he's too intelligent to go on shouting insults at Pakis and threatening them. But he still feels a loyalty to his old pals—he knows how pathetic they are under their loudmouth jeering and Paki-bashing. When he's in a car with Omar, and the racketeer relative, who's driving, angrily runs down and cripples a gang member, an old friend of his, and then speeds off, Johnny is torn by conflicting loyalties. And Omar has his conflicts, too. He uses his come-hither eyes on Johnny, but he also plays boss to him—exacting revenge for all the times that Johnny and other street toughs insulted him. Race and sex, resentment and pride, and just plain ignorance are hopelessly (and comically) intertwined in this story.

The scriptwriter, Hanif Kureishi, who's not yet thirty, was born in South London, to a Pakistani father and a white English mother. His first play was staged at the Royal Court Theatre when he was eighteen; it was about the immigrant experience, which he has kept at in all his work since. "My Beautiful Laundrette" was written for television, and Frears made it in 16-mm., on a budget of under $850,000. After it was shown at several European festivals and opened in English theatres, Frears was asked why he hadn't got together a bigger budget and shot it in 35-mm. He answered, "You couldn't seriously have gone out and said to a financier, 'I'm going to make a film about a gay Pakistani laundrette owner,' and confidently expected that there'd be an audience." As it turned out, the blow-up to 35-mm. is near-miraculous; it's only in the first scene or two that a viewer is conscious that the definition is not as sharp as it might be. Frears has directed more than a dozen films for British TV since his first, in 1971 (the most famous is probably the 1979 "Bloody Kids"); he has also made a couple of theatrical films ("Gumshoe," with Albert Finney, in 1971, and "The Hit," with Terence Stamp and John Hurt, in 1984). What we see in "My Beautiful Laundrette"—the title grows on you—is a sensual, highly developed visual style. The 16-mm. may even contribute to the film's informal, dropped-in-on quality. Kureishi's script is filled to the rafters with characters and incidents, and the way Frears stages the various interactions it's almost as if they were simply going on in the environment and he and his cinematographer, Oliver Stapleton, just happened to pick up on them. This is particularly true for the women characters. With the exception of Shirley Anne Field's good-natured, aging bawd, the women's roles aren't as fully developed as the men's, but the women's visual presence is so strong that we get a sense of what their lives are—particularly that of the hit-and-run driver's wife (Souad Faress), who's always sticking her head out in hallways to see what's going on, and the unmanageable Tania (Rita Wolf), who becomes more attractive and impressive with each appearance. Even the loving relationship between Omar's Papa and uncle develops new meaning when we finally see the two together, and see how they accept each other's weaknesses.



Over the years, Frears has refined a magical instinct for just how long we want to see a face and just how long a scene needs to be. If he could bottle this instinct, it could be called "Essence of Moviemaking." His images here are quick and unexpected, and they feel exactly right. But Frears' editing rhythms that seem so right are actually very odd. "My Beautiful Laundrette" doesn't feel like any other movie; it's almost as if he's cutting to the rhythm of Pakistani-accented English—to what you can hear even in the quirky lilt of the title. The stew of interrelationships that Kureishi supplies seems appropriate to the Pakistanis' ornate ceremoniousness; it even suggests Islamic decorative art. The Pakistanis bring their tastes with them, but what comes through even more strongly is that Western capitalist culture appeals to their senses and blends with their traditions. Omar's eyes shine when he sees flashing lights; his relatives love their VCRs. Frears and Kureishi are unapologetic about showing Pakistanis as lowlifes or as possession-crazy, and they don't hem and haw about showing that Omar is a bit of a harem girl, slithering through various groups. He brings nothing into any environment; he just takes on protective coloration. You gradually get a sense of how he operates—he's a young man on the make. The people in this movie want something more than they have, and you feel the enticement of their goals: Omar wants flash. Tania wants independence. Johnny wants to get away from the street kids who feel that they're in a dead-end society, and so he joins up with the Pakistanis who know that this society is the best they can hope for, and try to wriggle through the cracks.

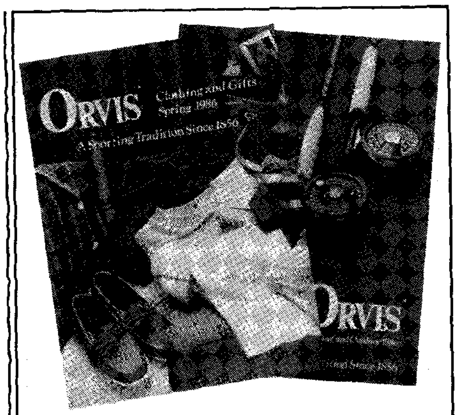
Frears is responsive to grubby desperation and to the uncouthness and energy in English life—he's responsive to what went into the punk-music scene and to what goes into teen-age-gang life. You could feel it in the way he released the energy of the young hood Myron, played by Tim Roth, in "The Hit." That picture had something: a style, a tone, a streak of humor. But its flamboyant existentialism was spare and abstract; the picture was empty compared with this one—it was all craft and artifice. Here Johnny is more central to the action than Myron was, and Daniel Day Lewis's performance gives the movie an imaginative, seductive spark. As the skinny-faced John Fryer in the 1984 "The Bounty," Day Lewis stuck out; he seemed like a bad actor. But if he can do only certain kinds of roles Johnny must be in his very best range. When Johnny refocusses his attention, it shows in his face, and when he looks at himself in the mirror to fluff his hair, his face is different from how it is when he looks at other people. This Johnny wants to make something of himself, and he'll go through more than his share of humiliation to do it. He also enjoys wooing the cuddly Omar. He can't resist touching Omar with his tongue when they're out on the street, right in front of the laundrette, with white-racist rowdies all around them. He can't resist being frisky, because it's dangerous, and that makes it more erotic. The movie captures some of the wonderful, devil-may-care giddiness that's part of the joyride of teen-age sex. Johnny and Omar behave as if they had invented the thrills of perilous public display; for all they know, they did. And the messy tensions of the multiracial South London community feed into the tenderness of their love affair.

It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) Frears and Kureishi take a pile of risks in this movie, and take them in stride.

"KAOS," the latest film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani, the brothers whose earlier work includes the 1977 "Padre Padrone" and the 1982 "The Night of the Shooting Stars," is composed of adaptations of four Pirandello stories set in Sicily, plus a prologue and an epilogue, and it runs three hours and eight minutes. Partly financed by Italian television, it was intended to be shown on TV, in four installments, as well as in theatres, and when foreign distributors bought the rights to present it theatrically the Tavianis suggested that they should cut one story or another—the one least likely to appeal to their country's tastes. The American distributor, MGM/UA Classics, decided to run the film in toto. That might be called exemplary, but it's a mixed blessing. I'd have gone further than the Tavianis suggested: I'd have asked their permission to cut both the third and the fourth stories. What was left would have been, I think, a superb film, because "Kaos" has breathtaking moments, two marvellous stories, and a rapturous epilogue. But altogether, in its three-hour form, it's too much movie, and too much harsh beauty. The panoramic grandeur wears you down; you feel surfeited until you reach that revivifying epilogue, which is a full-fledged epiphany and sends you out dazed and happy.

The prologue is brief: A group of peasant men spot a male crow sitting on a nest; one of them holds him at arm's length and the others grab the eggs he was trying to hatch and throw them at him to see who will get to kill this disgrace to their sex. Then one fellow has a better idea: he ties a big bell around the crow's neck and sets him free to make music. As the bell-ringing bird flies high above, swooping and sailing across the skies, we get aerial shots of the jagged, parched terrain—the broken stones of ancient temples, the houses built into the steep mountains of rock, and a green valley way down below. The folkloric stories in this anthology film are linked by the crow's music and its flights over the blighted area where the stories take place—the area where Pirandello was born, in a village near the forest called Càvusu, which he said was a corruption of the Greek word "kaos."

The first story, "The Other Son," stars Margarita Lozano. In "Shooting Stars," she was the elderly woman who finally goes to bed with the man who has loved her for forty years. Here, she's a grieving, desolate peasant madwoman, at the turn of the century. Her two sons have gone off to America—to Santa Fe—and she hasn't heard from them in fourteen years. The core of the story is that she has a third son—younger than the two who left—who's always close by. He's devoted to her and tries to do everything he can for her, and she ignores him. She refuses to acknowledge his existence. She knows he is not to blame, but he was the result of rape by the man who killed her husband, and he looks the exact duplicate of his rapist father. This story has some of the crazy logic of a dream: the letters that the illiterate mother pays to have written and tries to send off to her missing sons are loose squiggles that don't resemble language; in a flashback to the time when Garibaldi opened the prisons, the rapist criminals who are freed cut off her husband's head, and she sees them using it as a boccie ball. But it's the mother's obduracy toward the despairing, cast-out son and her refusal to give up her illusion that the older two will come back and help her that's the material of folk myth. Margarita Lozano's unlined, broad, childlike face has something stony about it here; it's as bare as the countryside—she seems locked in her madness. She needs it in order to go on living. (This is the story that justifies the title "Kaos.") When she throws a head-size squash at the adoring son, you can see that keeping her mind twisted and closed is her way to take revenge on life. As Lozano plays her, this woman suggests an Eleonora Duse whose soul has contracted. And the Tavianis, by setting the story on the road that the young men of the village take when they leave for America—a road with traffic going only one way—give the tale a pitiless, comic horror. I'd have a rough time accounting for it, but the sun-blistered soil, the weeds, and the rocks are somehow satirical—a joke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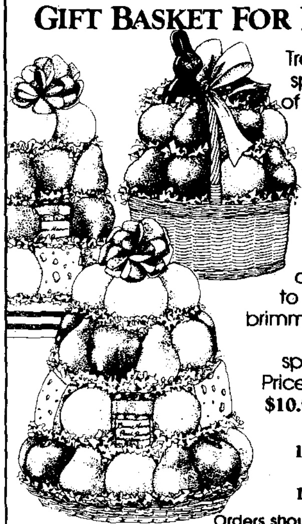

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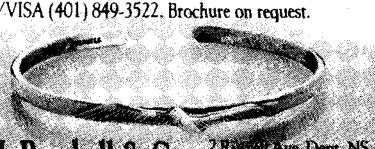

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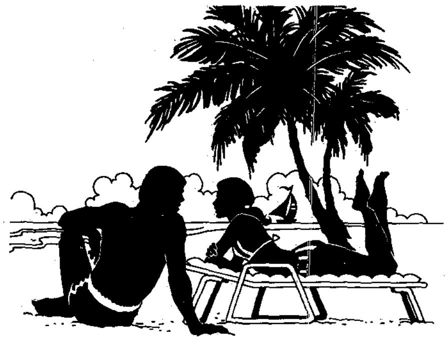

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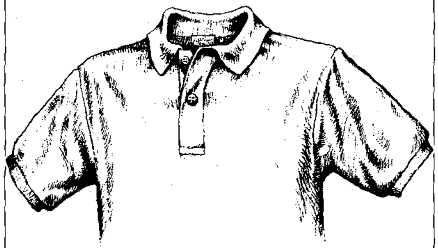

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that nature plays on people. Sicily seems to spawn people who leave or turn to stone.

The second story, "Moon Sickness" (or perhaps simply "Moonstruck"), is an account of a bridegroom (Claudio Bigagli) who can't control his violent animal impulses during the full moon; he tells his bride (Enrica Maria Modugno) to keep him locked out of their farmhouse. Visually, this werewolf story resembles a piece of naïve folk art, but it has a modern pungency. The Tavianis use effects that are reminiscent of the whispering-sacred-oak scenes in "Padre Padrone": when the groom is alone outside and in pain, branches and leaves wave against the dark-blue night sky. And there are details to make you gasp: in the morning, the bride, trying to escape from the farm without being attacked by her husband's dog, tosses it her pet kitty. The tormented husband, with his mule, follows his wife to town, and watching him you may feel a swelling in the chest because of the primitive, passionate landscapes, and the emotional heightening provided by Nicola Piovani's musical score, and the Tavianis' storytelling, which seems so simple. When the husband arrives in the dusty town square, he doesn't knock on his wife's mother's door. In his misery, he stands outside in the hot, deserted piazza. Hours pass. All the doors of the houses are closed, and the windows are covered; the people are hidden inside. And then someone brings him a chair. At times like this, the Tavianis have you widening your eyes while you're grinning. The rest of the story isn't quite up to its first half, but it's still a triumph.

The first two stories are about fate; the next two are about trickery. The third, "The Jar," is the most familiar; a play version is sometimes staged in little theatres in this country. It's a piece of folk vaudeville, and the two main characters—the arrogant landowner whose huge jug, designed to hold the oil from his entire olive crop, splits in two, and the hunchbacked potter who comes to repair it—are played by the comedy team of tall Ciccio Ingrassia and hammy little Franco Franchi. "The Jar" represents the kind of hearty, laborious folk humor that usually gets me sprinting up the aisle, and though I stayed put, out of respect for the Tavianis, they didn't lighten things up. It's a stiff, and it seems to go on indefinitely, expanding to fit the monumental terrain. The fourth story, "Requiem," is an elaborate anecdote about a community of a hundred peasants who want their own cemetery and have to outwit the landowner—a city-dwelling baron—to get it. This is something of a shambles, and it's hardly worth sitting through, but it takes you to the epilogue.

The title of this passage is translated as "Conversing with Mother" (though perhaps "Talking to Mother" or "A Talk with Mother" would do the job). Omero Antonutti, who was the father in "Padre Padrone" and the peasant leader in "Shooting Stars," plays the aging, world-famous Nobel Prize winner Pirandello, a dapper gentleman with a pointy little goatee, returning after many years to his family home. Getting off the train from Rome, he sees a couple of boys taking turns diving down a pile of sand, and the image stirs something in him. When he's in the house and has a vision of his dead mother, he asks her to tell him once again about an adventure she had as a child—a story he has never been able to put on paper—and we go back in time as she describes the day when her own mother took her brood of six children in a red-sailed fishing boat for the three-day trip to visit their father, a political exile, in Malta. On the way, the boat stopped at a volcanic island—a mountain of white pumice—and she and her brothers and sisters stripped to their underclothes, climbed up the slopes, and, flapping their arms, floated down the powdery white sand to bathe in the sea. As they slide into the turquoise water, the clouds of pumice drifting down with them merge with the skies and the foaming whitecaps of the Mediterranean. The children are flying through whiteness, and the music carries the sound of a bell, recalling the swooping, soaring crow. The Tavianis themselves are flying high here: the images seem to comprise all memories of childhood pleasure and all nostalgia. The music, the sights, the longings that the children have evoked all come together, and for a moment we're not sure how many of our senses are being affected. And, of course, we can see why the Tavianis have their Pirandello figure say that he could never find a way to tell this story: you need to be a moviemaker to fuse sensory impressions as the Tavianis have done here. For sheer transcendence, these moments are peerless; we're with the children, cascading through eternity.

—Pauline Kael

BOOKS

Nostalgia

SOUVENIRS of Charles Dickens like "Bleak House," the TV serial, and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," the "rollicking evening's diversion" (Mel Gussow, the *Times*, 12/8/85), are a menace to the literary labor force this side of Westminster Abbey. They draw back to the novels themselves readers who might be exercising their aesthetic taste buds on newer models. Not everything Dickens wrote is as likely as "Bleak House"—nine hundred pages long, with a cast of ninety or so—to revive an appetite for breadth and detail which has been suppressed on a scanty nouvelle diet. But even a shorter work like "Hard Times" has more energy in it than most recent novels in its weight class. And "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"—unfinished and, comparatively, junk food for Dickens addicts—is studded with reminders of the possibilities for inventiveness and worldly observation which have not been exhausted in the hundred and fifteen years since Dickens died: characters like Mr. Crisparkle and Mr. Sapsea, and the image of Durdles the stonemason lighting his lantern on the way up the winding cathedral staircase, "drawing from the cold hard wall a spark of that mysterious fire which lurks in everything."

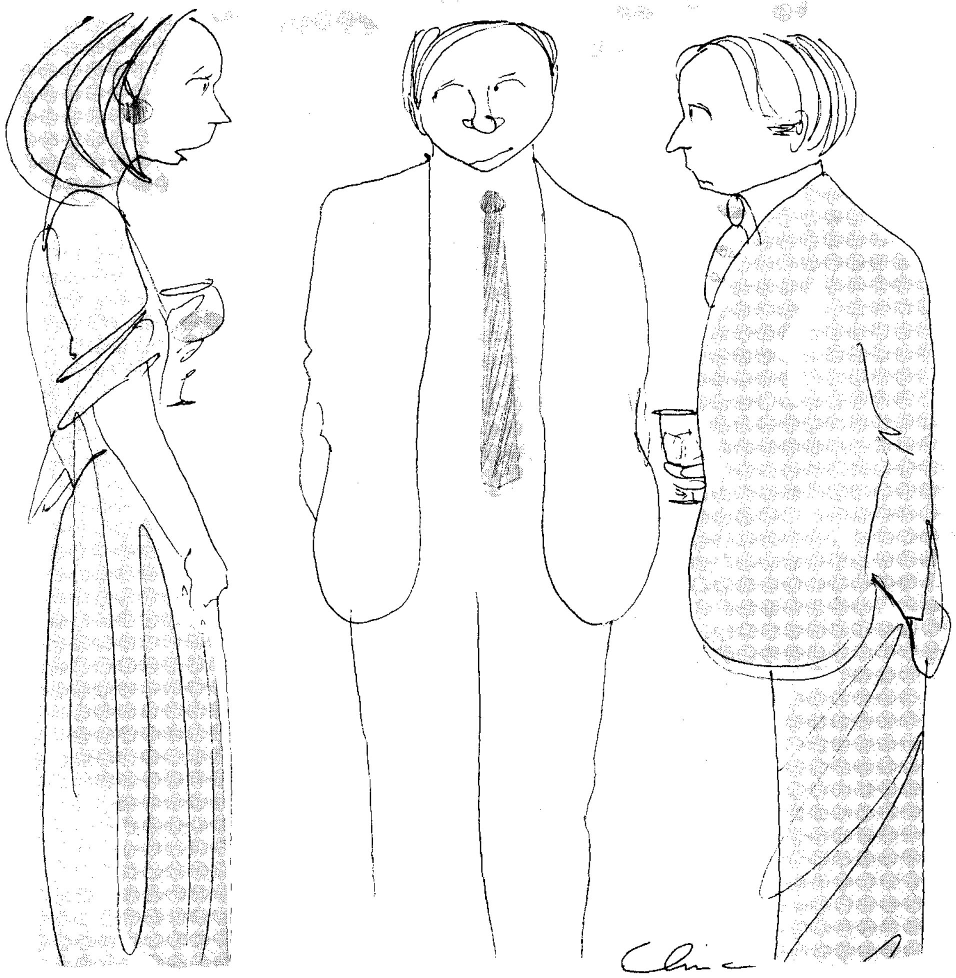
Still, it has been noted of these and other nineteenth-century monuments that the parts—plots and subplots—don't always fit together as neatly as they might, that certain characters attract more attention than they were intended to, at the expense of a morally earnest heroine or hero, and that stretches of prose devoted to landscape and social background unnecessarily slow things down. And it is certainly true that, as a general rule, verbal economy ought to be prized. So those who are inclined to go along with these objections, and to favor the terse, may welcome "Family and Friends," a streamlined novel by Anita Brookner (Pantheon; $13.95), or the brisk "Mr. Wakefield's Crusade," by Bernice Rubens (Delacorte; $15.95)—two books that pass easily and in fairly short order through the mind.

"Family and Friends" opens with a quotation from Goethe ("The Sorrows of Young Werther") about the advantages and disadvantages of social conventions and middle-class life. The epigraph indicates that "Family and Friends" may be taken as a kind of antidote to Goethe's rendition of philosophical romanticism. "Impropriety" is a better word for the misbehavior Brookner describes than "rebellion" or "defiance," which is what Werther was up to. She does succeed in illustrating Goethe's point about middle-class life—that there is not much excitement to it: an artistic achievement that is less interesting to the reader than to the writer. Emphasizing predictability and a matriarch's composure toward such surprises as her children have to offer, Brookner edges her way out from contemplation of a wedding photograph into her own semi-formal portrait of bourgeois manners. Her subject is an upper-middle-class ("rich," says the book jacket) family—a mother, two sons, and two daughters—who have left their homeland (Europe, according to the book jacket) to settle in London, sometime before the Second World War. The pace is stately:

> While waiting for the banquet, Frederick is perfectly happy to offer his arm to his mother or his sisters, and indeed is most at home in doing so, for it seems to be his only function within this family. Even now he is pouring his mother a tiny glass of Madeira . . .

Slow motion and equanimity muffle the force even of illicit love affairs and disappointed hopes; the present-tense narrative has a congealing effect. Although that particular prewar period is still within reach of memory for some, the way Brookner tells it it is ancient history.

"Mr. Wakefield's Crusade" is a far livelier book than "Family and Friends," written with equal skill, and perhaps in a similar spirit of adven-



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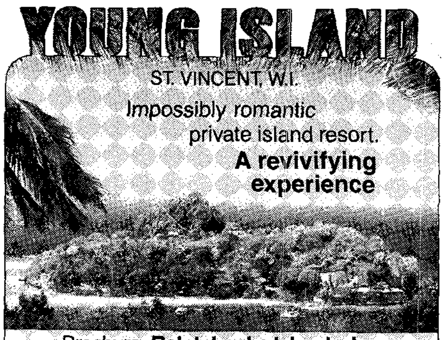

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ture. This speculation is based not on an epigraph, as there is none, but on the playful artificiality of the plot and on the psychology and the language of the novel, from its blunt opening line—"My name is Luke Wakefield, and I am a failure"—to the tricky surprise ending. The story has the form of a murder mystery, with Wakefield, the narrator, as a self-proclaimed amateur sleuth. "Farfetched" is too tame a word for the chain of events which begins with the death of a stranger in line at the post office, but "whimsical" will do for the style. Wakefield is a man of unsteady mental balance, determined to view his life as a drama. He says "missive" or "epistle" for "letter," "entire" for "entirely," and "discontent" for "discontented;" "thus" is a favorite transition. His metaphors are often theatrical: he sets the scene, prepares the backdrop, recaps the scenario. Like an alter ego of Edgar Allan Poe, he swings between euphoria and desolation. At the end of the first chapter, he speaks of a mystery "shrouded in darkness," of "most monstrous revenge," and of a "condition of excitement that proclaims the world as one's own." Chapter 7 starts out "Listen. Listen carefully. I am not crazy," evoking the opening of "The Tell-Tale Heart." It is probable that Rubens had a good time writing "Mr. Wakefield's Crusade," and a fun-loving reader with a taste for precious humor and unexpected turns of plot may have a good time reading it.

BOTH Brookner and Rubens are British and have written several novels before these, and both have won the Booker Prize for fiction. Jonathan Raban, who is also British, is better known as a travel writer; he is the author of "Arabia: A Journey Through the Labyrinth" and "Old Glory: An American Voyage." As a novelist—that is to say, in his first novel, "Foreign Land" (Viking; $16.95)—he shows signs of strain. There is indecision about the point of view, and a failure of interest in subsidiary characters, who are introduced and abandoned without ceremony. The title of the novel is ironic, referring to England, and the main character is George Grey, a jaded man of sixty who has returned there after forty years of voluntary exile working in the British Navy, and in Aden, and in an African country called Montedor. George is a type of social alien familiar from the novels of Conrad and Greene, except that he is not very philosophical about his condition. In the early part of the book, Raban develops the point that George does not feel at home in England, although he was born and raised there, a minister's son. He and his daughter, a feminist writer, are strangers to each other, and he is ill at ease in the seaside village where he had planned to retire. He is, as a therapist might say, incapable of giving or receiving affection. These facts established, George buys a small boat less than halfway through the book, and Raban takes him, at length, toward a likely finale. The interval is filled with dreams and unhappy memories, and with descriptive writing that calls attention to the absence of event and purpose:

> The rocks at the harbourmouth were sinking and surfacing like turtles, but the sea itself was still. George steered between the rocks—feet planted wide on the wheelhouse floor, shoulders hunched, the long visor of his cap wagging rhythmically from side to side as he searched the water ahead. In the sharp morning air, the surface was riddled with faint twists and curlicues of smoke.

The reflection of his face in a window reminds him of his father, and leads to an extended reverie that includes the observation that when he kissed his father on his deathbed his father's "skull felt as fragile as a speckled blackbird's egg." En route to North Yemen, in "Arabia," Raban had described Yemenis with "bird's-egg skulls," and, in fact, the style and outlook of the travel books are not so different from those of "Foreign Land." Raban's description of the Great Pyramid of Giza as gangsterish ("It is easy to imagine Al Capone being moved to tears by the sight of the Great Pyramid. Every single enormous block of it tells you that Mister Big was here") is as disenchanted as George Grey's feeling about dry land in general. The pyramid has a life of its own, however, in which that judgment is just an interesting possibility. The travel books thrive on the author's risky imagination. George is a flat character whose built-in limitations weigh the novel down.

—SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BOOK OF ABSENT PEOPLE, by Taghi Modarressi (Doubleday; $15.95). A complex novel, set in Iran, about rifts and transitions. The narrator is a young artist, born into a family split by a fifty-year feud. As the story begins, his father, a doctor and herbalist, asks the young man to find his half brother, who has been absent for eleven years, and who may be a truck driver or a political prisoner. The account of the search is now dreamy, now dramatic, as opium is smoked, herbs are brewed, old photographs conjure up Cossacks and peasants, and a cousin flashes his SAVAK membership card; sometimes, a few streets away, a machine gun rattles, like "the roasting of a handful of cantaloupe seeds." At one point, a wise man describes the "hidden eye" that an artist needs to see "pattern" and "connection." It is an eye that Taghi Modarressi has. Here, for instance, is twilight in a village: "Sleepy birds whispered the arrival of evening with a sort of circular, metallic melody, like the sound of an old clock's gears."

PERU, by Gordon Lish (Dutton; $15.95). Murder on a Peruvian prison roof comes, via television, into the Manhattan apartment of a fifty-year-old megalomaniac and triggers this recollection of violence forty-four years before. In "Dear Mr. Capote" (1983), Mr. Lish created a deadly letter-writer. Here the narrator, whose monologue would sound strange anywhere but on a psychiatrist's couch, is even more believably dangerous, because the danger has been dormant. He begins his story in June, on the eve of his son's departure for summer camp; why he ends it in August, on the eve of his son's return, becomes clear in the final sentence.

GENERAL

THE TENNIEL ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE "ALICE" BOOKS, by Michael Hancher (Ohio State; $60). Readers of "Lewis Carroll: A Celebration"—a hundred-and-fiftieth-birthday collection of essays, published in 1982—may recall Mr. Hancher's astute chapter titled "*Punch* and *Alice*." That essay has been incorporated in this celebration of Carroll's collaborator, Sir John Tenniel. Tenniel's Alice, Mr. Hancher tells us, is prefigured in a *Punch* picture he did of Joan of Arc, and reappears, two years after "Wonderland" was published, in a zoo scene he did for *Punch's Almanack for 1868*. Mr. Hancher notes the Pre-Raphaelite quality of Alice's "impassive, almost pouty expression," and he sees Tenniel's

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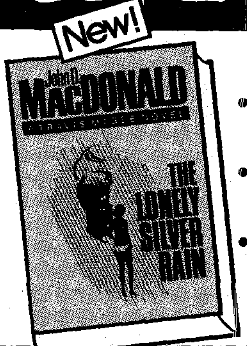

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conservatism reflected in the characters' out-of-style clothes, from the Tweedle twins' "skeleton suits" to the almost-Queen Alice's porkpie hat. Seven chapters focus on various characters, from the Duchess, whose chin contradicts Carroll's description, to the Jabberwock, whose spatted and waistcoated kin crop up in ornamental initials that Tenniel drew for *Punch.* Mr. Hancher's eye for Tenniel's artful allusions is keen. He considers the theory that Tenniel's White Knight, like Carroll's, is a self-portrait, but "art," he concludes, "isn't always that pat."

NOTE: Ved Mehta's "Sound-Shadows of the New World," recollections of his adolescent years at the Arkansas School for the Blind, in the early nineteen-fifties, has been published by Norton ($17.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE WABASH FACTOR, by E. V. Cunningham (Delacorte; $14.95). The pseudonymous Mr. Cunningham, who has entertained us over the past decade with the exploits of Masao Masuto, a Beverly Hills homicide detective, now heads back East and invents a New York City detective lieutenant named Harry Golding and involves him at great peril in an almost single-handed fight against a ruthless Central American billionaire (and crony of President Reagan) determined to take over the United States. It was a big mistake to leave the Coast and the power of Zen meditation. Masao Masuto is an interesting man and an acceptable nisei. Harry, though he is tough and clever and full of guilt and married to an Abie's Irish Rose named Fran, has no more personality than Humpty-Dumpty.

•

The nation's second largest bank holding company also canceled its common stock dividend and was fined $4.75 by the U.S. Treasury for failing to report cash transactions as required by federal law. All this added up to what may be the darkest day in the bank's 82-year history.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

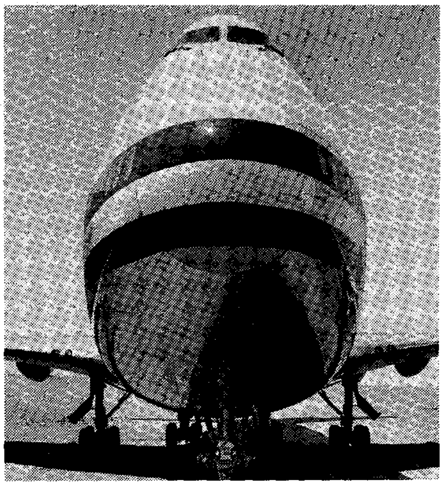
It could have been worse.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Arlington Heights (Ill.) Daily Herald*]

The pope's first day included a speech at Raj Ghat where Gandhi, who led India to independence in 1947, was cremated after he was shot to death the following year.



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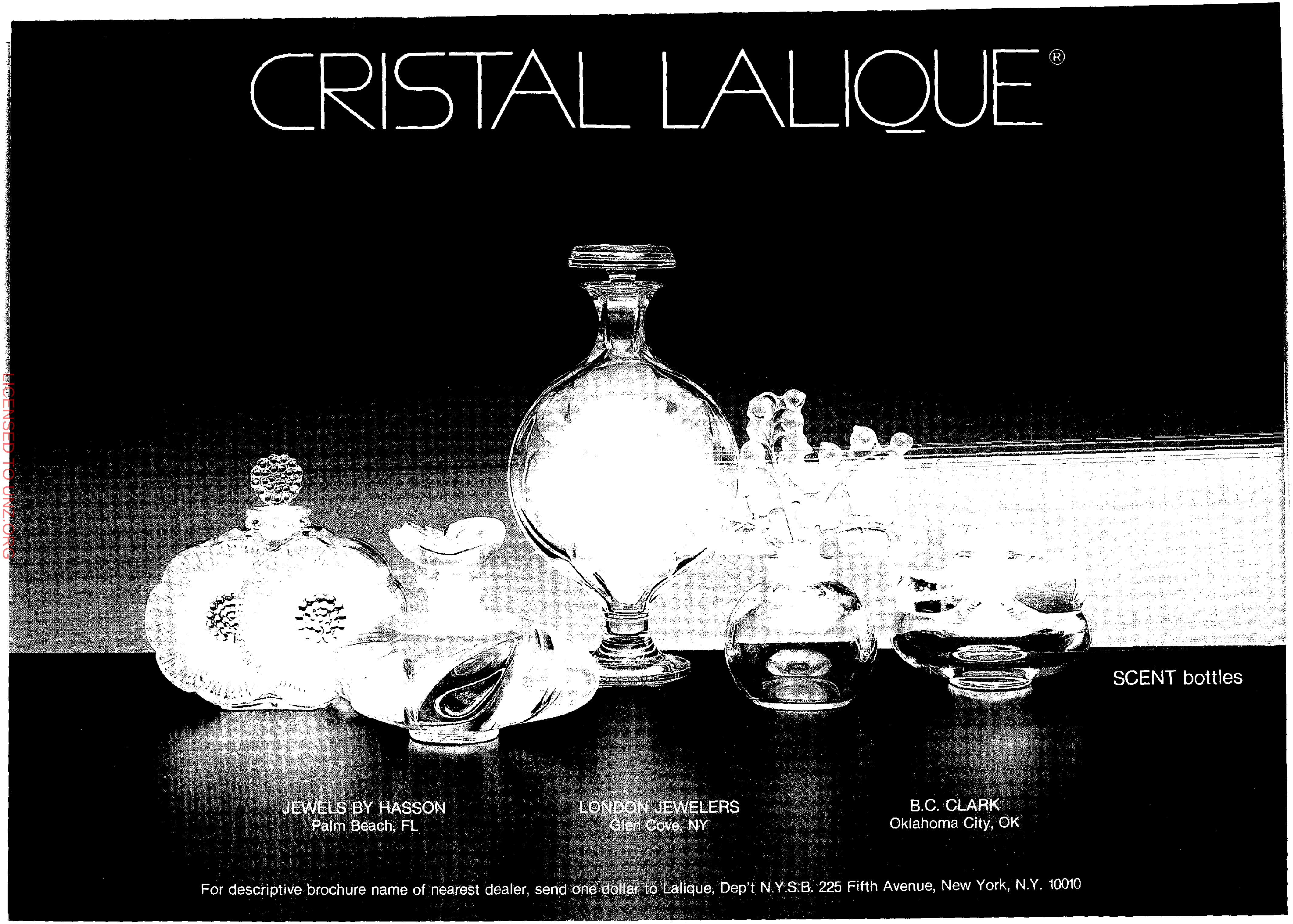

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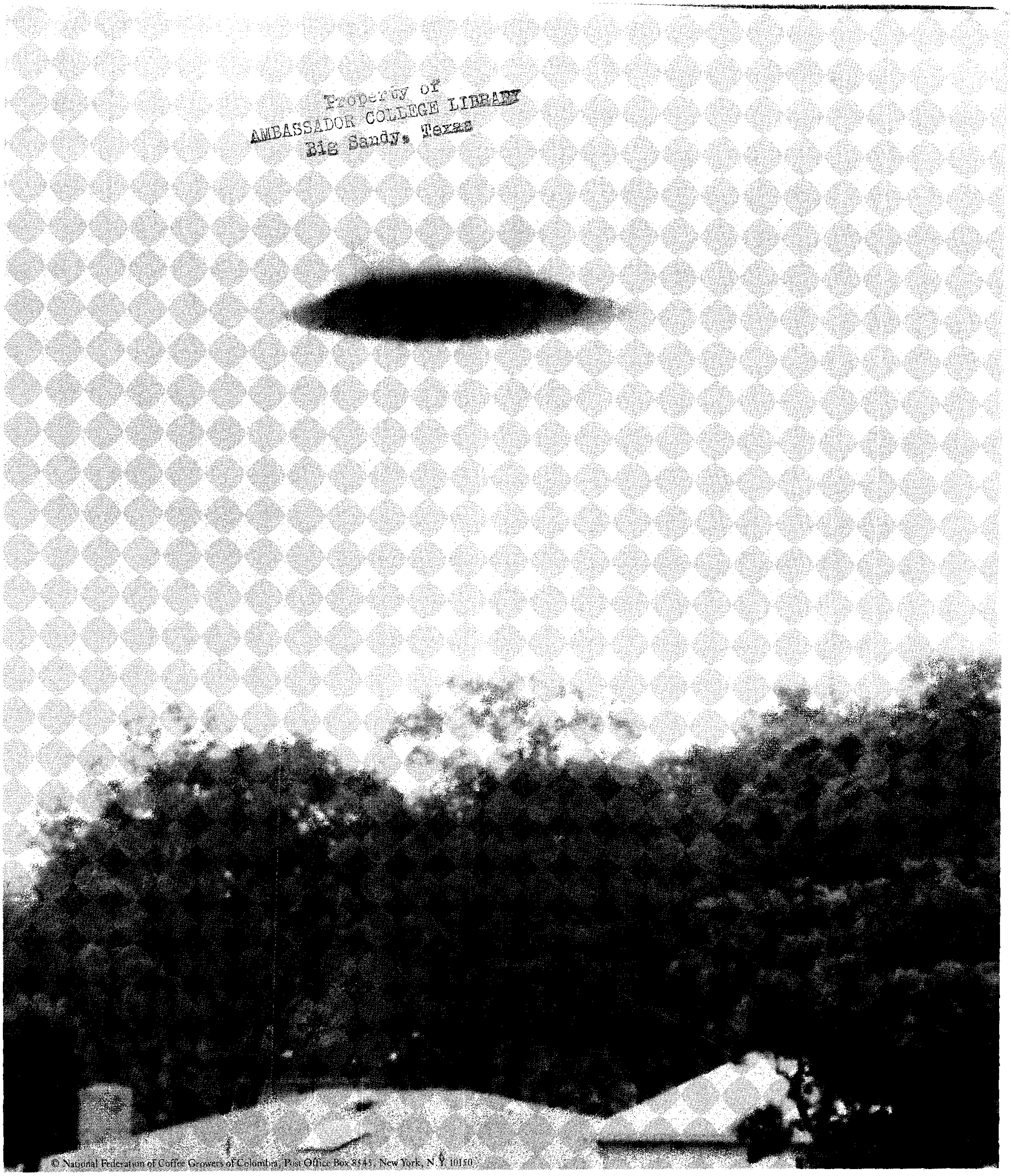

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